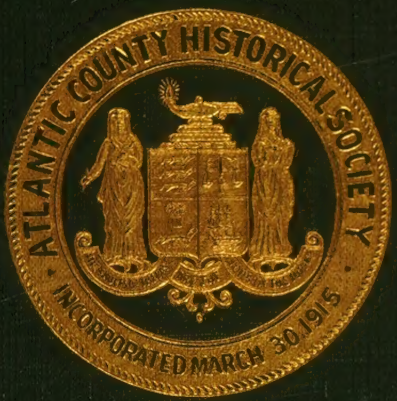
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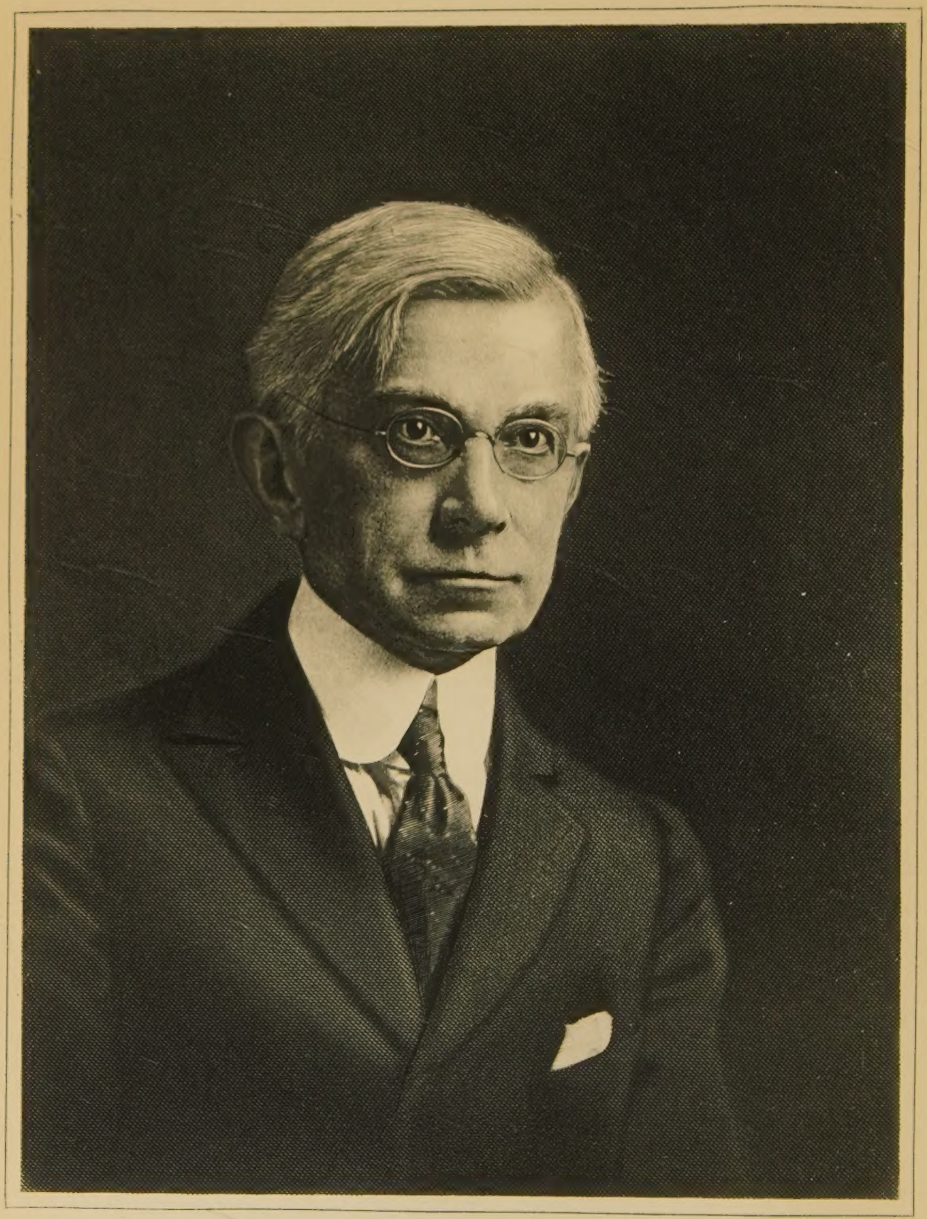

A. M. Stevens

JERSEY WAGGON JAUNTS

NEW STORIES OF NEW JERSEY

By ALFRED M. HESTON

Life Member New Jersey Historical Society; Honorary Member Monmouth Co. Historical Association and Atlantic Co. Historical Society.

Two Volumes

VOL. II

Printed and Bound by Sinnickson Chew & Sons Co., Camden, N. J.
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1926

OTHER WORKS ON NEW JERSEY BY ALFRED M. HESTON

"Absegami: Annals of Eyren Haven and Atlantic City"—two volumes
"Slavery and Servitude in New Jersey."
"Defence of Fort Mercer."
"Queen of the Coast."
"Hand Book of Atlantic City."
"South Jersey: a History"—two volumes.
"Joseph Bonaparte, Gentleman"—a Manuscript of 500 pages.

Publication of the Bonaparte Monograph is optional with Walter L. Catlett, of New York, who purchased the manuscript for his collection of Napoleana.

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STEWART ROSS McSHEA

b. March 2, 1851

d. Dec. 20. 1923

HE LOVED HIS FELLOW MAN

DAVID FITZSIMONS

b. July 10, 1865

d. Jan. 4, 1921

A TRUE FRIEND IS THE ONE WHO COMES IN
WHEN OTHERS GO OUT

To their Memory this Volume is
Affectionately Dedicated

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"GOD BLESS YOU."

THE closing words of the introduction, in the preceding volume, are the opening words of Grandfather's re-introduction—"God bless you." The end of his preface seemed so remote—or more correctly, his "finis" so far away—as to suggest an incident in the life of our Jersey-born novelist, James Fenimore Cooper. The second volume of one of his best books, "The Spy," was printed and bound some months before the author had the heart to begin work on the second. When at last the task was resumed, the end seemed so far away that the publishers protested, lest it exceed all reasonable limits; whereupon Cooper wrote the last chapter, had the type set up, paged and printed, before the intervening chapters were written or the incidents so much as imagined.

Grandfather's introduction was becoming tiresome and to the hint that it was too long a story the old man said significantly: "Wait and see." We have waited and now we see the cunning old stager reminiscent as before. Note what he says:

"I mentioned horseback riding. You will recall the story of Thomas Clark, ancestor of so many good people in old Eyren Haven—how he went to Connecticut astride a horse and brought back a stepmother. Horseback riding was a common mode of travel until about 1825. Since then it has become more and more a diversion for the non-working Dolittles and the hard-working men of affairs. President Coolidge enjoys relaxation astride a horse as much as some of his friends enjoy theirs aboard an auto-waggon.

"Louis Richards, not long deceased, and for a number of years president of the Berks County (Pa.) Historical Society, once told of the romantic ride of his father and mother. Although a resident of Reading, Pa., Mr.

Richards was born in old Egg Harbor. In 1811, when his father married Rebecca Ludwig, of Berks County, the prospective bridegroom journeyed from Egg Harbor to Reading on horseback, and being duly married, the bride and groom journeyed in like manner to Egg Harbor.

"In those days, of course, there were stage coach lines between important points in New Jersey. Twenty years later the steam carriage was introduced on the old Camden and Amboy railroad, from Bordentown to Amboy. The opening of this, the first railroad in New Jersey, occurred on Saturday, November 12, 1831. The exhibition trip, as they called it, began at Bordentown. They had a coach, carrying thirty passengers, attached to a steam car, and ran one and a quarter miles in two minutes and twenty-two seconds. This they repeated a great many times, back and forth. A great many people were present, including Joseph Bonaparte, the exiled king of Spain, then living at Bordentown, and everybody wanted a ride. The Legislature attended in a body, by invitation, and a great many of the best people in New Jersey saw that introduction of the steam carriage in America. Robert Stevens, of Hoboken, looked after the machinery. It was a fine performance and gave great satisfaction. That innovation, however, did not do away with the stage lines, but, on the contrary, brought about the establishment of new routes from places near the railroad to towns off the regular line of travel. The automobile came into practical use about the beginning of the twentieth century, and now we have the airplane and the dirigible balloon.

"The Jersey Waggon was constructed according to my own design. In appearance it is quite unlike any other waggon in the United States, but the motive power and the manner of manipulating the running gears does not differ from the ordinary auto-waggon. With this new style Jersey Waggon I am making many jaunts afield, but not alone. My Son and I travel together, and while he is busy taking notes I am looking after the steer-

ing wheel and running gears of the waggon, in whose get-up I take as much pride as Lewis Morris, one of my distinguished sons, used to take in his fast horses.

"In regard to my personal get-up, no apology is necessary. I confess to a great deal of pride in my coat of twenty-one colors. I wear it in my travels and on all State occasions. When I was quite young I wore a garment of two colors and to these my parents gave the name of East and West Jersey. That was in 1664. I wore that one garment eighteen years or until 1682. Since then, at various times, I have been given a new garment, with one or more new colors, named after the new counties until finally, in 1857, I got the coat I am now wearing, with its twenty-one colors. It was so strong that they called the new county Union, for in union, you know, there is strength. I have worn this one coat over sixty-six years.

"Those who begat me were known as John (Lord) Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. I am their child. By being born is meant unknown to the world previous to 1664. My fathers named me after an island in the English Channel, of which Father Carteret had been governor.

"It cost my parents twenty nobles, royal money, for me to be born. This was to be paid each year, if legally demanded, on the feast of St. Michael the Arch-angel at the Inner Temple Hall, London. My parents paid the money, equivalent to $32, one year to the Duke of York, brother of Charles II, of England, afterwards James II. The date of my birth was June 23, old style. If we add eleven days 'lost' under the old style, but 'found' when the calendar was changed in 1752, my birthday is automatically advanced. I can therefore celebrate with Uncle Sam on July 4th.

"At the time of my birth there were no doctors in New Jersey. In fact, I was thirty-four years old when Gabriel Thomas, writing in 1698, said: 'Of lawyers and physicians I shall say nothing, because this country is

very peaceful and healthy. Long may it so continue, and never have occasion for the tongue of the one nor the pen of the other, both equally destructive of men's estates and lives.' In those days, sick people were doctored by the women, which explains why the country was so peaceful and healthy. They were such good doctors that people were seldom sick. I was a young fellow of eighty-seven when Charles Gordon, writing from New Jersey to his brother, Dr. John Gordon, in England, said: 'If you design to come hither, you may come as a planter or merchant, but as a doctor of medicine I cannot advise you, for I hear of no diseases to cure, but some agues and some cutted legs and fingers.' Fifteen years later, in 1766, the men doctors had crowded out the women nurses. The result was more sickness; more ague and more sore fingers. Then the doctors got together and organized for their mutual protection and edification. In that year they started the New Jersey Medical Society, the first of its kind in the country. They met once a year, as the American Medical Association meets now, in Atlantic City, to tell each other how to cut off a man's leg, how to cure the jaundice or how to treat lumbago. Unfortunately, the doctors of to-day are not as conscientious in their charges as those of an earlier day. This is proven by an old bill on file with the New Jersey Historical Society. Beneath the charge for professional service is this item: 'Contrary credit for medsons brought back.'

* * * *

"My fathers, to their shame be it said, soon planned to sell me to strange men. The actual transfer of my lower members did not take place until 1673, on March 18th, when Father Berkeley sold the fourth part of me to John Fenwick, a good Quaker, for one thousand pounds sterling. Fenwick had come over from England and formed a settlement on a winding creek emptying into Delaware Bay. He called his settlement Salem. Five years later, in 1678, he accused William Penn, another good Quaker, of conspiring to cheat him out of his estate.

"The rest of my West End, so to speak, two years before the Fenwick-Penn imbroglio, was turned over to two men, Samuel Jenings and Edward Byllinge. Then Byllinge got into financial difficulties and traded his claim to a company of Quakers, headed by William Penn, who treated me very kindly. They devised a form of government and promulgated it on March 3, 1676. It was called the 'Concessions and Agreements of the Proprietors, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Province of West New Jersey.' All rights and privileges were to be continuous. The instrument gave a wide range to the spirit of democracy. It was one hundred years in advance of the much-vaunted Bill of Rights, prepared by George Mason and adopted by the Virginia Legislature in the early part of 1776. The West Jersey bill of rights, called the 'Concessions and Agreements,' left to the people the determination of all matters of a local character. It was the first expression, anywhere in the world, of the theory that all governmental power is derived from the people. The Proprietors retained no governmental authority for themselves. No authority existed, they said, except such as was established by popular will; no restraints imposed, except those necessary for the maintenance of order. It also antedated the Declaration of Independence by more than one hundred years. Full liberty of speech was granted, with the right of protest to the Assembly. At all sessions of the Legislature, which met at Burlington, the people had 'liberty to come in and hear and be witnesses to the votes and inclinations' of their representatives. Political power was emphatically in the hands of the people, the rights of suffrage being universal. Personal liberty was vouchsafed and the barbarism of imprisonment for debt abolished. These concessions continued in force twenty-six years, or until the surrender of West Jersey, in 1702, and the organization of government in accordance with the terms submitted by the Crown. The attitude of the Proprietors, at the time of the surrender, is indicated by a brief extract from a letter,

written by Penn, while in London, to a friend in West Jersey. He said: 'The surrender of the Jersies is an ugly preface,' meaning, no doubt, that it portended evil for the people. Events between 1702 and 1776 verified Penn's prediction.

"I have to confess that Father Carteret, who took the upper part of my body, when they cut me in half, in 1681, was what we of to-day would call a sport. His bibulous habits were such that if he were living now he would be set down as a bootlegger and a violator of the Eighteenth Amendment. That, perhaps, would not be a serious offense in the eyes of Jerseymen, if the decisive 'wet' majority in 1922 may be taken as an expression of popular opinion.

"Lest I forget, let me say, at this time, that in spite of the mutilation I sustained in 1681, by a dextrous use of the salve of pacification, I was reunited in 1702, when the two Boards of Proprietors surrendered their governmental rights to the Crown, retaining only their interest in the soil. East and West Jersey thus became the royal colony of New Jersey, of which I am still the titular head."

* * * *

Recurring to Father Carteret, Grandfather said: "He was commissioned a captain in the British Navy, and in 1669 was expelled from the House of Commons for mismanagement of the funds of his department. Macaulay, the historian, says of him, apologetically: 'It was Carteret's misfortune to be raised to power when the public mind was still smarting from recent disappointment.' Had he lived during the World War, Carteret would have been a member of a War Supply Board, and for his services would have turned in a bill of expense as fictitious as some of the claims saddled upon Uncle Sam at the close of that war. Even so, he would have been no worse than the forestallers, who manipulated public business for their own profit in Revolutionary days.

"I recall what Charles Thomson, Secretary of the Continental Congress, once said of his plan to write a true story of the Revolution. He abandoned the project and just before his death destroyed all his papers. 'If I should tell the truth,' said he, 'the reputations of certain men, prominent in American history, would be undone.' Alas! even to-day there are forestallers, and if the truth were told, some reputations in New Jersey would be undone.

"The forestallers of the present day are the bootleggers, the profiteers and the politicians who, under the guise of public service, rob, cheat and defraud the government, whose laws they are sworn to obey and whose interests they are required to serve.

"I said Father Carteret was a sport.* He often went to the theatre, and if living in these days would be found sitting in the front row, among the bald heads, in places of amusement where genuine art is sacrificed to physical proportions. Of course, a trifle like the misappropriation of funds of the navy did not damage Father Carteret in the estimation of the men who controlled public affairs in his day, any more than similar conduct hurts a man in public life to-day, if he has what is commonly called a 'pull with the men higher up.' Father Carteret had a lot of 'pull.'

"Strange to say, when my parents named the various parts of my anatomy, they located the top of my head, commonly called the crown, in the east—that is, in East Jersey. Since the top end is usually the north end of the body politic, it might properly have been called North Jersey. Then, for the lower half, the tail end of my swad-

* A portrait of Lady Elizabeth Carteret, wife of the Proprietor, was presented to the city of Elizabeth by the Society of Colonial Wars in New Jersey on June 20, 1925. That city was named in honor of Lady Carteret. The exercises were held in the Public Library, in which the portrait now hangs. It is by Ernest Carlos, an English painter, and was purchased of Colonel E. C. Malet de Carteret, Grand Seigneur of the Manor of St. Ouen in the Isle of Jersey for $50,000. Lady Elizabeth Carteret was a woman of the highest character, although she lived in a dissolute court. Her husband was an intimate friend of the dissolute Charles II.

dling clothes, they gave me a bit of raiment hanging down in West Jersey, where the southeast ought to be. They called it Cape May.

"You may have noticed that I am wearing a cue, a bit of head-gear of which I was robbed by a shrewd New Yorker in my infancy. The man who robbed me was named Billup—Captain Christopher Billup—and for his share of the spoils he got a tract of land now called Billup's Point. In those days every man of importance wore a wig and cue, as well as knickerbockers and knee-buckles, and it was intended that I should wear a cue when I grew up. Being convinced that this particular cue rightly belongs to me, I have insisted on wearing it every time I pose for a picture. A photograph without my Staten Island cue would be like a picture of Boston without her Bunker Hill or Atlantic City without her Boardwalk.

* * * *

"As already stated, I am making jaunts to places of interest in New Jersey. Wherever I go I advertise New Jersey as the entrepot of world-wide necessities; her coast resorts like unto that ancient city of Zion, 'beautiful for situation, joy of the whole earth.' We—the Annalist and I—emphasize the words of Lincoln: 'I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives and I like to see a man so live that his place will be proud of him.' I am proud of New Jersey—proud of her institutions, proud of her productions, proud of her history, proud of her people.

"So I say to you, my dear friends: God bless you! I love you, even as Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, loved her children. You remember that when the Campanian lady paraded her jewels before this mother of patriots, Cornelia clasped the hands of her children and said: 'These are my jewels.' So clasp I now your hands, dear citizens of New Jersey, and say to the world: 'These are my jewels.'"

JERSEY WAGGON JAUNTS

XLI.

HAPPIEST DAY IN A JERSEY WOMAN'S LIFE

"A SMILE may hide an aching heart, a laugh will make dull care depart." Seated at the steering wheel, Grandfather smiled as he uttered those words, but there was no indication of an aching heart.

"I want to tell you," said he, "of a woman who smiled as she faced misfortune; a woman not without heartaches, but who, seated behind a cloud of trouble, looked out and saw the promised day. First, though, let me tell you of an amusing battle between the reds and blues. It began at Bordentown and ended abreast of Cooper's Ferry. All of the shots were fired by the vanquished, with the victors twenty-five miles away. The blue-coats were stationed at Bordentown; the red-coats at Philadelphia. It was called the Battle of the Kegs, and was celebrated in rhyme a few days later by a Jerseyman, Francis Hopkinson. The ditty was sung to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle' and it 'stuck a feather in the cap' of New Jersey, but for reasons quite unlike those of the Macaroni."

We had just passed the hundred-year-old hotel on the main street of Toms River, traveling southward toward Forked River (home of the late Edwin Salter, Ocean County historian), whence we proposed turning westward, over a dirt road, to Woodmansie. Ahead of us, on

the main highway, known as trail fifty-two, we saw a succession of auto-waggons, shoreward bound. Noting this procession, Grandwather said again, making eleven times in all: "One taste of Atlantic City whets the appetite for more."

Reaching Woodmansie, we planned to travel southward to Indian Mills, and tarry a while at the home of the late John J. Gardner, thence northward to Vincentown. The last named place, Grandfather said, got its name from Vincent Leeds, born in that neighborhood. He died in 1841 at Richmond, Indiana. His oldest son, Noah, born at Leeds Point in 1788, died of cholera in Salem about 1848. He was a noted school teacher in Salem County. Vincent Leeds' second son was named Warner Mifflin, and he was the father of William Bateman Leeds, who died at Lakewood in 1894. His home was also at Richmond, where other members of the Leeds family lived, including the second William Bateman Leeds, whose widow married into the royal family of Greece and whose son is now the husband of Princess Xenia, of Greece. Their home is in New York. These facts the old man reiterated while citing his itinerary for the day, adding that he hoped to reach Bordentown, via Camp Dix, before nightfall.

"Speaking of Bordentown and the Hopkinson ditty," queried the Annalist, "why do they say 'called him Macaroni' in that other ditty, Yankee Doodle?"

"That was a familiar term in Revolutionary days," said he, "but nowhere in New Jersey or elsewhere was there a man who would acknowledge himself to be a Macaroni. The expression was used in derision. It had reference to a club of gay and stylish young men, organized in London about 1750. They were the 'doodle dandies' of the upper class; men who had traveled and sought to introduce elegancies of dress from the continent. Walpole says they wore long curls and spying-glasses."

"Hopkinson's ditty," he added, "was not his first attempt at versification, nor was his pen ever idle in the

cause of freedom. Indeed, there were few more zealous patriots than this New Jersey signer of the Declaration of Independence. He also wrote what he called the 'Pretty Story,' published in Philadelphia, over the nom de plume of Peter Grievous, in 1774. In this story he represented England as a nobleman possessed of a valuable farm and having a number of children and grandchildren, for the government of whom he entered into various compacts. The fortunes of the American settlers were humorously depicted and the encroachment of Parliament (the nobleman's wife) forcibly described. Copies of the 'Pretty Story' are now very scarce and command a good price."

* * * *

Referring again to the "Battle of the Kegs," Grandfather said: "During the British occupancy of Philadelphia in 1777-78, their vessels, stretched along the Delaware, were irritating to the patriots. The result was a gathering of the combined intellects of David Bushnell, of Saybrook, Conn.; Joseph Belton, of Rhode Island, and Ezra Lee, of New York. These men were inventors who had achieved considerable fame by the building of torpedoes and submarine engines, but their efforts had not been distinguished with remarkable success.

"With the intention of destroying the British shipping in front of Philadelphia, they engaged Burgess Allison to construct, in Joseph Borden's cooper shop, a number of infernal machines, consisting of kegs charged with gunpowder and fitted with spring triggers, which were expected to cause an explosion upon contact with any hard body. The thought of their devisers was that if these explosive vessels were set afloat they would be carried by the current of the Delaware to the channel between Philadelphia and the present site of Camden, and that Providence, or some other inscrutable agency, would direct them against the sides of the British ships. One keg, however, got adrift before the rudderless and undirected flotilla was ready, and being spied by nine men

in a barge, they attempted to secure it, and laid such violent hands upon it that it exploded, killing or injuring four occupants of the little craft. This incident put the British soldiery on their guard, and when the main body of the kegs appeared in the river a few days later, on January 5, 1778, they were so pitilessly bombarded from the Philadelphia shore that the head of every keg was driven in and their destructive efficiency destroyed.

"When the alarm of explosion first occurred, the whole city was set in commotion. Housekeepers and children ran to their houses for shelter, and the British ran from their shelters to their assigned places of muster. Horns, drums and trumpets sounded everywhere to arms with appalling noise.

"The kegs themselves could not be seen—being under water, but the buoys which floated them were visible. It so happened, however, that at the very time when the scheme was set in operation, the British, fearing the making of ice, had warped in their shipping to the wharves, and so escaped much of the intended mischief.

* * * *

"In May, 1778, four months after the fiasco of the kegs, in a spirit of retaliation, a British force was sent up the Delaware to Bordentown to capture a number of vessels moored in Crosswicks Creek for safety. When the British boats arrived—three armed vessels and twenty-six smaller craft—with six or eight hundred troops, it was found that most of the shipping had been fired. Angered by this discovery they made an attack upon Bordentown, and deeming resistance unwise, the villagers fled. Colonel Borden's property was pointed out by Polly Riche, a beautiful girl whose Tory proclivities had estranged her from the patriots of the place. She had been a belle of the British Meschianza, in Philadelphia, which Major Andre pronounced the most elaborate entertainment ever given by an army to its general. She was particularly admired by Major Andre. Not only Colonel

Borden's residence and store, but all the other buildings on his place, including stables and carriage houses, were burned to the ground by the British.

"While the elder Mrs. Borden, mother-in-law of Mr. Hopkinson, sat on the opposite side of the street, watching the destruction of her home, an English officer said, sympathetically: 'Madam, I have a mother and can feel for you.' 'I thank you, sir,' she replied, with a smile, 'but this is the happiest day of my life. I know now that you have given up all hope of conquering my country, or you would not thus wantonly destroy our homes.' General Sherman deserved just such a rebuke as that when he wantonly destroyed so many homes in the South, while marching through Georgia, during the Civil War.

" 'War is hell,' said Sherman. Just so, and I gave him hell by voting against his party in the presidential election of 1864. New Jersey voted for McClellan, as did two other States, on a platform that declared the war a failure, although McClellan himself repudiated that declaration. I was opposed to war as waged by Sherman in the South and in the election of that year had to hit Lincoln to give expression to my feelings. To be sure, Lincoln said, after election: 'I guess the people do not believe in swapping horses while crossing a stream.' Nevertheless, if Sherman had been the candidate, instead of Lincoln, many of the States would have favored a swap, in repudiation of Sherman's inglorious march to the sea. Atlanta, you know, was taken by Sherman on September 2d and burned previous to his departure. The presidential election, in the North, was held in November.

"Even to this day Georgians will not permit any one to sing or play, within her borders, Henry C. Work's rancorous war song, 'While we were marching through Georgia.' They will listen gleefully, when a Northern band plays a Civil War song like, 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' or 'We are Coming Father Abraham,' or 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home,' or that sentimental song by

Kittridge,* 'Tenting To-Night'—listen to them with as much gusto as they listen to 'Maryland My Maryland' or 'Dixie's Land,' but if any band starts 'Marching Through Georgia,' there are bursted drum-heads, broken horns and battered craniums!

"Sherman was the most detested man in Georgia during his lifetime. I say it more in sorrow than in anger, for the blood of the old Ewing family, of Cumberland County, flowed in the veins of his family. Maskell Ewing's son Thomas was the father of Hon. Thomas Ewing, a distinguished Ohian, whose daughter married the general. Sherman's conduct in Georgia was heartless and hellish—the more so when compared with that of Captain John W. Philip, at the battle of Santiago, in 1898. When his men aboard the battleship Texas started to cheer, at the sight of an enemy vessel sinking, he said: 'Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying.' Sherman would have said: 'Give them a parting shot, boys.' "

Recurring to the Bordentown incident, Grandfather said:

"Remember this, my Son: Many of our New Jersey mothers and wives of the revolutionary period were like Mrs. Borden. In their make-up was the stern stuff of patriots. Indeed, the happiest day of many a Jersey woman's life was when she could give her husband, her son, her brother, aye, if need be, her home and her all in the great struggle for independence and the happiness of posterity. The daughters of to-day owe much to the mothers of the Revolution.

* "Tenting To-Night on the Old Camp Ground" was written by Walter Kittridge, a young man whose home was in New Hampshire, but who was unable to join the army, on account of poor health. He therefore devoted himself to the cause of good music for the soldiers. His songs became very popular not only in the camps, but in homes throughout the North. He wrote other songs, but this is the only one that has survived. It was written in 1862. "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again" was lively—more so than "Over There" or "Tipperary" during the World War. It was written by a band master, Patrick Gilmore. He loved the old Irish tunes and, having made a great success of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," played by bands when the troops marched away, he decided to write another lively song, to be played when the boys came marching home.

"While Mrs. Borden was finding happiness in misfortune, four men surrendered to the red-coats and were murdered in cold blood. The Hessians were capable of shocking inhumanities. The names of three of those murdered men were recorded as Joseph Gregory, Edward Irdell and Joseph Sutton. They were Whigs. The fourth man, whose name was not reported, was a resident of Burlington. An old lady named Irdell was shot while standing in her doorway and a British spy, who had accompanied the troops, was mortally wounded by mistake, while quietly reposing on the river bank. His protection was found in his pocket.

"The British officers paid Francis Hopkinson the compliment of dining that day at his home, but that patriotic citizen, with other notorious Whigs, had fled from Bordentown at the enemy's approach, and did not return until the danger was past. The dinner was prepared by Miss Mary Comly, a young lady of about eighteen. While the meats and vegetables were being cooked, information was brought to Miss Comly that the soldiers were robbing the dwelling of her mother and grandmother on the opposite side of the street. She entered the house and privately cut a piece from the skirt of one of the soldier's coats. When the troops were formed, previous to their departure, the thief, through the kindness of the officers, was identified by the hole in his regimentals. By this means not only the property of her relatives was restored, but also various trinkets belonging to her neighbors. That was a proud day—a happy day for Mary Comly.

"Meanwhile, the patriots of the outlying country, roused by the fire on the bluff, had begun to assemble in force, and the arrival of Colonel George Baylor, with his light-horse troop—the same Colonel Baylor who was in command at Tappan, when 104 cavalry-men were massacred by the British—was a signal for a hasty departure of the foe. That night the British troops slept on their

boats, and, rising betimes the next morning, prepared for an attack upon Trenton.

"Captain James Ewald, a Hessian, was in the library of Mr. Hopkinson while his men were engaged in extinguishing the fire brands which had been applied to the roof of the building. He picked up a book and wrote on the fly leaf: 'This man is one of the greatest rebels; nevertheless, if we dare to conclude from the library and mechanical and mathematical instruments, he must be a very learned man.'

"After the depredation at Bordentown the British proceeded up the river as far as Biles Island, where they met with unexpected opposition from artillery sent down from Trenton by General Dickinson and the militia of the neighborhood. They retreated down the river, pursued by the militia, which made a prize of a sloop the enemy had loaded with plunder, with six men on board.

"It was a day of defeat and victory, of misfortune and triumph, of sorrow and joy. Whatever there was of misfortune or sorrow, deep down in the heart of many a Jersey woman of that day was a feeling of satisfaction that the British had given up all hope of conquering their country. Happy the woman who, behind a cloud of trouble, looks out and sees the promised day."

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Glancing into a clump of maples, Pippin being then hitched on the opposite side of the road, the old man was attracted by the fluttering of a robin, apparently seeking to restore one of her young to its nest.

"It reminds me of an incident in the boyhood of John Woolman," said he. "Woolman saw a robin sitting on her nest. As he approached, the bird left the nest, but having nestlings she flew about and showed much fear. Woolman threw stones until one hit the bird on the head, and as he said afterwards, 'she fell down dead.' The incident troubled him all his life—so sensitive was his nature. Lincoln had an experience quite unlike that of

Woolman. As a young lawyer he was going with a party of friends to attend court in another town. They rode, two by two, on horseback. Lincoln was in the rear, and as they passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, the forward riders missed him. In reply to inquiries, his companion said: 'He caught two young birds which the wind had blown from their nest and the last I saw of him he was hunting the nest.' When, finally, Lincoln caught up with the party, he said: 'I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother.'

* * * *

"I mentioned the Ewings. One member of the family was Mary, wife of Maskell Ewing, one-time sheriff and surrogate of Cumberland County. She, too, once said she was the happiest woman in Greenwich. Why? Because her whole life was one of service. With the exception of her husband's Sunday suit—the one in which he was married and which lasted him the greater part of his life—she made all of her husband's and children's clothes from wool and flax of her own growing. She also made all the bedding and house linens and attended to the geese whose feathers went into the beds. She prepared a thousand or more pounds of cheese for market every year, attended to the poultry and looked after the vegetable garden. She did all the work that usually fell to the women at butchering time. This included the packing of a year's supply of salt meats and the winter's supply of sausage and cracklings. She made all of the tallow-dips or candles for domestic use, gathered the herbs and compounded the family ointments. These were what might be called her extra or special duties. Her regular work included ordinary household duties—washing, ironing, patching, darning, knitting, scrubbing, baking and cooking—work which in these days the farmer's wife does not do. Mary Ewing had no help other than that afforded by her daughters as they were able, and for the first

twenty-two years of her married life there was always a baby to be nursed. Naturally, such a busy life afforded little time for reading—excepting a few of the best books. These she contrived to read by laying the book on her lap as she plied the knitting needles with her fingers. Sometimes, as she sewed, her husband or one of the children would entertain her by reading one of the few books on the family shelf. On Sundays she read the Institutes of Calvin and the Bible, and once said the delight of her week-days was work and service.

"One day, however, was memorable above all others. It was the happiest day of her life—the day after a night of excitement at Greenwich, when twenty-four Whigs broke into the cellar of Daniel Bowen, carried out many cases of tea and burned them in the market square. Two of the tea burners were her sons, James and Thomas Ewing. This tea had been landed at Greenwich, in violation of the Whig interdict against its importation. Mrs. Ewing, when she heard of the part her sons had taken in the burning, said: 'This is the happiest day of my life.'

"The names of her sons are graven on a monument, erected by the State in 1908. At the unveiling a son of old Cumberland, Hon. Edward Casper Stokes, New Jersey's silver-tongued orator, made a stirring address and paid a glowing tribute to the tea burners. If Mary Ewing could have come back to earth that day, and heard Governor Stokes, she would have been happy, but no happier than on the day of that memorable tea party at Greenwich.

"She was a Padgett before her marriage to Maskell Ewing. I said her life was one of service. If there was sickness in a Greenwich family, first aid was given by Mrs. Ewing, whose ointments and salves and cordials were a panacea for common ills. If there was trouble or sorrow, Mrs. Ewing was always ready with advice and assistance. She was the Sarah W. Leeds of her day."

XLII.

A JERSEY READ SHAKEN BY A TORY WIND

"The bee through many a garden roves
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves
He settles there and hums no more."

THE old man hummed or sang those lines by Tom Moore as we passed through Absecon. "Read Moore once," said he, "and you'll read him more."

He slowed down in front of the Turner store and stopped Pippin abreast of the Johnson gardens—delight of Mrs. Johnson—back of which is the apiary of Dr. Johnson.

"Tom Moore was wrong about the honey bee," said he, "though usually right, especially about beasts, birds and humans. The honey bee never finds that one flower he loves, on which to settle and love no more. On the contrary, he is the most inconstant of lovers; sings the same song to a thousand loves and would sing to a thousand more. He sings to his loves in the woodland glade and to those in the Johnson bowers; gives many a kiss 'neath the clover blade and some to the woodbine flowers. Dr. Johnson hasn't a bee in his hives that isn't a rover; none that hasn't many loves. Some of them fly far afield and into strange pastures. The Doctor himself has pursued more than one bunch of rovers to the woods, found them hived in a tree and brought them back, penitent, to his apiary."

Looking beyond the garden, we saw the Doctor working among his bees, his head and shoulders masked for protection against obstreperous hummers. Presently a stray bee buzzed by the old man's right ear and settled within striking distance on Pippin's hohokus. Grandfather didn't strike.

"That fellow is a rover," said he. "Better go home, busy bee! If it's a new perfume you're after, you'd better hitch on behind and get a whiff of gas."

The bee didn't move. Then Grandfather sounded his wanaque and shook the hohokus. The bee shot by him, barely missing his nose, and was out of sight in an instant.

"I reckon he'd rather have some of Frank Turner's molasses or Sam Johnson's maple syrup than a whiff of Pippin's gas," said Grandfather. "Speaking of maple syrup reminds me of the maples that grew along this road—beautiful trees that sheltered many a man and woman in childhood days. It was a shame for the highway commission to cut them down—as great an outrage as the destruction of the old trees along the highway in Hammonton by the same set of destroyers. The axe was laid at the root of the Absecon trees on April 29, 1920, and the re-built road was opened for travel fourteen months later, on June 29, 1921. Now they are concreting the Lincoln Boulevard from Absecon to Atlantic City and planning to run an auto-bus line over the new highway east and north of Absecon, in opposition to the railroad and trolley lines. Progress and improved service! Go to it, sons of Tom and Jerry! Think of these things and then imagine what Tom Budd and Jerry Leeds would say now if they could come back to old Absegami. These and many other changes have happened in my life time."*

"For an inspiration on trees," he added, "read the poem by Joyce Kilmer, the young Jerseyman who gave up his life in the World War:

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*Absecon saw a great opportunity in a motor bus line over the new hard-surfaced road to Atlantic City. It is no longer a mainland community, but to all intents and purposes a part of Atlantic City—more easily reached than any other suburb. Whether Dr. Walter C. Sooy, original booster for a boulevard from Absecon to Atlantic City, foresaw all these possibilities and developments, some years ago when he was laboring to convince public officials that a boulevard was justified, is not known; but everybody now realizes that there was broad vision in the undertaking. Absecon is at the threshold of a boom which can be measured only by the knowledge that its many undeveloped acres suddenly become part and parcel of Atlantic City.—*Atlantic City Daily Press.*

'Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.'

"The first line isn't true; else there would be no volume of delightful poems by Kilmer. Unfortunately, the tree that God makes is too often destroyed by a fool road engineer. He is without sentiment; has no love for trees and would as leave destroy the old oak, pride of Salem town, or its offspring, as the oaks in front of the court house at May's Landing. With him 'necessity' is the progenitor of destruction. By 'offspring' I mean the acorn planted and the tree nurtured by the late Johnson Hubbell. Thanks to the absence of fools and the presence of intellectuals in Salem, both trees remain—the parent oak in the Quaker burial ground and its acorn-son in the Presbyterian churchyard.

"Not so, however, with the two hundred-year-old giant oak at Green Creek, nine miles above Cape May. Under its spreading branches Woodrow Wilson, then Governor, addressed the Delaware Bay fishermen. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese statesman, said there was no tree like it in China. It was the admiration of two Presidents—Grant and Harrison. Yet the Cape May Board of Freeholders ordered it cut down in December, 1922.*

"Speaking of Harrison—it was at the time of his visit at the summer home of his Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker, Cape May Point, in 1891—following an important meeting of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations—that a politician who had campaigned with the President in Indiana and was one of his intimates, called at the White House to secure an appointment as a reward for services rendered. Harrison had a reputa-

* Public notice was given on July 10, 1925, that hereafter for every tree the State Highway Commission finds it necessary to remove two will be planted. In some instances the same procedure will be followed with respect to trees already removed. This action was taken at the instance of General Hugh L. Scott. The new trees will be planted near the location of those uprooted. Announcement of the plan has been sent to all municipalities in which road building or widening projects compelled the cutting of trees. It is the result of protests by civic improvement societies throughout the State.

tion for appointing too many of his own and his wife's relatives to office, somewhat to the disgust of the politicians. On a hot summer day, just before he was to leave for Cape May, an Indianian called at the White House. In a breezy, western way he said to the Secretary: 'Where's Ben?' 'You mean the President?' said the Secretary, coolly. 'Yes,' said the visitor. 'Want to see him about an office.' 'You'll have to wait a couple of hours,' said the Secretary. 'He's engaged with the Committee on Foreign Relations.' The Indianian turned to leave, saying, with a show of indignation: 'Great guns! Has he foreign relations, too?' "

* * * *

After passing a settlement called Doughty, near which is the old Doughty cabin, once owned by General Enoch Doughty, and reaching a point a mile or so east of Pomono, we passed an auto-waggon, with a man of good proportions, apparently the owner, seated beside the shofer.* Grandfather saluted him with a genuine Jersey "how'dy," and said he was the son of a Philadelphian, some years deceased, who made a large fortune in the manufacture of snuff.†

"Snuff is one of the products of New Jersey now rarely mentioned," said he, "yet most of the snuff made in this country is of New Jersey manufacture. In Monmouth County, a few miles from old battle fields, you can still see a frame building in a state of slow decay. Across the road from this snuff mill, in days gone by, were a

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* Passing a garage in Toms River one day, Grandfather said: "Twenty years ago people were wondering how to pronounce the word g-a-r-a-g-e. In less than twenty years they'll be spelling that other word as it should be spelled—s-h-o-f-e-r. The dictionary may, in time, permit the common people to have their own way and place the accent on the first syllable, instead of on both. The dictionary will also get away from that uncommon pronunciation of the word g-l-a-d-i-o-l-u-s, with the accent on the 'i.' Ninety per cent. of the flower growers and flower lovers place it on the 'o,' so why not let them have their way about it?"

† John W. Woodside, who died about 1910, was one of Philadelphia's leading manufacturers. He made a fortune out of snuff.

number of long buildings once used as warehouses. That old mill was abandoned, not on account of any decrease in the demand for snuff, but because it was out of date. Expanding trade, improved methods and combinations decided its fate. More snuff is used to-day than ever before in the history of the country, but while most of it is made in New Jersey, it is shipped south and used below the Mason and Dixon line. Millions of pounds are manufactured and sold every year. The largest snuff mill in the world is in Middlesex County. It employs nearly six hundred people and has tobacco-buying agencies in different parts of the South. The man we passed a moment ago is still enjoying the fruits of his father's industry in Philadelphia. The largest church in Haddonfield, and one of the most imposing edifices in South Jersey, was built as a memorial and with money made by Henry Moore in the manufacture of snuff. The old-time home of the Garrett family in Atlantic City represents an investment of money made in snuff. The widow of Walter Garrett is a generous supporter of churches and charities. Don't decry snuff, Son. A pinch of it was taken frequently, even by kings and queens, in days gone by. Out in Illinois, in a town called Avon, among the mementoes of Joseph Bonaparte, bequeathed or presented to the Maillards and Stockers, is an inlaid snuff-box, used by a Spanish king until the day of his death."

* * * *

Crossing the Mullica from Pleasant Mills, after another delightful day at the old "Kate Aylesford" mansion, now the home of A. J. McKeone, we came to Batsto. It was September 25th and as a reminder of the day the old man produced another clipping from his wallet. Of these there seems to be no end. One has only to suggest the date, the place or the subject and forthwith, from the depths of Grandfather's wallet comes a clipping from an old paper, a manuscript or a leaf from an old note book

pertaining to the subject. This time it was an advertisement from the Pennsylvania Gazette, dated September 25, 1776, in which a certain Charles Read, of Evesham, Burlington County, offered ten dollars reward for information regarding a slave man named Moses, who had run away on September 6th. When he went away, said the advertisement, he had on "a short, light colored coat, with binding of the same color, a pair of strong new shoes, with large plated buckles, homespun linen trousers and a black stock with steel buckle." He also stole a "blue great coat, with white metal buttons." The owner of this slave added: "He has been endeavoring to prevail upon the negroes in this neighborhood to go with him and join the ministerial army, and it is hoped every lover of his country will endeavor to apprehend so daring a villain. Whoever will secure him in any goal in this State shall be entitled to the above reward, with reasonable charges, by Charles Read."

"Thereby hangs a tale," said Grandfather. "That same man, Charles Read, was then a colonel of the Burlington militia. Notice what he says. He hoped 'every lover of his country will endeavor to apprehend so daring a villain,' yet six months later Governor Livingston, in a special message to the Legislature, said of this same Colonel Read: 'He is in such a situation with respect to his having submitted to the enemy that it is not probable he will act any longer.' A frail Read shaken by a Tory wind!

"The story of Colonel Read's submission to the enemy can be told only by going back to the week before the battle of Trenton, when Count Donop, the Hessian, had his headquarters at Bordentown. On December 21, 1776, he made an entry in his diary and wrote an official report to the British major-general at New Brunswick, in which he said: 'The Colonel Reed, who lately received a protection, is said to have gone up to General Mifflin and said to him that he was not disposed to serve any

longer, upon which Mifflin met him very harshly, and even called him a damned rascal.'

"For one hundred years, this record was believed to refer to Colonel Joseph Reed, Washington's adjutant-general. Bancroft, the historian, used it as a basis of his charge that Reed wavered in his support of Washington. It remained for a Jerseyman, the late Adjutant-General William S. Stryker, to prove that Washington's adjutant-general had been unjustly accused and that the charge of having received protection from the enemy was an undeserved stigma upon Reed's name.

"General Stryker showed by official records, discovered in his office at Trenton, that the man referred to by Donop, both in his diary and in his report, was Colonel Charles Read, of the Burlington militia, and the American officer who 'called him a damned rascal' was Colonel Samuel Griffin, a name sounding to Donop's ears not unlike Mifflin, who was at that time doing all in his power to harass the British troops.

"As already stated, Governor Livingston, in a special message to the Legislature on March 15, 1777, said: 'Colonel Charles Read, of one of the Burlington battalions, is in such a situation with respect to his having submitted to the enemy, that it is not probable he will act any longer in that office.' General Stryker said in his pamphlet, published in 1885: 'While Donop's diary is in German, his report to his British commanding officer is in French, and French of a very indifferent quality. However, the meaning is clear, that General Mifflin (referring to Colonel Griffiin) had advanced his rebel troops to the bridge on the Moorestown road, three miles from Mount Holly; that Colonel Read (not Reed) had met him near this bridge and had the conversation referred to, and that Griffin (not Mifflin) had taken him off as a prisoner.' "

"General Stryker was right," continued Grandfather. "Other proofs that it was Colonel Charles Read, of Bur-

lington County, and not Colonel Joseph Reed, of Trenton, to whom Donop referred as having received protection from the British, are available. One of these is found in the diary of Christopher Marshall, of Philadelphia, who said under date of January 21, 1777: "It's said that several hundred soldiers arrived in town from the lower parts of this province and Maryland, and that several more Tories are brought in this day from the Jerseys, among whom is Colonel Charles Read.' Further proof is found in the report of Colonel Richard Hampton to Thomas Wharton, at Philadelphia, dated at Crosswicks, January 19, 1777, in which he says: 'This day I sent off the following prisoners under the direction of Adjutant Lucas, of my regiment: Colonel Charles Read, Lieut. John Throgmorton, of Colonel Morris's regiment of Monmouth Volunteers for the service of George the 3d, King of Great Britain, and Captain William Hartshorn. They are all enemies to the United States, and proper evidence will be brought against them.' "

* * * *

We were still in Batsto, Grandfather having chosen an inviting spot, overlooking the pond, for "reflection and cogitation," before continuing his jaunt southward to Green Bank, thence to Wading River, New Gretna and back to Atlantic City by way of Chestnut Neck and Absecon. That was the itinerary, but as stated we were still in Batsto. Opening his wallet he brought out a manuscript. It was in the handwriting of a lady.

"Put this in your journal," said he; "it's well worth reading. It was written by Mrs. Barbash, who, before marriage, was Miss Anna Tomlinson, worthy daughter of a worthy woman. I must tell you of an incident in the life of her mother and grandfather, Captain Amasa Bowen. In the early days of Atlantic City Captain Bowen kept the excursion house at the corner of Connecticut and Atlantic Avenues. He would not tolerate any rowdyism, and when a crowd of Philadelphia toughs

known as the Schuylkill Rangers, entered his place, on a summer day, and started to make trouble, he ordered them out. Instead of leaving they attacked Bowen with chairs and bottles. Hearing the noise, his daughter, Augusta Bowen, afterwards Mrs. Tomlinson, rushed into the room and threw herself over her father's prostrate form. Her courage cowed the men, but not until a number of revolver shots had been fired. That brave young woman afterwards became the mother of an equally brave daughter—Nan Tomlinson, as some people persisted in calling her, even after her marriage to Dr. Barbash. This is her story of Pleasant Mills," said Grandfather—handing the Annalist the manuscript for insertion in the journal:

"Pleasant Mills! 'A very good land to fall in with and a pleasant place to see.' See here the stately mansion, built in 1762, with its spacious lawns, overlooking the waters of Nescochague Pond. The house is furnished according to the massively elegant style of the period. It was long famed as the abode of culture and hospitality, and if its walls had the power of speech they could tell many pleasing tales. Here occurred many of the incidents made famous by the historical novel, 'Kate Aylesford.' The estate was called Sweetwater, a name afterwards given to the village.

"At Sweetwater the fires of patriotism burned bright and strong. At the beginning of hostilities most of the young men of Sweetwater entered the army as volunteers, and the rest held themselves in readiness for their country's call. A military post was established in the vicinity, at the Forks, in 1777.

"Looking backward, we see the old church, plain on the outside, but within all that is needed to convince us that it was good to live in Sweetwater.

"Coming down to a later period, we see the cotton mill. That was in 1821, when there were three thousand spindles. The cotton mill was built by William Lippincott, of the Lippincott Publishing Company, in connection with Jesse Richards. The plant was then called the Pleasant Mills of Sweetwater. The name 'Pleasant Mills,' striking the popular fancy, it was soon applied to the settlement, and 'Sweetwater' was dropped.

"In 1856 the cotton mill was destroyed by fire and in 1861 Irving & MacNeil erected a paper mill on the site. Shortly thereafter John Farrel became a partner, and in 1861 Irving & MacNeil sold their interest to Mr. Farrel and took a ten-year lease on the Weymouth Mills. The business at Pleasant Mills was carried on by Mr. Farrel and his son until 1878, when the building caught fire and was burned to the ground. The present mill was built in 1880, and operated by the Pleasant Mills Paper Company.

"In 1917 the property was purchased by A. J. McKeene, a former superintendent. He sold the plant and other property, with the exception of the mansion, where he now lives, to the present proprietors, the Norristown Magnesia and Asbestos Company.

"These gentlemen are workers, and if you have the good fortune to get into the mill you will find the owners courteous and the mill very interesting, with its large vats of vari-colored pulp and large sheets of pretty colors drying in the rooms. The paper machine installed by the Farrels in the first mill was the second largest in the world at that time.

"The neighboring village of Batsto is nearly as old as Pleasant Mills, and as full of historical lore. 'Batsto' is a compound of two Indian words, 'Baatstoo,' meaning a bathing place. Here at one time we could see the iron works and window glass works in operation. These and their co-related industries of woodcutting, charcoal burning and teaming kept a host of workmen busy. It made Batsto one of the liveliest places in South Jersey."

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The Annalist: "I have read how one Jack Cade, a rebel, said to one of the high-ups: 'Thou has traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, for whereas our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast built a paper mill.' What say you of those three men—Irving, MacNeil and Farrel—who built a paper mill in Atlantic County?"

Grandfather: "Public benefactors; moreover they chose a most delightful place for their benefactions. As to Jack Cade, he said to the man who built the paper mill: 'Thou shalt be beheaded for it ten times.' That was in Shakespeare's time; things are different now. A later writer was more felicitous. I think if Swift could have seen Pleasant Mills, he would have mentioned it by name when he wrote:

"I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden end."

XLIII.

SPANISH CROWN JEWELS SMUGGLED TO NEW JERSEY

"SOME months ago the newspapers gave a circumstantial account of how three million dollars worth of Russian crown jewels were smuggled to this country in the casket of an American soldier, who died on the other side after the close of the World War."

Grandfather thus recalled a recent publication, as he stood near the entrance to the cemetery at Port Republic, birth town of Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Thomas, energetic members of the Atlantic County Historical Society. He had just placed a cluster of flowers on the graves of three young men, Pitman Adams, J. Morris Cavalier and Mark Johnson, who gave up their lives on the field of battle during the Civil War. Adams died of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., while the other two were killed at the Battle of Fair Oaks.

The story of the Russian crown jewels, as given out at the time, was that the murderers of the royal family stole the jewels and divided the spoils. The clique to whom this particular lot fell schemed to get them to America by concealing them in the body or the shroud of a seaman named James Jones, who died August 30, 1920, on board an army transport near Gibraltar, and was buried a month later in the National Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Government officials were finally persuaded to open the grave in February, 1923, but they found no jewels. If the Russian jewels were concealed in the casket at the time of Jones' death, they were surreptitiously removed before interment.

Doubtless, it was the mystery of the Russian jewels, then fresh in his mind, that suggested the story of the Spanish crown jewels—their recovery from a secret hid-

ing place in Switzerland and their safe delivery to Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, in the early part of 1818.

"About the time Bonaparte finished his first mansion at Bordentown," said the old man, "he determined to make another effort to induce his wife to join him in America. He requested his secretary, Louis Mailliard, to prepare for a visit to the continent, for the dual purpose of bringing Queen Julie and his two daughters, Zenaide and Charlotte, to Bordentown and to recover the jewels and other valuables which had been buried in the forest near Prangins, Switzerland, just before he left that country in 1815.

"Accordingly, Mailliard sailed from Europe on a packet from Philadelphia on the morning of Wednesday, August 22, 1817. It is an interesting fact, worth noting, that exactly twenty years before Mailliard's departure down the Delaware, John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat, operated his second boat up the Delaware, on August 22, 1787, while the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. Most of the members witnessed the trial trip and a number of them gave certificates of confidence in the invention. Yet it was not until 1819, two years after Bonaparte's secretary took passage in a sailing packet, that the first steamship crossed the Atlantic. This vessel, the Savannah, arrived in England on July 16th of that year. Her machinery was built at the Vail works, near Morristown, in 1818.

"When he left Philadelphia, in 1817, Mailliard carried letters which represented him to be a traveling agent for Stephen Girard, and about to visit the great merchant's correspondents in Holland and Switzerland. His real destination was the Swiss chateau, near which he expected to find the buried treasure. In obedience to Napoleon's command, Joseph Bonaparte had left Prangins on the night of March 19, 1815, at which time he decided that it would be unwise to take with him to France the jewels and valuable papers which he then possessed.

"Some of the crown jewels may have come into Joseph's possession in a manner unworthy of a scrupulously honest and honorable king. When he resigned the throne of Naples and Sicily to become a usurper in Spain, he arranged with his secretary to secrete all the jewels and plate belonging to the king of Naples, and when he left Madrid for France he took with him all the Spanish jewels and all the gold and silver plate belonging to the crown. These he regarded as the king's personal property, but his enemies in Spain claimed them as the property of the kingdom, rather than of the king. The safe-keeping of these jewels and plate was entrusted to his faithful secretary, whose mother's brother, Pere La Coste, was the king's abbe. 'They were the spoils of war in France,' said Mailliard to an American gentleman some years afterwards; 'but I thought if France gets all these valuables what will my sire and king get as his portion? Nothing, perhaps, and so, with the consent of King Joseph, I secured and saved what would never be missed in France, but which might be of great value to my king.'

"The crown jewels consisted of more than the jewels in the crown. There were solitaire diamonds, besides rubies, emeralds and pearls of great price; also collars and epaulettes, swords and belts as valuable as the crown itself.

"In heeding the command of Napoleon to leave Switzerland in 1815 and hasten to Paris, Joseph was much concerned about the jewels. Where was he to place these treasures, so that no one other than himself or a trusted friend could find them? He could trust no one but his secretary. Monsieur Mailliard was an ardent sportsman, and during the preceding months in Switzerland he had passed much of his time in the pursuit of game, which abounded in the woods near Prangins. He told Joseph of a place in the park, riddled with fox holes, in any one of which, with some additional excavation, the treasures might be safely hidden. It would be an easy

matter to recover the jewels and papers, as no one would think of searching for them in such a secluded place. All that was necessary, he said, was to note the relative position of the trees and rocks in the neighborhood.

"Bonaparte consented to examine the spot described and when it was shown to him he agreed with his secretary. Returning to the chateau, he made a duplicate inventory of the jewels and papers, and deposited one copy with the treasures in a casket, which, in turn, was placed in a strong iron box.

"That night a chaise was brought to the chateau and Bonaparte and Mailliard were driven through the park until a late hour. The next night they dismissed their coachman and drove through the park alone; and to divert suspicion they visited the same neighborhood the third night, returning to the chateau at a late hour. On the fourth night—the one before Joseph was to leave for Paris—they placed the casket in the chaise and drove to the spot selected, keeping a close watch, of course, to be sure that no one was near. Mailliard dug more earth out of one of the holes and buried the box in the presence of Bonaparte. He then covered it with several feet of soil and the two men rolled a large stone over the spot. A plan of the surroundings was hastily made for future use, and feeling sure that they were unobserved, the king and his secretary drove back to the chateau.

"The weeks passed quickly and the destiny of Europe was soon determined. The star of Napoleon went down at Waterloo, and Joseph Bonaparte became an exile in America; but the buried jewels were not forgotten. In the palace of a king, whether it be in Spain, in France or in America, mused the exile, there should be a queen and also the jewels that were his when he was privileged to wear the crown.

"To recover these hidden treasures, and to convey the ex-king's loving message to his wife and daughters, Mailliard left Philadelphia on August 22d, and encountered perils and hardships at sea. The ship was

wrecked off the coast of Ireland and Mailliard with others was in great danger of being drowned. The ship was a total loss. After being rescued the ex-king's emissary reached England and proceeded thence on his journey to Switzerland, but when he arrived on the continent he had to avoid the vigilance of French spies.

"He first visited Queen Julie, who was living with her daughters at Brussels. She decided at once to join her husband, but her physician objected, saying she could not endure the long sea voyage. In due time Monsieur Mailliard reached Prangins. He went at once to the home of Monsieur Veret, Bonaparte's former steward, but was so well disguised as an English tourist that Veret did not recognize him until he removed his red wig. It was agreed between the two men, after explanations, that Mailliard should pass himself off as an English speculator, wishing to prospect for metals and coal in Switzerland. Veret would give him two men, with tools, and would permit him to prospect as he pleased.

"Mailliard and his men went to the place where he had buried the box and on the first day he set them to work at a little distance from the spot. On the second day he took them to the place indicated by his diagram, and had them clear away the earth to a certain depth, reserving to himself the completion of the task. That evening he told the men to leave their tools in the pit until the morning, and he then returned to the chateau to dine with Veret. After dinner he drove with Veret to the place where the men had been digging, wishing to have Veret as a witness and to profit by his assistance when it became necessary to remove the box. Mailliard continued digging for some time and was becoming uneasy when the crow-bar with which he was sounding struck the box. A few minutes later the box itself was lifted out of the pit and taken to the home of Monsieur Veret.

"Before opening it, to examine the contents and compare the inventories, Mailliard requested Veret to send for a third witness. This was done, and on finding everything

in order Mailliard asked Veret to draw up a certificate to be signed by all three of the witnesses. This certificate has been preserved among the Bonaparte papers and it reads as follows:

NYON (SWITZERLAND), December 26, 1817.

In the presence of M. Veret, M. Mailliard, and M. Semissaert the box which has been found has been opened, and the following objects have been discovered to be in such a state of dampness as to make it necessary to open everything and to make new packages.

Sixteen precious stones of divers forms and sizes (one of them square) have been replaced in two separate packages.

Several packages, after having been dried, have been placed in two separate packages, which four packages have been sealed with three different seals belonging to the undersigned.

This present is executed in duplicate.

G. SEMISSAERT.	L. MAILLIARD.	JAQ. VERET.
(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)
(Arms)	(L. M.)	(Arms)

"Mailliard arranged the precious stones in two packages of the same size, opened the belt in which he carried his letters of credit, placed the two packages inside the belt, thanked Veret and his friend for their kindness and left for America the following day. He stopped again at Brussels to visit Bonaparte's family and to induce, them, if possible, to undertake the journey to America.

"In due time Mailliard arrived safely at New York and hiring a conveyance he drove across New Jersey to Bordentown. He reached the king's mansion late at night, after an absence of five months, but did not hesitate to awaken the king, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at the safe return of his emissary. Mailliard took from his belt the two packages, valued at nearly a million dollars, placed them in Bonaparte's hands and gave him a history of his adventures, adding that he would have brought Queen Julie with him, as requested, had not her physician compelled her to abandon, on account of her health, the project of joining her husband in America.

"In a letter to his wife, referring to the return of Mailliard, Bonaparte said. 'Since his return Mailliard has been very ill, but I am happy to say he is now better.

I cannot do without him. He is my constant attendant—my right hand.' Bonaparte kept no secrets from his young confidant. He always found a willing ear and a consoling spirit in the man who was ready to sacrifice everything for the comfort and welfare of the exile. Time only served to strengthen the attachment between them.

"Shortly after Mailliard's return Bonaparte, being enriched by the possession of the jewels, wished to purchase of Stephen Girard a site for a city home on Chestnut street below Twelfth, Philadelphia. On one occasion he entertained Girard at dinner, when the subject was broached, and Bonaparte offered to pay Girard any fair price which he might ask for the land. Girard asked him what he would give. Bonaparte replied: 'I will cover the block, from Eleventh to Twelfth and from Chestnut to Market streets, with silver half dollars.' Girard, who was sipping his soup at the time, balanced his spoon for a second on the end of his finger, and, with a calculating look out of his one eye, said, very slowly: 'Yes, Mons. Le Count; if you will stand them up edgeways.'

"After the death of Bonaparte, in 1844, Mailliard's devotion did not end. He returned to America as executor of the estate, and when Louis Napoleon became the ruler of France he sailed for Europe to execute the last request of his sire and king, namely: to have the correspondence with Napoleon published and his remains transferred to France as soon as that country was re-opened to the Bonaparte family. Both of these requests were complied with in due time.

"His son, Adolph Mailliard, lived for a time at Bordentown and visited California in 1851. Returning to Bordentown, he resided in the old Mailliard home for some years, and again visited California with his family in 1867. He purchased a large tract of land near San Rafael, and there, in his mountain home, surrounded by his family, with his horses and dogs, a choice library and music, he lived happily until his death."

XLIV.

THE JERSEY BOYS IN WARM ARRAY

GRANDFATHER was in warm array the day he told this story; not so much on account of the weather, although it was a warm June day, as on account of what he conceived would have been the glory of New Jersey, but for the cowardice of one man. "Liberty was within our grasp," he said, "and one man snatched it from us."

Yes, the old man was piping hot—"hot under the collar," in common parlance. He had remarked: "We don't have to go to that French woman, Madame Roland, to determine how many crimes are committed in the name of liberty. When Washington was anxiously waiting for the dawn, on the night of October 16, 1781, that he might storm the defences of Yorktown, he told Hamilton that nothing but treachery within the American lines could save the British from capture. Said he: 'Put none but Americans on guard.' No doubt he was thinking of that British-born general whose treachery cost us victory and liberty at Monmouth."

Continuing, the old man said:

"American-born leaders, too, have failed at the critical moment. I recall the time of the dedication of Liberty Hall, on Sixth street, Philadelphia, in 1838. A son of Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams, was asked to make the dedicatory address and declined. Then they asked a son of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, and he declined. Both were strongly opposed to slavery and as strongly in favor of liberty, but they were afraid to face the mob that was likely to gather on account of the excited state of the public mind at that time. Next the committee asked a son of New Jersey, David Paul Brown, a native of Woodbury, and at that time leading member of the

Philadelphia bar. What did he say? 'I am ready to fight the battle of liberty as long as I have a shot left in my locker.' It was the spirit of a true blue Jerseyman. Brown was on guard for liberty, my Boy."

The old man's talk for liberty led up to Monmouth.

"When the British entered Philadelphia, in the latter part of 1777," said he, "they found the city in great disorder. The streets were unkempt and public property neglected. Homes had been abandoned, on the approach of the enemy, and the Quaker element, representing about one-fifth of the thirty thousand inhabitants, was distressed over the removal of influential members of the society to Virginia. This had been done on the order of Congress, as a matter of safety, suspicion having been directed against them on account of correspondence discovered in New Jersey, and an 'address' of the Philadelphia Meeting, written by James Pemberton, a Burlington County Quaker, which was regarded as treasonable.

"The enemy troops began pillaging and burning property of both Whigs and Tories. In the suburbs provisions and supplies were taken from the farmers by raiding parties of both armies. Secret trade was conducted with the Tories in Philadelphia, while all intercourse with New Jersey was prohibited after January 15, 1778, except by the 'new' and 'old' ferries, which were guarded by British troops. Between Burlington and Bridgeton, during the British occupation, there was an almost continuous raid by enemy troops, assisted by Loyalist regiments and unorganized bands of refugee robbers.

"Following the evacuation, in June, 1778, the British army marched across New Jersey. That march is one of the Revolutionary annals of old Gloucester, Burlington and Monmouth counties. It terminated in the memorable battle of Monmouth, with the field in possession of the Americans and the British claiming a victory.

"While the preparations for evacuation were going on in Philadelphia, Washington, at Valley Forge, was receiving information regarding the movements of the

enemy. He determined to discard all unnecessary baggage, and with his men lightly equipped, from necessity as well as convenience, he prepared to make the enemy's retreat as wretched and discouraging as possible.

"With his Jersey Boys—Continentals under Maxwell and militia under Dickinson—the Pennsylvania militia under Cadwalader, the Cow Boys of Virginia under Daniel Morgan, and about forty Seneca Indians, Washington unceasingly annoyed and harrassed the British during ten days of intollerable heat, starting with the evacuation of Philadelphia and culminating with the battle at Monmouth Court House.

"Memorable days were they in the history of New Jersey, my Boy; days, too, that would have been glorious in the history of the United States, but for the treachery of one man—memorable days, my Boy." The old man seemed never so grave; never more in earnest.

Lately he has been addressing the Annalist as "Boy" and "my Boy," instead of "Son;" apparently, for no other reason than to indulge an idiosyncracy—his right to say or do anything he pleases at any time or place.

"Clinton's army," he continued, "numbered over 21,000 men, with 5000 horses. The troops were encumbered with much baggage, besides plunder from the homes of patriotic Philadelphians. Tories who could not escape by other means followed the army across the Delaware. Clinton did not dare face the consequences of abandoning them to the vengeance of the 'rebel mob,' as he called the patriots, who were sure to return to the city after the evacuation. Nor could he abandon 5000 horses, to be appropriated by the Americans. Critical days, my Boy."

By this time we had passed beyond Haddonfield and Ellisburg, after leaving the main highway at Haddon Heights, where we had spent a pleasant half hour at the home of the Shills, whose mistress, Mrs. Louie Wahl Shill, is the daughter of the late William F. Wahl, of Atlantic City—by this time we were nearing Moorestown,

whence Grandfather proposed speeding on the old pike toward Mount Holly.

"We will follow the course of the British," said he, "but will cover the distance in a fractional part of their time."

* * * *

Near Hainesport he stopped at a garage to replenish his gas tank. During the filling process he observed two boys arguing. "You give me a pain," said one. Usually, the old man expresses his disapproval of slang with a frown. This time he smiled. Beneath his rough exterior there is always a sympathetic chord for the children; a strong liking for the parent-teacher associations, organized in New Jersey in 1900 and incorporated in 1922. He often quotes the lines of Whittier:

> "A dreary place would be this world,
> Were there no children in it;
> The song of mirth would lose its birth,
> Were there no children to begin it."

Grandfather smiled; the boys glared. He said to them, kindly: "A smile on the lips, a pain round the hips; a trip to the shore—the pain is no more. Got a pain, have you, boy? Try a trip to Atlantic City. One trip to the shore whets the appetite for more."

The boys grinned. As we drove off, one said to the other:

"Gee! He must be hungry."

"Nah!" said the other. "He's thirsty; he said wet.' "

"Foxy Grandpa!"

* * * *

Resuming his story of Clinton's march, he said:

"The King's instructions to the commander-in-chief were that the army should be embarked upon transports in the Delaware. The larger division was to proceed to the West Indies and Florida and the smaller division was to go to New York. They were to separate at the capes of the Delaware. Clinton disregarded these instructions.

Had he obeyed, there would have been no memorable march across New Jersey and no battle of Monmouth. Clinton feared that the horses alone would fill all the transports, if they took the water route and separated at the capes. There would be no room for the troops and refugees. The idea of cutting the throats of the horses was seriously considered—if the King's order was to be obeyed.

"The more he considered, the more reluctant was Clinton to send the southern division on transports and cross the enemy's country with only 6000 troops to protect the train of refugees, baggage and horses. Had he adopted this suggested plan of complying with the King's instructions, it is safe to say that the entire division would have been captured by the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops before they reached Monmouth. Our boys were on the alert from the day of the evacuation.

"Clinton finally decided to leave Philadelphia with as little irritation as possible, as the peace negotiations were still pending. With both divisions of his army, equipped for any emergency, he decided to march across New Jersey to New York, hoping that some indiscretion on the part of the pursuing 'rebels' would lead to their total destruction.

"He crossed the Delaware at Kaighn's Point, and at once divided his army into two wings—one under Lord Cornwallis, to march via Columbus, then known as Black Horse, Burlington County, thence to Bordentown, Crosswicks and Allentown; the other, under General Knyphausen, to go via Haddonfield, Moorestown, Mount Holly and Imlaystown. Both divisions were to keep within easy supporting distance, and their objective point was to be New Brunswick or some point on the Raritan, where they hoped to find their fleet, and be transported thence to New York. Their supply train, with a motley crowd of refugees, camp followers, ex-slaves, women and 'other useless stuff,' as one of the diarists of the day said, all moved with Knyphausen, while Clinton himself rode with Cornwallis and directed both wings.

"The entire column extended over twelve miles. The retreat began with every prospect of secrecy and success. Historians differ as to the actual number of troops. Bancroft says 17,000 and Hildreth 12,000. The exact number, according to the late General James F. Rusling, after a careful investigation, was not less than 21,418. They were the flower of the British army in America. Most of them were well-seasoned veterans, and all were thoroughly drilled, disciplined, armed and equipped. It is true that about one-third were Hessians, but as a class the Hessians were good soldiers, ably officered.

"The army moved with alacrity, but they found the roads heavy with sand and obstructed by fallen trees. The bridges were either in poor condition or broken down altogether by the Jersey farmers and the militia. The weather was hot and sweltering. Cornwallis led the advance and remained at Mount Holly until Monday, taking a Sunday rest. On Monday he was joined by Knyphausen, who had marched to Moorestown, after breaking camp at Haddonfield. The Hessian general had reached Haddonfield, with his trains, the previous Friday. On Monday both wings moved to Black Horse, and on Tuesday General Leslie was sent with a brigade to Bordentown to see what the Americans were doing in that intensely Whig neighborhood. The main body, however, moved on to Crosswicks and here Leslie joined them again on the evening of the 23d. Next morning both columns crossed the creek—Cornwallis on the bridge at Crosswicks and Knyphausen by the ford at Waln's Mills, two or three miles to the east. One division then moved to Allentown and the other to Imlaystown. On that day, the 24th, Washington held an important council of war at Hopewell, with his generals—Greene, Lee, Stirling, Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, Wayne, Paterson and others. The disaster at Monmouth, four days later, is one of the memorable events of the Revolution. The enemy had encamped in a strong position the night before the battle, in and around the present town of Freehold.

"In an address which the gifted Henry Armitt Brown, a native of Burlington, was to have delivered at the centennial celebration of this battle, written while he was in bed, stricken with a fatal illness, following his oration at Valley Forge, this eloquent young member of the Philadelphia bar said, referring to the scene the night before the battle:

'Who can foresee that on the morrow a deed shall be done that shall consecrate for all time this quiet Jersey village, and that the benedictions of a grateful people shall descend forever upon Monmouth Court House.'

"Mr. Brown's address was to have been delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the monument, on June 28, 1878, but being too sick to attend, the principal address was made by Hon. Samuel S. Cox, of Ohio, commonly known as "Sunset" Cox, on account of his classic editorial on the sunset, printed in the Columbus, Ohio, Statesman, of which he was then editor, in 1853.*

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* This editorial was written late in the afternoon, about May 15, 1853. The sun was dropping below the horizon when Cox rushed into the press room of the *Statesman*. "Boys," said he, "did you see that sunset? It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw." He then seized strips of paper from the proof press and leaning over the composing stone wrote a piece of word painting that gave him a soubriquet for the rest of his days. He handed the sheets to the printers as fast as they were finished. Considering the circumstances, it is perhaps the most remarkable composition of the kind ever written. He said in part: "What a stormful scene was that of last night! How glorious the storm and how splendid the setting of the sun! * * * The scene opened in the west with a whole horizon full of golden, inter-penetrating luster, which colored the foliage and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer until the golden luster was transfused into a storm-cloud full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzled zigzags all around and over the city. The wind arose with fury; the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots 'turned up their whites' to see Zephyrus march by. * * * Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples; glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. * * * The city vanished, only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a paradise in the distant and purified air. The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the west. The great eye of the heavens, however, went down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of

"Monmouth was the sequel of Saratoga. Following the privations and sufferings at Valley Forge and preceding the arrival of the French, it was the last great battle of the Revolution fought by the American farmer-soldiers, most of whom were Jersey Boys, Quakers and Cow Boys from Virginia, as they felicitously called themselves. The name Jersey Blue had not yet come into common use. Its origin is ascribed to the women of Essex County."

Here, again, the old man digressed.

"When Howe started in pursuit of Washington, across New Jersey, he stationed a garrison at Newark. This garrison committed so many outrages on the inhabitants that in November, 1776, a company of volunteers was organized, under Captain Eliakim Littell, to protect the homes and punish the despoilers. Uniforms were provided by the women. These consisted of light blue frocks and trousers of tow—home spun, home dyed and home made. Some one called them the Jersey Blues and in time the name was applied to the Jersey troops generally. During the Whiskey Insurrection, in 1794, a South Jerseyman, Governor Richard Howell, was with the troops at Bradford, Pa., at which time he wrote a song called 'Jersey Blue,' beginning:

> To arms once more our hero cries,
> Sedition lives and order dies;
> To peace and ease then bid adieu—
> Dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue.

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unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased. When the solemn church bells pealed, the laughter of children rang out and then the joyous carol of birds. * * * Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel that it is good to have a home, good to be on earth and witness such revelations of beauty and power." Mr. Cox, following his oration at Monmouth, admitted privately that he liked the soubriquet of "Sunset." He was afterwards appointed minister to Turkey and he christened the Legation steam launch at Constantinople with his soubriquet. When President Cleveland appointed him minister, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage said: "Because of his wonderful description of the sunset he is known as Sunset Cox; but in view of the new career opened before him I now rechristen him. His name shall no longer be Sunset; it shall be Sunrise Cox." In vain that rechristening. In the annals of our country he is still Sunset Cox.

"By 'hero' our Greenwich tea-burning hero refers to Washington, who had called the troops to arms, assuring them, in the words of Howell:

> Should foul misrule and party rage
> With law and liberty engage,
> Push home your steel, you'll soon review
> Your native plains, brave Jersey Blue.

"As I said a moment ago, however, at the time of Clinton's retreat, our troops were known as the Jersey Boys. At Monmouth these farmer-soldiers held the field when the battle was over, and but for the disobedience of General Lee the victory would have been decisive. With recollections of Valley Forge and the outrages in Philadelphia fresh in their minds, they were disposed to pursue and give battle; not to stand and defend. The enemy left us in a position to renew the fight, for which the Jersey Boys were ready, in spite of Washington's disappoinment. It has been said that the commander-in-chief denounced Lee with an oath—'the only time he was ever known to swear.' The truth is Washington was by no means infrequently profane. A diligent search of the court-martial records, however—records which profess to give his exact words—show that while he was greatly excited, he used no hint of profanity. It was his manner and not his language that betrayed his intense disgust.

"The behaviour of the Jersey Boys, after the battle, betrayed their readiness to pursue, even to the point of the enemy's embarkation. Indeed, the enthusiasm of our boys at Monmouth seemed to match that of the Cumberland boys at Fort Dayton, on the Mohawk, as described by Ebenezer Elmer, of Bridgeton, when they went 'scouting round the fort and swinging their hats for an hour.' At Monmouth, when the heat of the day was over and they found the enemy gone, our Jersey Boys went marching round and round, some with drums and some with fifes; some with horns and one with an instrument that gave out a pleasant sound like wind passing through reeds. It was thrilling to see them and to hear them, especially the—O, boy!"

" 'O, boy' is slang. You have cautioned me against slang, Grandfather."

"Did I say 'O, boy'? I meant hautboy. You know what that is—a wind instrument, similar to the clarionet. You may be sure our boys were in warm array that day and they were mad, too—mad at Lee. His cowardice cost them a great victory—perhaps the deciding battle of the Revolution. Think of the glory it would have brought to New Jersey! With Clinton's army captured, there would have been no troops to send down our coast, four months later, to destroy Chestnut Neck and massacre Pulaski's Legion at Tuckerton. If, instead of being court-martialed after the battle, Lee had been deposed before the battle began, it would have been a day of days for the Jersey Boys. I wish you could have been there and seen them with their drums and fifes; their horns and O, boy! that hautboy!"

Doubtless the ardor of the Jersey Boys was stimulated by recollections of Valley Forge—the cold and the hunger, the lack of food and clothing. They compared their lot with the luxuries of the British in Philadelphia. Well-meaning men and women, even ministers of the gospel, had beseeched Washington to give up the fight and make peace with England. The most prominent of the pacificists was Rev. Jacob Duche, whose wife was a daughter of Colonel Joseph Borden, the Bordentown patriot, and a sister of the wife of Francis Hopkinson, the signer. Church bells were rung and prayers were said to move Washington from his grim determination never to surrender. Small wonder, then, with these facts fresh in their minds, that the Jersey Boys were indignant at the conduct of one cowardly general, who ordered "retreat," when "advance and pursuit" should have been the command.

"A few days after the battle," added Grandfather, "the enemy encamped in the broad basin encircled by the Navesink Highlands. Here, while the sick and wounded, with the horses and baggage, were being transported on

vessels in the bay, and while the army was preparing the pontoon bridge of flat-boats from Gravelly Point to Sandy Hook, a report was prepared by the adjutant, the title of which reads: 'State of the Forces under the command of his Excellency, General Sir Henry Clinton, Camp Navesing, New Jersey, 3d July, 1778.' The original and only copy of this record may be seen in the Public Records Office in London, but a worthy son of New Jersey, General James F. Rusling, of Trenton, made a copy some years ago and presented it to the Monmouth County Historical Association.

"It is of special interest to Jerseymen, since the original was written while the enemy was encamped on Jersey soil, at Camp Navesink, or 'Navesing,' as the writer expressed it, and for the further reason that it is the only exact statement of the condition of the British forces five days after the battle of Monmouth. It reads:

Officers present,	1,172
Sergeants, Drummers, Rank and file present and fit for duty,	15,448
Prisoners with the Rebels,	1,983
Sick and wounded,	2,017
Two Auspach Battalions,	798
	21,418

With the exception of the deserters, included in the list of 'prisoners with the rebels' and the two German battalions en route from Philadelphia to New York, all of these men must have been present at the time of the battle. Of these, 4,781 were Germans. Under General Knyphausen, they were in the van in convoy of the baggage and not engaged in battle. Of the 4,781 Germans, 1,086 are reported 'prisoners with the rebels.' Doubtless, these men were in realty deserters, as very few prisoners were reportd by Washington. The schedule shows that Clinton left Philadelphia with over 21,000 men. After the ten days' march and battle, he still had over 16,000 officers and men fit for duty when they retreated from the field at Monmouth and left our Jersey Boys full of pep and ready to renew the fight."

XLV.

"PEPPER THE DISH TO SUIT YOURSELF"

PASSING the City Hall, on the morning of September 22d—anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone in 1900—Grandfather remarked that a city with more than sixty thousand permanent inhabitants and transients five fold more should have a more imposing municipal building than the present brick structure, finished and occupied for the first time, by Atlantic City officials, on August 2, 1901.

"In comparison with the new high school building," said he, "costing $1,750,000, the City Hall is insignificant."

Then he recalled the burning of the old frame structure—the first municipal building, erected in 1875 and destroyed by fire on August 17, 1893.

On the same day of the month, but three years later," said he—again indicating his keenness for dates—"on August 17, 1896, the name of 'Boardwalk' was officially given, by resolution of City Council, to the newly constructed promenade on the ocean front. It had been dedicated to public use on the preceding July 8th, with public demonstrations in the afternoon and evening. Previous to the adoption of the name, there had been persistent efforts to dub it 'esplanade,' and to give this misnomer an effectual quietus the governing body, in 1896, gave the present name official recognition. Since then it has been known as the Boardwalk—the first and greatest in the world."

By this time the old man had mounted the stairway—declining the "lift," as he called it—and had seated himself comfortably beside the Mayor's assistant, Armand T. Nichols.

"It is worth noting," he continued, addressing Mr. Nichols, who, of course, was ignorant of what his visitor

had just said about the fire—"worth telling you about the City Hall being on fire"——

Mr. Nichols looked alarmed, but the old man was quick to add, composedly: "It was thirty years ago; the fire's out now. Before that time the city did not own all of the present site. In fact, where you are now sitting, Mr. Nichols, I can almost hear the steady thump of a printing press and the whirr of an electric motor beneath your chair." Mr. Nichols leaned over, instinctively, and looked at the projecting feet of his swivel chair.

"Yes, the first electric motor in Atlantic City was installed right here, on this spot where you are sitting. It was on the second floor of the Grand Opera House, also destroyed at the time of the City Hall fire in 1893. The motor was used for operating a printing press in the mechanical department of the old Atlantic Journal, the current being turned on at ten o'clock in the morning on March 15, 1888. For a week or more it had been on exhibition in a bulk window on the first floor, where it attracted considerable attention. Elwood Courtney, of the electric company, explained the principle of generating motive power by electricity. I need not tell you the name of the editor of that paper. You would not have to go far to find him."

Still addressing Mr. Nichols, Grandfather said:

"That date, March 15th, brings to mind a memorable disaster on the Delaware—a fire that cost many lives and cast a pall over South Jersey. It also came near casting a few prominent men into prison. I refer to the burning of the ferry boat New Jersey, plying between Camden and Philadelphia, on March 15th, 1856. There are those still living who remember, as I do, that appalling accident and there are others who have had the story from the lips of those who were among the grown-ups of that day.

"The New Jersey caught fire while attempting to make the passage to Camden. Caught in ice floes, her machinery disabled, the boat (an old one) drifted with the tide so near to the wharves between Arch and Market

streets, Philadelphia, that some of the passengers almost jumped ashore, but before she could be reached from the shore or by other boats she became unmanageable in the ice jams. The flames swept over her and about sixty persons lost their lives, either by being burned to death or drowned when they leaped overboard within sight of people on the wharves. It was clearly proven that the boat had been a floating death trap for years.

"The burning of the New Jersey was followed by the arrest of a number of prominent Jerseymen at a famous old Camden hostelry, owned by James Elwell, who died in 1881. For many years Mr. Elwell kept the railroad house at the foot of Bridge avenue, known as Elwell's Hotel. The directors of the old Camden and Amboy Railroad made this house their resort, and within its walls were held meetings affecting the political complexion of the State. In those days New Jersey was known as the 'State of Camden and Amboy,' the railroad corporation controlling its politics by setting up one man and putting down another in most of the legislative districts. The old hotel was pulled down long before Mr. Elwell died, and its site is now covered by the iron rails of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lessee of the Camden and Amboy. That such a hotel ever existed is unknown to many people of to-day, and few could indicate the spot.

"It was while they were at this hotel that Robert F. Stockton and his associates were arrested, after the burning of the New Jersey. Thomas W. Mulford, Prosecutor of the Pleas, was awakened in the dead of night at his house in Pennsgrove, Salem County, and taken to Camden, where he caused a bereaved person to lodge a complaint against the directors. The latter were fortuitously at Elwell's Hotel, at an early hour in the morning, and were arrested for manslaughter. Some of them were greatly surprised and so shocked by the gravity of the charge that they shed tears. The result was that New Jersey got jurisdiction of the case and none of the defendants were thrown into prison.

"Going back a decade and digressing somewhat—the opposition to the Camden and Amboy, in 1845, culminated in the election of Charles C. Stratton, the Whig nominee for Governor, over John R. Thompson, Democrat, candidate of the railroad company. Stratton, unlike Thompson, was a native born Jerseyman, and the opposition availed themselves of this fact to influence the native voters in favor of Stratton. It was the era of campaign poetry, and one John Leadbeater, of Camden, wrote and published a number of campaign verses, which were sung throughout South Jersey. One of these alluded to Richard F. Stockton, who was the chief promoter of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, as well as the dominating spirit of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. As a captain in the navy, he commanded a squadron on the California coast during the Mexican War, and was afterwards a Senator of the United States. This Whig song was entitled 'Jersey Blues, We Look to You,' and was sung to the tune of 'Lucy Neal.' These and other political songs, together with a number of devotional and didactic hymns and miscellaneous rhymes, were printed for private circulation in 1850, in a rare and curious little volume entitled 'Literary Remains of John Leadbeater, Jr.' A copy may be found in a special collection at the Atlantic City Public Library.

"This book was printed by Henry Curts, Camden's old time printer, whose 'Phoenix Office' was on Federal Street above Fourth. One of the poems was entitled 'Mariner's Floating Chapel,' having reference to the sailors' marine church seen on the Delaware previous to 1856, when it was purchased by a newly organized Episcopal congregation and placed on Broadway, Camden. It was the first home of St. John's P. E. Church.

"Dr. Reynell Coates was another of the habitues of Elwell's Hotel, in the forties, fifties and sixties. He was a candidate for nomination for the Vice-President on the Native American ticket in 1856, which circum-

stance gave him great importance with the circle at the foot of Bridge Avenue, Camden.

* * * *

"Years afterwards, in 1872, another well-known citizen of Camden, Colonel James M. Scovel, was conspicuous among those who were balloted for the Vice-Presidential nomination in the Liberal Republican convention, which opened on May 1st, in Cincinnati, and was presided over by Stanley Matthews, father of the present Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, Right Rev. Paul N. Matthews. At this convention Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown were nominated for President and Vice-President, respectively, after a drawn battle between Judge David Davis and Charles Francis Adams for first place on the ticket.

"At the time of his candidacy, in 1856, when the 'New Jersey' was burned, Dr. Coates was editing the American Banner, in connection with John H. Jones. The latter ran for Congress as a Native American in 1858, but was defeated by John T. Nixon, of Bridgeton, afterwards United States District Court Judge for many years.

"Mr. Jones subsequently became the editor of the Camden Democrat and was active in the politics of that city. His paper and the West Jersey Press, owned and edited by the late Sinnickson Chew, were then the most influential papers in South Jersey—one for the Democrats and the other for the Republicans. In the early sixties, Dr. Coates conducted a private school in Camden. He was an eloquent and earnest partisan of his principles, and the luckless stranger who entered into a controversy with him was pretty sure to come to grief.

"At an earlier date (1838) Dr. Coates was to have gone as naturalist with Commodore Charles Wilkes on his scientific exploring expedition through the Pacific and to the Antarctic regions, and he provided himself, as part of his outfit, with a number of pairs of very long

boots, to be used in exploring strange waters for strange insects. For some reason he did not go and his boots were preserved for some years, an object of interest and the wonder of his fellow boarders at Elwell's Hotel.

* * * *

"Speaking of Commodore Wilkes and his expedition to the south pole brings to mind another Jerseyman who achieved notoriety, if not distinction, in his scientific world one hundred years ago. He was a nephew of the distinguished John Cleves Symnes, who migrated from New Jersey to Ohio in 1788, purchased two million acres of land on the Ohio and founded Cincinnati, which he at first proposed to call Symnes City. The younger Symnes was the author of a theory that the earth is hollow, habitable within and open at the poles for the admission of light. He petitioned Congress, in 1818, to fit out an expedition to the north pole to test his theory. Over his grave at Hamilton, Ohio, is a short column, surrounded by a globe, showing open poles."

* * * *

As the old man arose and started to leave City Hall Mr. Nichols offered him a cigar, saying, "Do you smoke, Grandfather?" He took the cigar and looked at the colored wrapper, on which was a portrait of an old-time admiral. Beneath the picture were the words "Paul Jones."

"Not quite—but almost," said he, admiring the picture—"almost a coincidence, since to-morrow, September 23d, is the anniversary of a day I remember so well—a glorious day in those trying times of the Revolution. It was in 1779, on September 23d, when Paul Jones fought and won the bloodiest naval battle of the Revolution, off the coast of Scotland. He commanded the Bon Homme Richard and fought the Seraphis, of superior armor, with other vessels. You will recall his words, when the enemy asked him to surrender: 'I've just begun to fight.' The

Richard sunk soon after her crew had taken possession of the conquered Seraphis. Jones won a great victory, but he lost, in killed and wounded 300 of his crew of 375. Yes; I'll smoke this cigar, Mr. Nichols, and every puff will be in praise of Paul Jones."

Passing out of the building, the Annalist ventured to say:

"It's a long time from the burning of the Bon Homme Richard, in 1779, to the burning of the New Jersey in 1856."

"Yes," said the old man, "and a long way from the north pole with Symmes to the south pole with Wilkes. Atlantic avenue is a long lane without any turns, too—ten miles from the upper to the lower inlet. Suppose we leave this long lane and travel down Tennessee avenue, and while we are talking of disasters I'll tell you of the great tidal wave of 1878. Then it was that the entire Atlantic coast, from Maine to Florida, was swept by an unusual storm. The wind blew a hurricane and places on the coast, as well as on the rivers and bays emptying into the Atlantic, were inundated. The damage at Cape May and along the Delaware was much greater than at Atlantic City.

"The storm began at about three o'clock on the morning of October 23, 1878, and by seven o'clock the velocity of the wind was seventy-two miles an hour. It was more destructive along the Delaware than on the coast and worse in Salem than at other places."

Reaching for his big wallet he brought out another clipping. Said he:

"This is from the National Standard, of Salem. It says of the storm in that city:

"'Buildings that had withstood the stress of storms for half a century were badly damaged by this gale. The slate roof on the Presbyterian Church was lifted from the rafters and one portion carried into the adjoining school yard; the other into the yard of Colonel Johnson. Quantities of brick, mortar, timber, etc., fell inside of the church, crushing pews, tables, the pulpit and a small organ, and otherwise damaging the walls. This church suffered more than any other building in Salem, but other roofs were blown off,

chimneys blown over, barns demolished and fences laid low. Trees in all parts of the city were blown down and the damage amounted to thousands of dollars. The damage to property by the wind, however, was not to be compared with that caused by the rising waters. The banks of Salem Creek seemed to be like so much sawdust before the rushing waters and innumerable breaks were cut in banks that withstood even the great flood of October 13, 1846. Five minutes after the banks broke, Elsinboro township was inundated.'"

Restoring the clipping to his wallet, the old man said:

"I recall what Harris Smith told me at the time. A man at work on the meadows in Elsinboro, when the banks broke, said that although he was only a short distance from firm land, he had to wade through water five feet deep before he could reach safety. Lower Penn's Neck was a scene of desolution, destruction and utter ruin. The corn and other crops, with the fences, were swept many miles away, leaving some farmers with scarcely enough grain to feed their stock. A large number of cattle pasturing in the meadows were drowned. One fatality was reported. Christopher Hope, a farmer living near Sharptown, was instantly killed during the high wind by falling bricks from a chimney. He left fourteen children to mourn his untimely death. Several rescues of men marooned on the meadows by the rapidly rising waters were recorded. Although the storm was general, it was estimated that the damage done in Salem County, by wind and tide, was greater than in any other county in New Jersey. Following the storm a man who rode to Philadelphia on the steamer Major Reybold reported distressing scenes along he river. Many vessels were wrecked or beached."

By this time we had reached St. Nicholas Church, in front of which Pippin had been safely hitched—as usual the cynosure of many eyes. Standing in front of that imposing edifice, Grandfather said:

"A former rector of this church, now deceased, was one of the manliest men that ever lived in Atlantic City or anywhere in New Jersey. I refer to Rev. John J. Fedigan, beloved by everybody. Somehow, men do not agree as to what constitutes greatness. Shakespeare, himself a

great man, says some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Yet, if we believe the cryptographers, the great bard was not a great man, except as he reflected the greatness of Francis Bacon. On the cryptic theory that Bacon wrote most of Shakespeare's plays, we may conclude that Shakespeare also wrote the 46th Psalm. Turn to that Psalm and count the first forty-six words. You will find that the forty-sixth word from the beginning is 'shake;' then, starting from the last word, 'refuge,' and counting backward, you come to 'spear' as the forty-sixth word. Thus, you see, Shake-spear wrote the 46th Psalm!

"The fact is, no man is born great and only a few achieve greatness. The majority of men are unfitted for handling great things, but by measuring their lives according to the Golden Rule, they can enjoy the greatest possible pleasure in life. A really great and good man, the late John Wanamaker, said a year or so before his death: 'The true joy of life, if we find ourselves better placed than others, is to seek out the unfortunates and do our best to help them.'

"A man is best judged by the way he treats his neighbor in the little things of life. If he rings true in these, we may safely conclude that he is not a counterfeit in the larger things. I do not care how a man may get out and show himself off before his community or the world at large as a successful man of affairs, the head of a big corporation, president of a bank, owner of a big hotel, a prosperous grocer, an alert manager, a successful doctor, lawyer or clergyman—in the last analysis he must be judged as a citizen by the way he treats his neighbor in the little things that never get before the eyes of the world.

"Such a man is despicable if he robs, cheats or defrauds his neighbor, and he is quite as bad if he permits another to do so, when in his power to prevent. It is really pitiable to see a man needlessly wrong his fellow man. On the other hand, no man is more deserving of

praise than he who devotes his intellect, his physical or financial resources for the welfare of those who for one reason or another are numbered among the unfortunates —those who have not worshipped at the shrine of the Almighty Dollar, by reason of which, perhaps, they have not provided against the rainy day.

"To the man who disregards the rights of others, sooner or later there comes the disquieting day, the recollection of wrongs. Conscience is a troublesome thing at best, but if it has been disciplined to service and sacrifice, it is a far better companion in the latter days than the conscience that is continually thrusting the barbed finger of truth into the aching heart.

"No punishment is so severe as the consciousness of having done another person an injury. The time comes to every man who has sinned against his fellowman when he must sit down alone and reflect on his own base doings. He must eat the bread of sorrow and drink to the dregs the bitter cup of remorse. Happy the man who, by his manner of living, spares himself against that day—against the bread of sorrow and the cup of remorse."

The old man paused and gazed reverently at the gray walls of St. Nicholas Church. Then he said: "That homily came to me as I thought of a good man, Father Fedigan, who went in and out before this community and ministered so faithfully to his congregation in days of yore. Still, with all his piety and humanity, he was a humorist, quick at repartee, and good-natured. Occasionally, he met his match at repartee. I recall an incident at the dedication of the new Boardwalk on July 8, 1896.

"In the afternoon there was a large gathering on the Steel Pier. Prominent citizens occupied seats on the stage. Among these were Rev. J. J. Fedigan and Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Cross, then of the First Baptist, but now of the Chelsea Baptist Church, where President Harding

GREENWICH TEA PARTY MONUMENT

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worshipped in the summer of 1923.* At that memorable gathering, one of the speakers was Hon. J. Hampton Moore, citizen of Philadelphia, but a native of Woodbury. During his address it began to rain. 'This is a good Baptist day,' said Cross to Fedigan. 'That's only your idea,' said Fedigan to Cross. 'My idea is that the rain falls upon the just and the unjust, and the just go to heaven our way.' 'My idea is that they all go by way of the cross,' said Cross to Fedigan.

"On a later occasion, just after the completion of the Olivet Presbyterian Church, across the street, the pastor, Rev. Francis J. Mundy, met Father McShane in front of St. Nicholas Church. Pointing across the street, Dr. Mundy said, 'What do you think of it?' 'That's the church for Mundy,' said the priest, 'but this is the church for Sunday.' "

* * * *

We two—Grandfather and the Annalist—took our seats in the Jersey Waggon, the old man, of course, at the wheel.

The Annalist: "I'd call those reminiscences another potpourri—a literary pot stew, as you say—but more than I can digest at one time."

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*Next to Father Fedigan sat Joseph A. McNamee, present City Clerk, and at the right of Dr. Cross was Joseph R. Bartlett, one-time Alderman and afterwards Sheriff. Other prominent citizens on the platform were Carlton Godfrey, Dr. W. Blair Stewart, William A. Faunce, Dr. Arthur L. Westcott, Arthur Knauer, Louis A. Repetto, M. A. Devine, James Parker, William H. Burkhard, Elwood S. Johnson, Dr. William E. Darnell, Frederick C. Robbins, William H. Bartlett, Henry Bolte, George A. Bourgeois, O. J. Hammell, Albert C. Stephany, Fraley Doughty, John C. Anderson, Alfred B. Smith, Charles B. Boyer, Ferd. Stadler, Charles C. Babcock, E. J. Petroff, William S. Cuthbert, Dr. Edward Guion, John B. Slack, William M. Clevenger, Herman M. Sypherd, Henry P. Miller, James K. Carmack, G. Bolton Parsons, John W. Parsons, Edwin Smith, Dr. Walter Reynolds, John L. Kelly, Leonard D. Algar, Joseph L. Shaner, S. M. Braunstein, Lucius I. Wright, Hugh B. Genoe, John T. French, George B. Stoddard, William Staiger, S. Hudson Vaughn, S. Vaughn Mathis, Howard A. Stout, E. V. Corson, Dr. Milton S. Ireland, Dr. J. C. Marshall, Dr. A. B. Shimer, Dr. Theodore Senseman, Wilson Senseman, Thomas L. Gage and Charles H. Parsons.

Grandfather: "Take what you like; reject the rest. Think of Lord Timothy Dexter, the scholarly, eccentric and philanthropic Yankee, who made his exit in 1808. He published a book, entitled, 'A Pickle for the Knowing Ones,' and in answer to those who criticised his punctuation, he published a sixteen page pamphlet, without punctuation marks of any kind, excepting on the last page, which he sprinkled promiscuously with points of all kinds. At the bottom of the page was this line of advice to his readers:

"Pepper the Dish to Suit Yourself."

XLVI.

LUSTRE OF PASSION AND PRIDE OF FAMILY

TWO of the children of Joseph Bonaparte gave life and light and color to his home at Point Breeze. His daughters, Zenaide and Lolotte, came from France, at different times, to cheer him in his exile. Lolotte is more often called Charlotte, but the father seems to have preferred Lolotte. This is indicated by the two volumes of his letters, published more than sixty years ago. The full names of these daughters were Zenaide Julie and Charlotte Napoleone. The accounts of their births are conflicting.* Charlotte, the younger, was nineteen years old when she landed in Philadelphia in 1821. The encyclopedias and various books on the Bonapartes agree on one point, namely, that Bonaparte had only two children, both daughters.

"The bookmen are wrong," said Grandfather; "Joseph himself is authority for the statement that he had three children by his wife Julie; but besides these, he had four children born out of wedlock in America—two daughters and two sons. One of the sons died a few years ago in Trenton. A grandson, the son of one of his American daughters, was on the pay roll of Atlantic City and died only a few years ago.

"The Concordat, an important document on French history, indirectly settles a long mooted question. It was signed at the home of Joseph Bonaparte in Paris on July 15, 1801. Long afterwards, in writing of this important

* The Encyclopedia Britannica says Joseph had only two children, both daughters; that Zenaide was born in 1801 and Charlotte in 1802. The International Encyclopedia makes the same mis-statement, while in other works on the Bonaparte family Charlotte is mentioned as the second daughter, born in 1801. An American writer, E. M. Woodward, of Bordentown, says Zenaide, the elder, was born July 8, 1804.

event, Bonaparte said: 'At the same hour (two o'clock in the morning) I became the father of a third infant, whose birth was saluted by the congratulations of the plenipotentiaries of the two great powers, and whose prosperity was augured by the envoys of the vicar of Christ; but their prayers have not been answered. Left a widow at thirty years of age, separated from her father, proscribed, as have been all the rest of the family, there only remains to her the consolation of reflecting that she had not merited her misfortune.'

"Joseph thus fixes the date of birth of that daughter who was 'left a widow at thirty.' Charlotte's husband (born October 11, 1804) died in 1831, in a campaign for the liberation of Italy; and as she was then 'left a widow at thirty,' she must have been born in 1801, and being the *third child,* according to Joseph's statement, there must have been, besides Zenaide, an older son or daughter. Joseph was married to his wife, Julie, late in 1794—probably in October—and the first child was born about the last of 1795 or the beginning of 1796. Zenaide, the second, was three years older than Charlotte and was born in 1798. The first born died in 1796.

"This first child was born subsequent to August 1, 1795, as on that date Napoleon wrote from Paris to Joseph, then in Genoa: 'You never tell me of the children whom you ought to be expecting. You are strangely forgetful of your duty in that respect. Pray let us have a little nephew; you must make a beginning. Julie would make an excellent mother. You would deprive her of the greatest happiness of life—nursing and bringing up one's children.'

"The third child, Charlotte, was with Bonaparte for a time in Bordentown. She arrived at Philadelphia late in 1821, on the ship 'Ruth and Mary,' commanded by Captain Isaac Mickle, of Camden, and was accompanied by Doctor Stockoe, who had been a physician to her illustrious uncle at St. Helena. The ship's wharf was crowded with people anxious to see Princess Charlotte

pass along the carpeted walk that had been laid from the vessel to the carriage in waiting. Only nineteen years old, and delighted at the ending of the sixty days' voyage, the young girl was in an ecstasy of glee. She waved her fur bonnet at those on the wharf with such careless delight that it fell from her hands over the ship's rail and into the river. In her transport of enthusiasm she snatched Captain Mickle's hat from his head, gayly placed it on her own head and saluted her admirers anew. She then entered a waiting carriage and was driven to the hotel on Chestnut street above Fifth, Philadelphia.

"The date of Princess Charlotte's arrival in Philadelphia is fixed by Eloi Mailliard's diary, which reads: 'Princess Charlotte, Mme. Gallet, Miss Gallet and Nonzio, my brother-in-law, arrived to-day, December 22, 1821, at Philadelphia.' Queen Julie would not permit her daughter to visit America, unless accompanied by Madame Gallet. The voyage across the ocean was an eventful one, requiring sixty days, and the weather was very stormy. Princess Charlotte implored Captain Mickle to rescue a sailor who had fallen overboard, and the only satisfaction she received was the Captain's blunt answer: 'If I lose more men in such a stormy sea, I may not be able to land you safely, and I am responsible for the safety of yourself and the rest of the people on board.'

"Charlotte lived about three years with her father at Bordentown and made frequent visits to Philadelphia. She was an artist of considerable ability and some of her pictures in oil were remarkable as the productions of an amateur. She sent to the annual exhibitions of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts her sketches of American scenery, some of which were lithographed and thus permanently preserved. She returned to Italy in the latter part of 1824, and lived there with her mother after the death of her husband in 1831, until her own death in 1839. She died at Lausanne, Switzerland, on her way to Paris, and was buried at St. Cross.

"When this daughter of Joseph Bonaparte embarked for Italy the famous Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, was one of the party to bid her *au revoir*. He wrote a thirty-four line eulogium in her album on board the steamship 'Philadelphia' before she left her dock. The once-noted Madame Tussand wrote of Charlotte that she was 'very small and very ugly,' and according to the best accounts she was certainly not pretty. Her features were irregular and her form thin, but, in her eyes there was the lustre of passion; in her manner the pride of family and the fascination of an artistic temperament. It was this charm that made Leopold Robert, the Swiss painter, take his life, in 1835, when he found that he could not love and possess her as the incarnation of his dream of art. Charlotte was then a young widow.

"While in Italy, in 1826, she had married her cousin, Napoleon Louis, older brother of Napoleon III. The death of the former in 1831, and of Napoleon's only son in 1832, made Louis Napoleon heir to the French throne. Had Napoleon Louis lived and attained the throne, his wife, Charlotte, one time resident of Bordentown, would have been empress of France.

"It was Napoleon's desire, as expressed in his will, that his nephews and nieces should marry among themselves. At this time Jerome Bonaparte, the issue of the ill-starred marriage of Napoleon's brother to Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, was a lad of about seventeen. The ambitious mother was anxious, notwithstanding the fact that she had been generally scorned by the Bonapartes, to have him marry the Princess Charlotte. Madame Tussand represented her interests in the matter, and made it the subject of an active correspondence. When she found that the Princess was to be sent back to Europe to become the wife of her cousin, Napoleon Louis, son of the former King of Holland, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte wrote of her as that 'hideous little creature'—a term for which she afterward atoned, when she eulogizd Charlotte as a woman of 'noble qualities.' Princess Pauline, sister of

Joseph and aunt of Charlotte, favored a match with the American Jerome, having taken a great fancy to 'Bo' as he was called, and this marriage is also said to have been desired by Joseph 'who wrote it to the princess,' if we are to believe Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. As for the young man himself, says his match-making mother in her letters, 'he feels the propriety of doing what I please on the subject of the marriage, and has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself in the way young people do in America.'

* * * *

"Some months before Charlotte's departure for Italy, Bonaparte was cheered by the arrival of his older daughter, Zenaide, accompanied by her husband, Charles Lucien Jules Laurent, son of her uncle, Lucien Bonaparte. Charles was known as the Prince Canino and was born May 24, 1803, shortly *before* the marriage of his mother, Madame Jouberthon, to his father, and was therefore five years younger than Zenaide. Charles and Zenaide were married at Brussels on June 29, 1822, and their first child, Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon, was born February 13, 1824, in a house at the corner of Twelfth and Market streets, Philadelphia, owned by Stephen Girard. Subsequently they made their home in a building erected by Bonaparte, within his park at Bordentown. It was close to the lake and was known as the Lake House.

"Prince Charles, nephew and son-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, was an enthusiastic ornithologist and in this house he had his cabinets of birds, insects, etc. It was a large, three story, brick structure, covered with plaster, the walls of which were standing a decade or two ago. Much of his time was given to study and the preparation of material for scientific works, which he afterwards published.

"While in America he became a member of several societies of learning and his ornithological studies gave him a reputation almost equal to that of Wilson or Au-

dubon. He disliked society, and once wrote a letter from Congress Hall at Saratoga to Dr. Isaac Hays, in which he described the people in the ballroom as 'dancing like fools.'

"A large room on the upper floor of the Lake House at Bordentown was used by Princess Zenaide as a studio, and in the adjoining room, where Prince Charles kept his cabinet of birds and insects, there were numerous specimens contributed by the villagers in exchange for silver pieces from the coffers of the prince.

"On pleasant days he indulged in woodland rambles, and collected specimens of birds and insects with his own hand. On dull days he found much pleasure in his literary work indoors, and the reputation which he thus gained as a naturalist was gratifying to Joseph and Zenaide, as well as to himself.

"Some very amusing stories were told of 'Prince Charley,' as he was familiarly known, by those who accompanied him on his gunning and hunting expeditions in the vicinity of Bordentown. On one occasion he found a nest of young skunks, and put them in his carriage to take home, in spite of the objections of his friends. The fumigation which followed was the talk of the town for many weeks and Prince Charley was reported as saying: 'Who effer would pelieve such beautiful leetle creatures could smell so file.'

"Prince Charles sailed for Europe in 1827, leaving his wife and family in Bordentown. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, writing from Rome to his Grandfather Patterson, at Baltimore, on January 25, 1827, said: 'My cousin Charles is expected here every day. He comes from America for the purpose of settling his pecuniary affairs with his father, whose fortune is pretty much like my father's—equal, perhaps, to one-third of his debts.' Three weeks later Jerome wrote again to his grandfather, saying: 'Cousin Charles has been here. He left America in October and will return thence in the spring.'

"The prince returned to Bordentown before the summer of 1828, and it was about this time that Princess Zenaide chided her father for his connection with Annette Savage. Presumably, the ex-king refused to discontinue his visits at Pine Grove, near Trenton, and there was the inevitable result. Zenaide would not brook her father's misconduct and in the autumn of 1828 she left New Jersey, never to return. She sailed for Europe with her husband and joined her mother in Italy.

"The first two of Prince Charles' four volumes on American ornithology were published in Philadelphia before his return to Europe, and before his death, in 1857, he was regarded as one of the most scientific men of his time. His books on natural history were published in Italian, French and Latin. His wife, who died in 1854, assisted him in his literary work and translated Schiller's dramas into Italian and French. They had twelve children, four of whom died young. Their second son, Lucien Louis, born the year they left America, became a priest and was made a cardinal in 1868. He translated the parable of the sower into seventy-two European dialects, and was the author of works on philology.

* * * *

"The days at Point Breeze not given to hospitality and the study of men were devoted to dignified ease and the study of books. When the king departed there was left only the echo of a court more brilliant than that of Lord Stirling in Somerset, of Governor Livingston in Elizabeth, or of the Stocktons in Princeton—the triune homes of abounding hospitality in New Jersey.

"Bonaparte's estate was nearly three times the size of Lord Stirling's, which contained all of the accessories of a nobleman's seat in the mother country. This English Lord, whose common name was William Alexander, and who had been robbed of his earldom in England, became an intensely patriotic American, but he proudly adhered to his title of lord. That he was thoroughly possessed

of a feeling of his importance is evidenced by an incident during the Revolution, when a British spy was to be executed. The unfortunate man was allowed a few minutes for prayer before his execution, and in the presence of Lord Stirling and other Americans he fell upon his knees and cried: 'Lord, Lord, have mercy on me!' Lord Stirling, imagining the supplication addressed to him, turned to the man and said: 'None, you rascal, none!'

"At Bordentown, along the river bluff, were many mansions in times gone by, but at none was there more hospitality or as many notables as at the king's mansion on house and garden party days. At these gatherings America's long-resident king sometimes greeted the Clays, the Websters, the Adams, the Scotts and more often the Shippens, the Binneys, the Girards, the Bainbridges, the Coxes, the Grenvilles, the Stocktons, the Redmans, the Greens, the Couverts, and others of less prominence or importance.

"The life and the light of Point Breeze went out when Bonaparte departed in 1839. For many years fond memory brought the light of other days before the eyes of those who had trodden the banquet hall and feasted at the king's table, but the last of these guests passed into the unknown world years ago and there is now left not even a trace of the mansion wherein the king entertained so grandly. Within the inclosure, excepting the trees, what man has not already effaced, time and the elements have destroyed. Over the gateway, instead of a painted sign, warning the town's people and strangers against trespassing upon the premises, there might be placed an appropriate device, suggested by holy writ, signifying the departed glory of Point Breeze—that sign of a single word—

ICHABOD.

XLVII.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLEW SOME GOOD

SEATED on the grass, near the monument at Chestnut Neck—erected by Lafayette Chapter, D. A. R., and unveiled with patriotic ceremonies on October 6, 1911—Grandfather told this story:

"A few years ago, there was given out in one of the Philadelphia newspapers, under the caption of a 'Scotsman who spared Washington's life,' a highly eulogistic story of Major Patrick Ferguson, of the British army, who was described as a 'brave soldier and gallant man,' who wouldn't shoot Washington when he had a chance!

"That is the story given out by Ferguson himself, in a letter written just after the battle of Brandywine and first published many years ago. The truth of Ferguson's story has been questioned by historians who lived in the period following the Revolution.

"Major Patrick Ferguson may have been a brave man, but he was neither gallant nor humane. At least, there are many families living not far from here, in Burlington, Ocean and Atlantic Counties, who execrate his memory, because their ancestors were plundered and murdered by Ferguson.

"What is the record of his exploits in South Jersey? Doubtless that question is on your mind. It is a record as despicable as that of Colonel Mawhood at Quinton's Bridge, whose orders were to 'burn and destroy their homes and other property and reduce them and their unfortunate wives and children to beggary and distress,' to which Colonel Hand replied: 'It is the order of a barbarous Attila and not of a gentleman, brave, generous and polished.'

"Late in the afternoon of October 5, 1778, the British fleet of nine vessels, commanded by Captain Henry

Collins, appeared off Tucker's Beach. This fleet had left New York on September 30th and its destination was immediately made known to Washington, who sent Count Pulaski and his brave Legion to Egg Harbor. On the morning of October 8th there appeared in the Pennsylvania Packet a letter from Chestnut Neck, written on the 5th, and saying: 'The enemy have made their appearance and are coming in. They are to the number of twenty sails. * * * Several sail of vessels are here and nothing to protect them.'

"On account of ill winds, the British found it impossible to get their fleet inside. Ferguson, who commanded the troops, resolved that he would not wait for the passage of the sloops through the inlet. Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, he filled the galleys and armed boats with soldiers and started up the Mullica river toward Chestnut Neck.

"Ferguson had been sent to Egg Harbor by General Grey, then in New York. Remembering the story of Paoli and Tappan, we can easily imagine what must have been the fate of the patriots of Chestnut Neck and The Forks of the Mullica (now Pleasant Mills) had they fallen into the hands of those cohorts of the merciless Grey, the 'hero' of Paoli. The British troops were experienced murderers. Their bayonets and swords were twice wet with the blood of patriots, and thrice wet were they a week later, when forty of Pulaski's Legion were assassinated in cold blood near Tuckerton.

"On the evening of October 8th Pulaski and his Legion entered the village of Tuckerton, and proceeded down the Island road encamped on the farm of James Willets. The command consisted of three companies of light infantry, a detachment of light artillery, equipped with a single brass field piece, and three troops of light horse.

"From the Willets farm house Pulaski had a good view of the harbor and the English fleet at anchor. Farther down the road and nearer the lowlands was a picket

post of about fifty infantrymen, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Baron de Bosen.

"Lieutenant Gustav Juliet, of the Legion, organized a fishing party on the 13th, and while in the bay, having reduced three of the number to a state of helpless intoxication, and compelled two others to submit to the disgraceful proceedings, the signal was given and they were taken on board the British fleet as deserters from the Americans. Juliet gave Ferguson a complete account of the strength and position of Pulaski's force. He also falsely told the British captain that Pulaski had directed that no quarters be given any of the British if taken in battle. A year before this, Juliet, then a member of the hired Hessian army, had deserted to the Americans. Lieutenant-Colonel the Baron de Bosen, second in command of Pulaski's Legion, did not admire a man who would desert his colors, and plainly showed it in his treatment of Juliet. The latter, therefore, sought the first opportunity for revenge.

"On board the Zebra and Vigilant a diabolical scheme was planned. Before midnight of October 14th, Captain Ferguson, accompanied by the renegade Juliet, left the fleet with 250 British regulars and Jersey loyalists, besides a number of marines. They purposed surprising Pulaski's picket guard of fifty men commanded by Baron de Bosen. The British rowed over ten miles in galleys to Osborn's Island, and landed between three and four o'clock on the morning of Thursday, October 15th. Captain Ferguson sent a party to guard the inmates of the home of Richard Osborn, Jr., and to compel some male member of that family to guide them to the picket post of the Americans on the mainland. Osborn's son Thomas was threatened with a drawn sword and thus compelled to serve as guide.

"Marching across the island, they came to a bridge over Big Creek. Ferguson left fifty men to guard this point and secure his retreat. Then silently proceeding about a mile over a rough corduroy road, they came to the upland, where they found a single sentinel, whom they

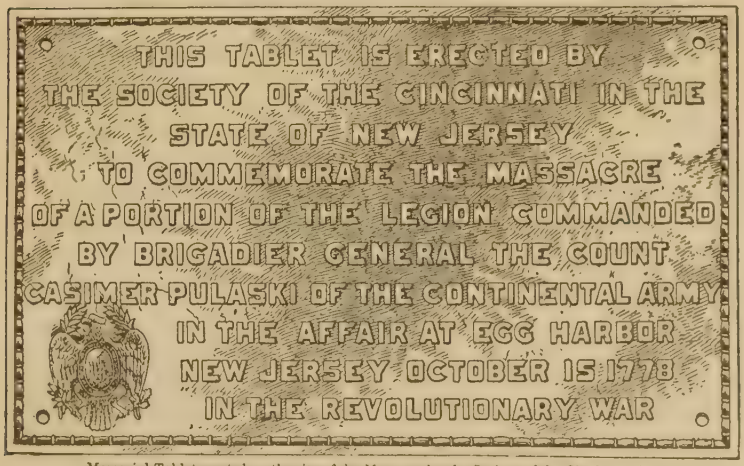
captured before he could discharge his firelock. This soldier being secured—some accounts say he was killed—the entire command of Ferguson made a rush for the three houses containing the picket guard. Thomas Osborn, the unwilling guide, had meanwhile concealed himself in the meadow grass, and from his hiding place he heard the cries of the Legion as they were being massacred. Awakened by the shouts of the British, they seized their weapons and prepared to make a defence. Lieutenant-Colonel de Bosen led his men in their desperate effort to break the British cordon, and with sword and pistol he fought valiantly. Juliet spied him in the darkness, and called out: 'This is the Colonel; kill him.' Instantly his body was pierced by many bayonets. The men cried for quarters, but as at Old Tappan and Paoli, their appeals were unheeded. About forty men, including de Bosen and Lieutenant de la Borderie, were overpowered and butchered. Five men only were taken prisoners, and very few escaped. Ferguson afterwards reported that they were 'almost entirely cut to pieces.' He also destroyed the houses which belonged to peaceful Quaker settlers.

The first discharge of fire-arms was heard at Pulaski's headquarters, more than a mile distant, and he was instantly in the saddle. While his command was mounting in hot haste, he dashed down the road to aid de Bosen and drive off the enemy. But he was too late. The British, after their cruel deed, made a hasty retreat to the bridge and thence to the landing place. In their retreat, they removed the planking on the bridge, and thus halted Pulaski in his pursuit.

"The guide, Thomas Osborn, came out of his hiding place when he saw the American troops, and told Pulaski of his compulsory service. The excited soldiers would not believe him and tied him to a tree, where they flogged him so unmercifully that his life was only spared by the interference of the officers. That day they sent over to the island for the father. Both prisoners were taken to Trenton and lodged in jail for two weeks, being released

when it was found that no treason could be proven against them.

"The British loss in this affair was two regulars killed and two wounded; Ensign John Camp, a Tory volunteer, stabbed in the thigh, and another Tory wounded. As they were crossing the island, a Tory told them that Colonel Thomas Proctor, with a detachment of artillery, armed with two brass twelve-pounders and one three-pounder, had come from The Forks of the Mullica, and was then


THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI IN THE
STATE OF NEW JERSEY
TO COMMEMORATE THE MASSACRE
OF A PORTION OF THE LEGION COMMANDED
BY BRIGADIER GENERAL THE COUNT
CASIMER PULASKI OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY
IN THE AFFAIR AT EGG HARBOR
NEW JERSEY OCTOBER 15 1778
IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Memorial Tablet erected on the site of the Massacre by the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of New Jersey.

only about two miles in the rear. Having no artillery to oppose this pursuing force, Captain Ferguson concluded that it would not be safe to risk another encounter with men made desperate by the thought of the butchery of their comrades. In the middle of the afternoon of October 16th the British soldiers were safely aboard the fleet, which immediately weighed anchor. As the flagship Zebra was passing over the bar, she again grounded. After trying in vain to get her off the captain transferred the troops to the Vigilant and Nautilus, and with great reluctance ordered the Zebra to be fired. For many years

after the Revolution fragments of this wreck could be seen in the vicinity of Chestnut Neck.

"Of this affair near Tuckerton, Judge Jones, the Tory historian, says: 'They (the British) plundered the inhabitants, burnt their homes, their churches and their barns; ruined their farms; stole their cattle, hogs, horses and sheep, and then triumphantly returned to New York.' Washington Irving says of it that it was 'a marauding expedition worthy of the times of the buccaneers.' "

* * * *

The Annalist: "It is said an ill wind blows no man good."

Grandfather: "The ill wind at Little Egg Harbor bode no good to the British. It probably lessened the misfortunes of the patriots around Tuckerton and Pleasant Mills. This ill wind blew them some good, however. The brutal Ferguson got his retribution at King's Mountain two years later—victim of his own bravado. In self-assurance, Pat Ferguson was not unlike Pat Fogarty, a gunner on the flagship of Nelson at Trafalgar. There was a lull in the firing and a number of marines lay dead on the deck. Then it was that Nelson called down the gun-hole: 'Is Pat Fogarty still alive?' 'I am, me lord,' said Pat. 'Then let the battle go on,' said Nelson. That is Pat's story and it is as near the truth as Ferguson's story that he wouldn't shoot Washington when he had a chance!"

XLVII.

STURDY SIRES AND FIGHTING SONS

RESUMING his story of the Revolution—"One of the most despicable affairs on the Jersey coast," said Grandfather, "was the burning of Chestnut Neck. This place was of considerable importance—a resort for American privateers with their prizes. A thriving business was also carried on by the waggon-men, who carried goods from Chestnut Neck to points along the Delaware.

"With New York harbor in a state of blockade and Philadelphia in the possession of the enemy, a new port of entry had to be found for southern vessels bearing provisions for Washington and his army. Great Bay, on our coast, was selected for this landing place, and the supplies were forwarded in waggons to the Delaware at Burlington, and thence across the river to Valley Forge.

"The British at New York, finding their commerce much injured by the privateers, fitted out an expedition to destroy Chestnut Neck. A year or two before this two Americans, Richard Wescoat and Elijah Clark, had built a small fort at Fox Burrows, on Chestnut Neck, and bought for its defence a number of cannon, for which, in September, 1777, the Colonial Legislature had passed a resolution to pay them 430 pounds, 1 shilling and 3 pence.

"The Pennsylvania Packet, under date of October 10th, said Governor Livingston had received information of the intended attack, and had convened Council to take measures to defeat them. He sent express riders to arouse the inhabitants on the shore. The Packet also announced 'the arrival of Count Pulaski with his legion of horse and foot from Pennsylvania, who, hearing of the descent of the enemy on the coast at Egg Harbor, immediately

marched to the assistance of that place, with his troops in high spirits, and with great alacrity.'

"J. G. Stedman, British military historian—and he was in a position to be correctly advised—said the predatory advance of Lord Cornwallis's division into New Jersey, on the west side of the Hudson River, in September, 1778 (an incident of which advance was the massacre at Old Tappan and the change of position made by General Knyphausen and his Hessian troops on the east side of the river), was part of the general plan to divert the attention of General Washington from the expedition which had been fitted out to make an incursion on the Jersey coast at Little Egg Harbor. This movement of the British forces was certainly a correct military proceeding to successfully create a diversion of the patriot army.

"During the early years of the war Little Egg Harbor Bay was, as the British officers called it, a 'nest of rebel pirates.' The sea-faring patriots of that section were accustomed to slip out of the bay and capture many of the provisioned cruisers sailing between New York harbor and Delaware Bay. The prizes taken were brought into Little Egg Harbor Bay, and a vast amount of stores and other property were thus distributed among the daring sailors in that vicinity. It is said that at one time as many as thirty armed sloops were lying in wait for possible prizes. Late in the summer of 1778 two very valuable and important prize ships, the Venus and the Major Pearson, both under manifest from London, were towed into the harbor by these bold seamen.

"Captain Ferguson, who commanded the troops, was regarded as the best marksman in the British army. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In October, 1780, while participating in the Carolina campaign, he entered on the fight at King's Mountain with a profane boast that he would not be dislodged from that natural defence, but at the close of the

terrific fighting, when first retreat and then flight was the desperate order of the British commander, several of Colonel Sevier's men took deliberate aim at Ferguson, and he fell from his horse, pierced by six or eight bullets. He died soon afterwards, and was buried in a hastily-made grave on the side of the mountain.

"That was two years after the affair at Chestnut Neck. Coming back to our story—on nearing the village, which was obscured by a thick fog, Ferguson discovered the shipping and immediately prepared to make an attack. As the men reached the shore they were met with a show of resistance by a small body of militia behind a breastwork and from another battery near by. Neither of these works, however, was provided with artillery. The landing of the troops was effected under the fire of the galleys and the only casualty was the drowning of one man. A charge was then made on the militia. They were driven from their breastworks and compelled to take refuge in an adjoining woods, whither the women and children had preceded them. Returning to the shore, the British found the large prize ships scuttled and dismantled. These they destroyed; also about thirty vessels belonging to the patriots, twelve houses, constituting the entire village, as well as barns and store houses.

"Before leaving Chestnut Neck, Captain Ferguson was notified of the contiguity of salt works, and the barges were accordingly steered to the landing place of Eli Mathis, at the mouth of Bass River. Here the troops again disembarked and destroyed Mathis' dwelling house, farm buildings and their contents, salt works, a saw mill, and twelve houses in the neighborhood.

"On the following day, Wednesday, October 7th, the troops returned to the harbor, where they found the Zebra and Vigilant aground on the bar. Both vessels were floated the following morning. The next day Ferguson prepared for his night attack on Pulaski's Legion near Tuckerton. It covered him with dishonor."

The Annalist: "Those were the days that tried the souls of patriotic men and women living along the shore. Brave souls they were to defend their homes against a merciless foe."

Grandfather: "After Chestnut Neck was destroyed the inhabitants deemed it unwise to rebuild at a point so well exposed to the enemy. Accordingly, they erected new homes along the Nacote creek, where Micajah Smith and Thomas Clark had their mills. The neighborhood is now known as Port Republic. The home of Benjamin Endicott, one of the bravest of the patriots, stood where the present Methodist parsonage now stands. Part of it remains—the rear end of the parsonage. Benjamin Endicott was ancestor of Admiral M. T. Endicott and the late Judge Allen B. Endicott, one of Atlantic County's noblest citizens. Admiral Endicott once said of Benjamin: 'He was on the prison ship in New York harbor. Tradition says he escaped, but the records show that he was exchanged. He made his way on foot from New York to his home in Port Republic and called to his family from the woods, back of his house, to bring him soap and water and clean clothing, as he was covered with vermin and could not come near them. They did so. He washed and changed his clothing; then buried his filthy rags in the woods and joined his family.' Admiral Endicott's sister, Mrs. Howell, now living in Atlantic City, wife of another worthy citizen, Lewis B. Howell, says the family, in years gone by, used to tell of the time when a horse would bring in a huge back log for the fire place. The animal, drawing the log, would enter at the front and leave at the back door of the house. The back log was then rolled into the fire-place, which extended across one end of the room. Mrs. Howell adds that there was then no need to worry about coal strikes. They had a forest at their back door."

XLIX.

FOIBLES AND VIRTUES OF A COMMONER

ON the old Shore Road, below Northfield, we passed a field of luxuriant vegetation—an inspiration to Grandfather. Some of the plants had been burbanked into being. There were corners and circles, rows and patches, radiant with flowers in full bloom. He was pleased at the sight of an old man working among the flowers.

"A discerning woman," said he, "native of Absecon, but now living in Washington, Mrs. Elizabeth Boice Nourse, once said: 'A man who loves flowers cannot be wholly bad.' You remember what Robert Louis Stevenson said of the old Scotch gardener: 'Perhaps his solitary and pleasant labor among fruits and flowers had taught him a more sunshiny creed than that of those whose work is among the tares of fallen humanity.' Mrs. Nourse is right. The man who loves flowers cannot be wholly bad."

Reaching Linwood, Grandfather turned into Maple avenue and hitched Pippin in front of the future home of Lafayette Chapter, D. A. R. He opened the front gate, walked leisurely to the porch, stepped to the door and knocked. No one responded. "Mrs. Reinboth is no doubt off on some mission of love," said he. "She is a Sister of Mercy—of the Presbyterian persuasion."

Sight of Pippin soon brought out the boys. They seemed to come from behind the bushes. Grandfather recognized John Farish, a future genius in electricity. One of the boys, more curious than the rest, called out:

"What make is it, mister?"

"Jersey," said Grandfather.

"Where'd you git it?" said another.

"Made it myself"—this in contradiction of what he had told the Bordentown boys.

"She's a beaut!" said a third boy.

"You bet!" said Grandfather, whereupon the Annalist poked the old man in the rib and whispered into his ear, "Slang!"

"Gee! Wish you'd make me one like it," said a fourth boy, seated in a Ford flivver in front of the post office.

"Maybe I will—if you're a good boy," said Grandfather.

His companions laughed, whereupon the old man remarked, seriously: "Perhaps in that group of boys there is the making of a future statesman—a Governor, a Senator or even a President; a great engineer, a theologian, an actor or a great author. Who would have thought, thirty years ago, when the once-popular Elwood Fife and Drum Corps sailed away from Atlantic City, on April 15, 1893, to join the naval review in New York harbor—who would have thought that in the corps of thirty musicians was one who in later years was to be elected Governor of New Jersey and afterwards United States Senator. His name is Walter E. Edge. About the same time Edge was tooting a fife another youth was blowing a horn in a brass band. His name is Theodore W. Schimpf. He is now a Circuit Court Judge of New Jersey. Time was when Edge or Schimpf could put as much thrill into a fife or a horn as William Beebe, the naturalist, puts into the march of an army of ants. Beebe is now navigating the Sargasso Sea, hunting for strange fishes and evidence of the lost Atlantis, while Edge is sailing, bravely and boldly, on the Ship of State and Schimpf is dealing out chunks of legal acumen instead of beating the wind with a trombone.

"Of the fife and drum corps one of the newspapers of that day said—here the old man paused as he brought out a clipping and read: 'During the parade on the water, in New York harbor, they discoursed such lively and brilliant tunes that the foreign naval commanders, without exception, doffed their hats, bowed low and profusely as

the Jerseymen sailed past, the third in line after the President's boat.'

"During all of this show-off," added Grandfather, "Walter Edge was playing the fife and Ralph Buckley was beating the drum. Edge is now legislating for the nation at Washington and Buckley, instead of beating the head of a drum, is beating it into the head of every newcomer that Atlantic City is the Playground of the World."*

Returning the clipping to his wallet and seating himself in a chair on the porch of that "future home of Lafayette Chapter," Grandfather told the story of a man who loved flowers, was reputed to have glaring human foibles, and was a one-time intimate of Lafayette. Said he:

"Joseph Bonaparte's creed was that of sunshine and kindness, and if every other evidence were wanting, the fact that he loved flowers—loved them with as much passion as Dinah Mulock Craik loved the 'fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing'—that fact alone should convince all but the very wise and the very righteous that he was not a very bad man; howbeit, there are blemishes on his private life not unlike the foibles chargeable to our honored Franklin, Hamilton and other distinguished Americans. Bonaparte appreciated the fact that he was far from faultless in his private conduct, and he might

* The experience of the drum corps, on the way to New York, was eventful. The newspaper report reads: "Before debarkation, they paraded gaily down the Boardwalk, stepping in time to the tune of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' Shortly after the start was made, before the 'Atlantic City' had steamed outside the bar, the boys assembled on the after deck, and struck up their famous tune called, 'Atlantic Avenue.' In fact, Mike Collotty says the boat had scarcely crossed the bar, before Old Neptune began his work, and member after member made a break for the side of the boat, where they sang in unison a song known familiarly as 'New York.' The truth is, the epidemic of seasickness had swept completely over the boat. Sicker and more woe-begone lads never left their homes than the Elwood Fife and Drum Corps on that eventful day. After the boat passed inside Sandy Hook the recovery was rapid, but it is good betting that the Elwood Corps will never take another sea voyage in stormy weather."

have said, as Washington once said of himself: 'I have foibles, perhaps many of them, and would esteem myself vain and empty, were I to arrogate perfection.'

"Joseph Bonaparte passed some of the best and yet the saddest years of his life in New Jersey. In his unfinished work on the Peninsular War, General Foy, referring to Bonaparte, says: 'His manners are those of a true gentleman. He enjoys the society of ladies, is devoted to the fine arts and loves literature. His conversation is always methodical; moreover, it abounds with observation and indicates a knowledge of mankind only to be acquired in the midst of gentility.' Another Frenchman, Maxmilian Lamarque, said of Bonaparte: 'In Naples he represented that for which Plato vainly hoped—a philosopher on the throne. In America he acts well that part wherein all the honor lies—the part of a gentleman; and like the true man, he diffuses happiness by assisting the poor and giving consolation to the unfortunate.'

"Bonaparte's character as a gentleman is also fittingly portrayed by the celebrated Bernardin de Saint Pierre, author of 'Paul and Virginia,' who wrote: 'I was invited to the country house of Joseph Bonaparte, near Paris. He united in himself everything that distinguishes a friend of humanity. He took me aside and said: 'My fortune, which I owe to the nation, affords me the means of being useful; pray add to my happiness by giving me an opportunity of contributing to your own.'

"In his memoirs, written at Bordentown, Bonaparte seeks to prove that Napoleon, in his wars, was animated by a desire to promote the interest of humanity, and not to conquer nations and overthrow kingdoms. Speaking of himself and his comparatively quiet life at Bordentown, he says: 'Having attained a somewhat advanced age, and enjoying good health; disabused of many of the illusions which have enabled me to bear the storms of life, and replacing those illusions with a tranquility of soul that results from a good conscience—under these

conditions I regard myself as having reached the port at the end of life's journey. Before disambarking upon the shores of eternity, I wish to render an account to myself of the long voyage, and to search out the causes which raised my family so high in the ranks of society, and then deprived them of that which pertains to the humblest individual—the joy of living in his own country. It is neither an apology nor a satire that I write. I render an account to myself of events, and I wish to place upon paper the recollections which they have left behind. There are some transactions which I now condemn, after having formerly approved of them; there are others of which I to-day approve, after having formerly condemned them.'"

It was suggested that Bonaparte once ventured to affirm that a love of truth, a sentiment of justice to Napoleon, whom human feebleness had disfigured, impelled him to express convictions which he profoundly cherished. To this Grandfather replied by quoting the words of Joseph, during his exile:

"I am now in a better situation to appreciate what were the causes, foreign to his nature, which forced Napoleon to assume a fictitious character—a character which made him feared by the instruments which he had to employ, in order to sustain against Europe a war which the oligarchy declared against the principles of the revolution; a war which the British cabinet waged against France, whose supremacy it could only prevent by exciting nations to arms and encouraging despotic principles which no longer belonged to the nation or the age in which Napoleon lived."

A glimpse of the exiled king, as he appeared about 1837, is afforded in the account of a gentleman of the old-school, Garrett S. Cannon, of Bordentown, a well-known New Jersey lawyer of his day.

Grandfather recalled an interview with Mr. Cannon, who described Bonaparte as he saw him at that time:

"I remember very distinctly the first time I ever saw Joseph Bonaparte," said Mr. Cannon. "He had been absent in England for several years and had suddenly returned, resuming his residence at the elegant estate, known as Point Breeze. He was standing with his secretary, Louis Mailliard, and other members of his suite, awaiting the arrival of a train on the Camden and Amboy railroad. One could hardly believe that the plainly dressed, affable and unaffected old gentleman standing at the Bordentown station, was really the ex-king of Spain, brother of the great Napoleon. He was inclined to corpulency, but had the distinguishing mark of the Bonaparts, which was the beauty and fairness of his complexion. It was peculiar and striking, as smooth and transparent as a woman's. I recall, also, that years after Bonaparte's death, sitting in my office one day, I saw a lady on the street who was evidently looking for some dwelling house or office. Presently she stepped into my office and I knew by her peculiar complexion she was akin to Joseph Bonaparte. When she told me who she was I found that I was right in my conjecture. She came to make some inquiries as to a legacy in Bonaparte's will, in which she was supposed to be an interested party."

In his intercourse with the people of New Jersey, Bonaparte had with him always the sunshine of kind looks. Grandfather recalled that in the park, near his Point Breeze mansion, there was a sun-dial, on which was lettered these words: "I note only the sunshiny hours," copied, it is said from a sun-dial somewhere in France, or perhaps from one at Oxford, England, and accepted by Bonaparte as one of the maxims of his life, like the inscription in Italian, over one of his gateways—"Not unacquainted with misfortune myself, I have learned to succor the unfortunate," or as we have it by one of the Latin poets: "Being myself no stranger to suffering, I have learned to relieve the sufferings of others."

Not all of the honors, nor the blandishments, nor the wealth, nor the power which Bonaparte enjoyed in France, in Italy, in Spain, and in America—not all of these affected his innate love of human rights. In his every-day life, among the plain country-folk of New Jersey, as well as in the cultivated society of Philadelphia, he showed every mark of deference to the rights of others, but did not forget to exact the same consideration for himself.

"Under the purple robe of king," said Grandfather, "as well as under the sombre cloak of an exile, he was always the same—the enemy of abuses, the friend of equality, the defender of liberty. If living to-day, he would enroll himself as a commoner, rather than gentleman. According to the English definition of gentleman, no man can be of that caste if he labors with his hands; and measured by the English standard, Bonaparte was *not* a gentleman, as he was not above doing with a will what his hands found to do. English ideas of gentility, however, are ridiculous in the eyes of an American. Some years before the World War, when a crew from the University of Pennsylvania visited England, to enter the races at Henley, objection was made because members of the American crew were not gentlemen, having labored with their hands before entering college, and the regulations governing the cup races provided that the contesting crews must be composed entirely of gentlemen. Members of the lower castes, they said—storekeepers, tradesmen, clerks and artisans—may work, but gentlemen must not work with their hands. Charles Reade, the novelist, derided this system of snobbery, many years ago, in his story of 'Put Yourself in His Place.' Readers of that once-popular novel will recall that the old man, Squire Raby, who belonged to the caste of non-workers, was so enraged at his sister for marrying out of her rank, that he wrote upon the back of her picture the words: 'Gone into Trade,' and then turned the picture around, face to the wall."

L.

HOW WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE

TRAVELING from Tuckerton to Quaker Bridge, on a summer day, we passed the old time bog-iron furnace settlements of "Martha" and "Washington." At one of these places we crossed a small stream called Oswego River. The incident of the crossing and the proximity of "Washington" occasioned a revision of the familiar story of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and of Leutze's oft-copied painting depicting that event.

"There may be dramatic incidents in Washington's military career," said Grandfather, "some of them more or less mythical—such as the crossing of the Delaware or the red-hot oath with which he turned to Lee on the field of Monmouth, or the prayer which the farmer at Valley Forge saw him offer up in the woods."

The old man was never more serious.

"Take the account of his crossing the Delaware," said he—"how much of it is true and how much of it false. I have an exact copy of a letter bearing on the subject"—whereupon he halted Pippin beside a clump of pines and opening his wallet brought out a type-written copy of an old letter.

"Knowing that there was considerable fiction in Leutze's painting, in which the troops are represented as carrying aloft the Stars and Stripes, although there was no such flag in existence at that time, it seemed to me that there might be other fiction in the story of the crossing.

"Washington, you know, drew the stars in his design six pointed, British fashion, but Betsy Ross altered it to suit herself, a five-pointed star being much easier to cut with the scissors than one with six points. The new flag received its baptism of fire when Fort Schuyler was

besieged by the British. This battle flag was made from strips of cloth cut from clothing, the red being obtained from a dead British officer's coat. Almost at the same time it flew over the victorious American army when Sir John Burgoyne capitulated to General Gates at Saratoga late in the year 1777.

"This letter which I show you is the reply to an inquiry for information from a source which I deemed reliable. It was written by John M. Savage, in 1895, then United States Consul at Dundee, Scotland. He says:

> "My brother has forwarded me your letter of October 24 in regard to the means employed by Washington in crossing the Delaware, which was addressed to my late father, George W. Savage, at Rahway, N. J. The New York 'World' of December 24, 1891, contained the substance of my father's letter to Governor Abbett, and also an interview with him in which he went more fully into the matter.
>
> "After my father's marriage his wife's grandfather lived with them for several years—in fact, until his death. He told my father the facts in regard to the crossing which he had received from his own father, Daniel Raub, who was present at the time Washington crossed, and assisted in hauling logs to build the raft. Daniel Raub's story was that all the farmers in the neighborhood who had teams were similarly engaged; that a raft was built along one bank of the river and fastened at both ends; that when completed the upper end was cut loose and the force of the current swung the same around and thus a means of communication was established.
>
> "It certainly seems to me that this is the more feasible plan, for, at that time, it is hardly possible that sufficient boats could have been obtained, not only to transport the Continental army, but also their baggage, horses, artillery, etc. Besides this, Daniel Raub stated that at that time the only boats on the river were dugouts. It may be well to add that Daniel Raub was a man of prominence and position, which is evidenced by the fact that he was Sheriff of the county of Northampton at a time when it not only comprised the present county, but three others as well."

"Doubtless Washington and his staff and perhaps some of the troops, crossed in boats, but the main army crossed on an immense raft. In support of this likely way of crossing the river, we have but to consider the difficulty or the impossibility of transporting an army of men, beside all the artillery of war, in small boats in the darkness of night. The troops reached the Jersey side by three o'clock in the morning, though Washington, in his report

to Congress, said he hoped to 'throw them all over' before midnight.

"This story of the crossing does not conflict with that of Joseph F. Folsom, Secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society, so beautifully told in his ballad of Daniel Bray."

The old man then quoted the essential part of that poem:

At Rosemont, inland, Daniel Bray,
In lonely grave, with rest hard won,
Waits for his country's voice to say:
"He brought the boats to Washington."

* * *

To Captain Bray, on Kingwood height
A horseman sped by field and brake.
Till on his door, at dead of night,
He knocked and bade the soldier wake.

* * *

'Twas then Bray heard his general say:
"Seize all the boats from Easton down,
And guard them safe, by night and day,
Until we cross to take the town."

* * *

To foil the Tory's cunningness,
With squads in hunter's garb uncouth,
They pierced the Jersey wilderness,
From Ringoes to the Lehigh's mouth.

* * *

Beneath the river's gloomy banks,
And where the friendly ferry plied,
They seized the craft with scanty thanks,
And launched them on the swirling tide.

* * *

Until the stars shall cease to shed
Their lights o'er hilly Hunterdon,
Of Daniel Bray it shall be said:
"He brought the boats to Washington."

"It is true," said Grandfather, "that to Daniel Bray, a captain in the Second Regiment of the Hunterdon County Militia, Washington assigned the duty of gathering all the craft on the river from Phillipsburg down. Disguised as hunters, Bray and two companions worked for ten nights collecting twenty-four boats, which they hid behind Malta, a heavily wooded island opposite

Lambertville. That was just after his retreat across New Jersey, following the disastrous battle of Long Island on August 27, 1776. He wished a fleet of boats assembled, not only to prevent Cornwallis from following him into Pennsylvania, but also to use a second time in his contemplated re-crossing above Trenton. At no time, however, were there enough boats to transfer the army in the darkness of one night."

LI.

DISTRICT SCHOOLS IN DAYS OF YORE

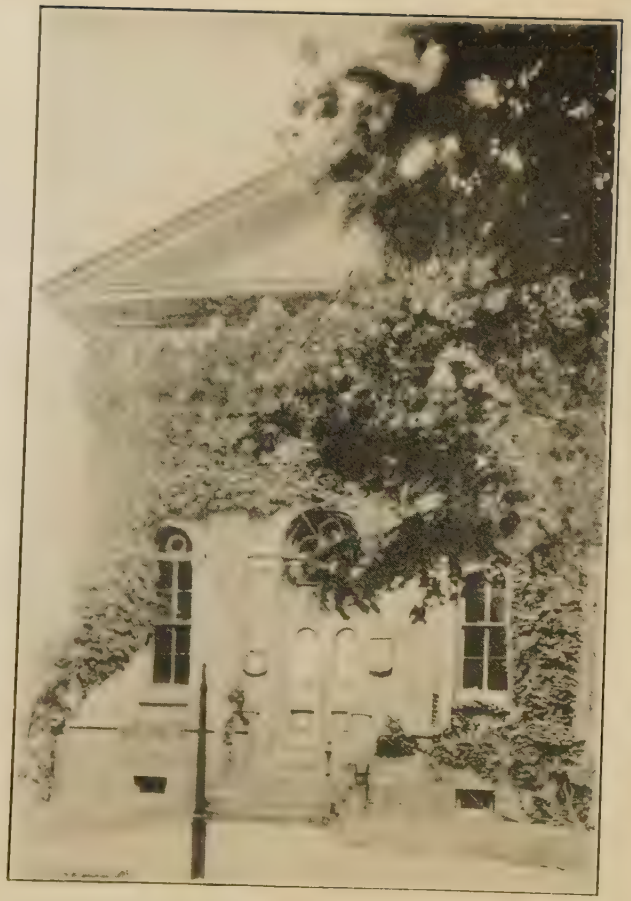
IT was a warm July morning. The sea breeze had not yet set in. We were seated in a pavilion on the Boardwalk, at the foot of New York avenue, directly in front of the Apollo Theatre.

"No phenomena connected with the sea is more interesting or the effect more enjoyable than the sea breeze," said Grandfather. His appearance seemed to belie the statement, for he certainly seemed to be in need of nothing to make life more enjoyable on a summer day—and that without the sea breeze.

"Its diurnal, unfailing regularity," he continued, "is a blessing to mankind. It is caused by the alternate unequal distribution of heat upon the land and sea, or rather, the alternate radiation from surfaces. It is laden with saline particles—pure, refreshing and invigorating—toning up the system, promoting the appetite and conducing to slumber."

Presently, he recalled that it was July 23d. This was a great day in my early life," said he. "Of course, that was long before your time. You have been reading in the newspapers for more than a year of the way the German socialists have been turning out immense quantities of paper certificates—fiat money—until now a German mark is of so little value that one would scarcely take the trouble to count it, except in bulk. Depreciation of her currency is retributive justice to Germany for having precipitated the World War, with all of its awful consequences to humanity.

"Let me tell you of what Benjamin Franklin was doing with his printing press in Burlington on this very day, July 23, 1738. Here is a clipping from his paper, the Pennsylvania Gazette of that date." So saying, he



PUBLIC LIBRARY, BURLINGTON

See p. 286

BOG IRON FURNACE, NEAR TUCKAHOE RIVER

drew from his wallet a well-worn newspaper clipping. It is surprising how many of these old clippings the old man can bring from the recesses of his old wallet. He then read:

"The printer hopes the irregular publication of this paper will be excused a few times by his town readers, on consideration of his being in Burlington with the press, laboring for the public good, to make money more plentiful."

"His manner of making money more plentiful," said Grandfather, "was by issuing forty thousand pounds of paper bills of credit by the province of New Jersey, for the printing of which Franklin had received the contract at one hundred and sixty pounds, although William Bradford, of the New York Gazette, had offered to do the work for one hundred pounds. The man with a pull got the public work at that time, the same as in these later days. Franklin was ever ready as a self-helper. That's why he said in his 'Poor Richard': 'God helps them that help themselves.'"

A moment later the old man pulled out his watch and rising hurriedly, said: "I have an appointment with a dear friend on South Carolina Avenue. You may enjoy your own company for a while."

He sauntered up the Boardwalk, saluting various people of prominence as they passed, including Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Risley, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Ely, Brinckle Gummey, Judge Schimpf and H. H. Deakyne, Senator Richards and County Treasurer Johnson, Mayor Bader and City Clerk McNamee, Harrison Cook and Leonard D. Algar, Tax Collector Mathis and Joseph W. Salus, Fire Chief Barnett and David R. Barrett; also some of the fair sex. He turned the corner at South Carolina Avenue and was gone more than an hour, returning before noon, with a typewritten account of an interview with his friend, Henry S. Scull,* whose stories of the old-time district school, the country store, the wayside

* Henry Steelman Scull, a highly esteemed citizen of Atlantic City, died February 18, 1925, aged seventy-six.

inn and the old-time chimney corner are given precisely as Grandfather had them typewritten for his own use:

"My earliest recollection of the district school," said Mr. Scull, "began at the age of five, when my father took me across the snow-covered fields pig-a-back to the very door of the one-room school house, with its row of desks around the wall and a row of benches so arranged that the children's backs could get warmth from the red hot tin plate stove in the centre of the room.

"School opened at seven o'clock and the master complained to the parents that some of the children were always late and that they must surely have played truant. Teacher Henry G. Moore was succeeded by Teacher Thomas Clement, father of John A. Clement, now a well known Boardwalk merchant. He was a good schoolmaster, who believed in the proverb 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' He laid the hickory onto the boys from neck to heels, so that in self defense they destroyed every hickory stick in sight of the school house.

"Funds for support of the district school were raised by taxation and the amount was determined in town meeting—usually two dollars for each child—which gave them one quarter's free schooling. There were small private schools and I was early sent to one at Smithville. The teacher was Carrie Leeds, a cousin of Mrs. Charles E. Ulmer.* I still have her bill for thirty days' schooling at three cents per day and a month's fuel bill of six and a quarter cents. About that time, Captain Daniel Townsend, a member of Leeds Point Presbyterian Church, and father of a large family, built a more modern schoolhouse on his farm lands and with the help and influence of that good man, Rev. Allen H. Brown, the services of the scholarly Dorus B. Snow, of Massachusetts, were secured. His advanced methods immediately attracted attention. More than seventy pupils were

*Mrs. Ulmer is one of the executive board of the Atlantic County Historical Society and is deeply interested in historical and literary research. Her grandfather, Isaac Smith, was the first Sheriff of Atlantic County.

enrolled during the first quarter. Mr. Snow was very religious and opened school with prayer. Every child must repeat a verse from the Bible. They were not always ready, but delinquents could always fall back on that shortest verse in the Bible—John 11:35.

"Advanced scholars were placed in class formation and competition was fierce in grammar, geography, arithmetic and spelling. All strived for the head of the class. It was a mighty good scholar that could hold out for more than a day or two. I recall that the most persistent medal bearers were Christiana Smith, Helena Scull, Elizabeth Giberson and Joanna Townsend.

"The winters in those days were severe. Snow banks filled the roads to the fence tops. Generous folks were out with snow plows to make the roads passable. Let me recall the scene. Children are wondering how they will get to school; but hark! sleigh bells are heard and we knew by the sound who is approaching, for those bells mean a sleigh-ride behind Jonathan Sooy's favorite team, Jim Colt and Handsome Harry. It was his greatest pleasure to gather up the little ones and stow them safely among fur robes and deliver them at the school house door, warm and happy. Dear old Uncle Johnty lies in the churchyard these many years, but his memory is cherished by all who remember him for his many acts of kindness.

"Follow, if you will, these children till they grow to be big girls and boys and sparking days draw near. Then the longing for a soul mate must be satisfied. Every section of Atlantic County had its lovely girls and no bloom of youth or other beautifiers could add to the natural charms, very often hidden beneath dainty sun bonnets, which acted as an impenetrable mask.

"At that period the sea was dotted with vessels, whose captains and sailing masters had homes on the Jersey coast, from Barnegat to Cape May, and Atlantic County had her share. They owned fine homes, fine teams and had lots of money, and were on the lookout for some one

to share these good things. It was a mark of distinction to be a sea captain's wife. A yeoman or bayman seeking a wife had that condition to face and unless he could offer something just as good he was likely to lose. Galloway Township lost many of its girls when there came from down shore quite a lot of sea captains in search of wives.

"Look over the list and see there many familiar names: Captain James Ireland, Captain James S. Robinson, Captain Abel Babcock, Captain John Townsend, Captain Harry Vansant, Captain I. G. Adams, Captain Peter B. Reed, Captain Charles Godfrey, Captain Charles Steelman, Captain Henry Boice, Captain Joab Chamberlain and others. Sea captains up shore got busy and a few of them found wives near home. Among these we recall Captain Leonard Smith, Captain Bodine C. Smith, Captain Will Townsend, Captain Samuel Endicott, Captain Higbee, Captain Sooy, Captain Bowen, Captain William Dutch and others.

"Captain Chamberlain lived at Absecon. He married Rachel Ann Higbee, of Leeds Point, an aunt of former Judge E. A. Higbee. Captain Boice also lived at Absecon. He married Kate Smith, of Leeds Point. Their only child, Elizabeth Clement Boice, married Clarence Doughty Nourse, now a resident of Washington. As a memorial of her father, Henry Boice, Mrs. Nourse, then Miss Boice, erected the Boice Annex to the Atlantic City Hospital and gave generously to the hospital in its early days. She also endowed a room in the hospital in memory of her mother. Ground for the Boice Annex was broken on the day of Miss Boice's wedding, June 7, 1899. When the hospital was enlarged in 1907, instead of formulating plans for the retention of the memorial annex, the Board of Governors, against the protest of its secretary, who had been instrumental in interesting Miss Boice in the hospital, virtually destroyed the annex. When the new building was finished, the memorial tablet was erected on an interior wall, facing the main corridor."

LII.

COUNTRY STORES AND WAYSIDE INNS

CONTINUING his narrative, Mr. Scull said: "The lay-out of the country stores was about the same everywhere. One side was devoted to groceries; the other to dry goods and notions. In the rear were the molasses and pork barrels and tubs of butter and lard. The center of the room was reserved for the big wood-burning stove in its setting of sawdust—a tempting target for the tobacco chewer, who oft-times missed the mark. Then the red-hot stove sizzled.

"Around this stove, on a winter's night, sat the orators and the listeners. Counter tops, soap boxes and bags of corn and feed were the reserved seats. A list of these country stores on the Shore Road between Absecon and Port Republic, includes those of Joseph P. Cake and Rollen H. Ashley at Port Republic and of Jonathan Smith and Risley Smith at Smithville. There were three more at Leeds Point, one kept by Absalom Higbee, one by Clayton Woodman and one by John A. Clement. At the Brook, now Oceanville, John V. Conover and Eliakim Conover had stores, while at Absecon, then the principal shopping place along the shore, we recall the stores of the Boltons, Frambes, Doughtys and the big store of Samuel R. Fithian.

"In those dark and trying times of the Civil War the country store afforded the people an opportunity to gather in the evening and discuss the serious problems of the day. The administration of President Lincoln did not escape censure any more than did that of Jeff Davis. Both men suffered from the most brutal attacks, and these attacks were not confined to the opposition. Members of their own political families joined in the general criticism and were divided in their allegiance to their respective chiefs.

History has justified the acts of President Lincoln and given him due credit for his lofty ideals, which have been an inspiration for the oppressed in all lands. Jeff Davis, who was called the arch traitor, was the victim of a cabal who rushed him into secession and war.

"Very often the country store keeper was also the village postmaster. He sold a postage stamp as willingly as a pound of sugar or a gallon of New Orleans molasses. He counted the eggs from your basket and probably allowed you a cent apiece for them, payable in salt pork or chicken feed, while to sell a calico dress he would patiently take down every piece in the store. The calico dress, with its dear old motherly look, has gone too—to the garret, along with the hoop-skirt and the bustle, where some day, and let us hope very soon, will follow the high heel shoe and the peek-a-boo waist. If the hand that rocks the cradle is to rule the world, let dress reform receive first consideration, favoring a costume that retains its femininity and that will make beautiful women more beautiful and plain women more attractive.

"The country store had a competitor for popularity in the wayside inn. About the time I have in mind nearly every family in Atlantic County had men folks who went to sea, or as they said 'followed the water.' When winter approached, with its ice and snow, they laid up their vessels in some snug harbor, safe from wind and wave, and sought their homes to rest and spend their hard-earned savings. To these men, who were called 'stove setters,' the old country tavern was more inviting than the old country store. The lure of the fiddle and the banjo, tuned and timed for nimble if not graceful feet, was most fascinating and there they could indulge in games of cards and dominoes, while others danced and sang to the tune of 'Yo-ho and a Bottle of Rum.' These inns were licensed and required to furnish accommodations for man and beast. They seemed to be welcomed everywhere, except at Port Republic.

"This rich and highly religious community frowned upon the tavern. The weary traveler who came from afar could generally find shelter among some hospitable family of the village, of which there were many, but to find the wide open door of the wayside inn he must journey onward to the Smith Hotel at Smithville, kept by Henry D. Smith.

"It was at Smith's Hotel that Galloway's elections were held and where some six hundred voters came on election day to cast their ballots. They waited around all day and far into the night for the reading and tabulating of the last ticket to learn who had been elected assessor, tax collector, freeholder or pound keeper. Big dinners, big suppers and a big business in wet goods made a busy day for the Smith household and their employes. About a mile away, overlooking Great Bay, the genial Jonathan Sooy held sway at the Leeds Point Hotel, always well patronized locally and during the fishing and gunning seasons headquarters for sportsmen from the big cities. All along the shore could be found the wayside inn. At Absecon there was the house of James Collins, familiarly called Jimmie Collins's. Here could always be found a lot of the big men of the county. Down at Leedsville (now Linwood) was the Townsend Hotel, kept by Capt. Japhet Townsend. That popular host, Tom Winner, held out the glad hand at the Dolphin House, then a part of life at old Somers Point."

LIII.

CHURCH SUPPERS AND THE CHIMNEY CORNER

MR. SCULL'S reflections on the old time church suppers and his memories of the chimney corner are delightful. He says:

"Much could be told of the entertainments provided for young and old in my youthful days, far back in the sixties and seventies. Church exhibitions, oyster suppers, chicken potpie suppers, strawberry festivals and woods picnics were always well patronized. There were no Atlantic City attractions to lure the folks from home entertainments. Girls competed in cake making and their angel cake, lady cake, sweet cake, and doughnuts were just about right. Probably to be agreeable, you would try a piece of each and then of course you would need some homemade ice cream to complete the course. You had no choice of flavors. It was always lemon!

"We must not overlook the great revival meetings held every winter night, either at Port Republic M. E. Church or Smithville M. E. Church. Rev. Henry Stockton could deliver a sermon that few preachers could excel. No one could attract a greater audience. Night after night his church was filled to overflowing. He appealed to all those who would seek the Lord to come forward and kneel at the altar, while the congregation joined in singing the invitation hymn, 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.' Boys from Smithville, Leeds Point and Oceanville thought nothing of walking three miles to attend these meetings. 'We're going to Ticktown meeting tonight,' they said to the girls. Ticktown was the pet name for Port Republic. Smithville was called Toadtown. Those titles still stick and form a part of that popular

couplet 'Ticktown, Toadtown, Hell Neck and Bargaintown.'

"Of the legends of Leeds Point, three stand out prominent in my recollection, namely: the witches of Old Mi's Swamp, the haunts of Quaker Meeting Hollow and that strange being called Leeds' Devil, whose loud screeching and flapping of wings were terrifying to all. By Old Mi is meant Nehemiah Blackman. He was familiarly known as Old Mi. He had a son named Steelman. who became hopelessly insane. Some said he was 'bewitched.' He kept to his bed most of the time, in his father's garret, until taken to Smith's Landing, where he died about 1885.

"No curfew need ring to bring the little ones in doors before darkness set in. Stories about these uncanny things were told by the older people in characteristic folklore and listened to by the young ones until in their imagination a haunt or witch lurked in every corner and in every shadow; for shadows there were a plenty, as no candles were lighted and the only light in the room came from the burning log in the chimney corner.

"There comes before me now, after the lapse of more than sixty years, a vision of the old chimney corner and the wood fire that sent the red sparks flying up the broad fireplace; the games and stories that whiled away the long winter evenings and sent us happy to bed.

"A fire in the open fireplace sets us dreaming. It brings the flash of remembered joy; it sets its flame in the heart of youth and softens grief in the heart of old age."

LIV.

GENESIS AND EXODUS

YOU have heard of the deacon's wonderful one-horse shay, built in such a logical way—so strong that it ran for one hundred years, to a day—but you have not heard of the taffy king's horseless shay, built in such an illogical way—so poorly put together that it wouldn't go at all, not even a day. The story is best told in the taffy king's own peculiar way.

* * * *

The sea breeze had not yet begun to blow and the Annalist was ill at ease—alone in the pavilion. As stated in a preceding chapter, Grandfather had gone off on his own hook. Soon there came floating through his brain that breezy saying, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Presently, the land breeze had its compensation. The taffy king "blew in" from the landward side. With his face wreathed in smiles, he "hit" the Boardwalk at the foot of New York Avenue. By "taffy king" is meant, of course, Joseph F. Fralinger, owner of the Apollo Theatre and adjacent property. He had come down from his country estate, "Rockhurst," at Schwenksville, Pa., to confer with the Boy Scouts in advance of their annual outing at Camp Fralinger, on the Perkiomen.

As a citizen of Atlantic City for more than forty years, Mr. Fralinger has been actively interested in the things that make for the good of the resort. Early in life he was a base ball enthusiast and for several years was manager of a well-known club, the August Flowers. He has always taken a deep interest in athletic sports and has been a generous supporter of the Boy Scouts. One of his latest benefactions is the presentation of a permanent camp site, comprising nearly twelve acres, beautifully situated on the Perkiomen, near his Schwenks-

ville estate. In establishing this camp for the Boy Scouts of America he provided a place where they may live under ideal Scout conditions. As a mark of appreciation, the Atlantic City Scouts, numbering more than 750, called it Camp Fralinger. The Scouts pledged themselves to "keep physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight." This appealed to Mr. Fralinger, and as a far-seeing man he believed he could do nothing better for Atlantic City's future than assist in the proper training of the "men of to-morrow," as we read of them in the Scout code.

Still smiling blandly, Mr. Fralinger said:

"Grandfather's waggon has captivated the Scouts"—indicating that he had been watching the boys from a side entrance to the theatre, abreast of which Pippin was safely hitched. One boy, he said, had called it a "what-is-it" and another a "peach." One boy asked: "What make is it?" Another said: "Jersey Pippin." Another said, felicitously: "Jersey for me!"

Sharing a bench beside the Annalist, Mr. Fralinger asked, abruptly:

"Do you know anything about the boxers?"

Supposing he had reference to an insurrectionary faction in China, known as the Boxers, the Annalist said:

"All I know about them is that on June 30, 1900, they murdered, with fiendish brutality, three citizens of New Jersey; also two of their friends and two children. Briefly stated, Dr. Cortlandt VanRensselaer Hodge, Mrs. Hodge and Dr. George Yardley Taylor, of Burlington, and Mr. and Mrs. Simcox—five missionaries—were burned alive in the Simcox House by the Boxers, at Pao-Ting-Fu. The two Simcox children, Paul and Frances, were beheaded and thrown into a well. That's enough for me to know about the Boxers. They are of despicable memory. Five months later, when assured of the massacre—having hoped against hope that the report was untrue—friends of the victims held memorial services in the Presbyterian Church at Burlington."

"The Boxers of China are a bad lot," said Mr. Fralinger. "For what they did to our good people they should have been shot down like dogs; but I had in mind another type of men—the athletic boxers of America; followers of that science which some people call the manly art of self defense. With proper rules and regulations, it is honorable; when debased by prize fighters, it is despicable. That contraption out front, your Jersey Waggon, makes me think of my first automobile and how it led to a chance acquaintance with a boxer.

"In 1905 I built my country home on what is known as Spring Mountain, about thirty-five miles from Philadelphia. I selected a seventeen acre tract on the southerly side of the mountain and erected a house about six hundred feet from the public road. Two acres consisted of cleared land; the rest virgin timber, including a variety of nuts. The home site was about two hundred feet higher than the road level. When I began building the natives began to ask questions. They wanted to know how I was going to get a road up to the house, the mountain being so steep that it seemed impossible to get to the top without going all the way round. In spite of their discouragements, I built the road and it was mostly in front of the house. Many large trees had to be cut down and large rocks blasted. I went up that six hundred feet of hill the same way an auger goes through a six-inch log; the same way a corkscrew goes down the neck of a bottle.

"The family consisted of my wife and daughter and her husband, Dr. Underwood Cochran. About that time there was a craze for automobiles. Being something new, everybody wanted to own one or ride in one. The horse was still holding his place as a motive power, but the horseless carriage was crowding the family carry-all. Nothing would do but that my family should have a machine that would go always—no more balky horses and no more runaways for them. Believing it would be a difficult job to push or pull the horseless carriage up that winding road, we had a family conference and unanimously agreed that

the wise thing to do was to build the garage down near the public road. It meant, of course, that when the family got out of the car, they would have to walk up the hill, but it couldn't be helped. We couldn't have the cake and the penny, too. With an automobile to take us on long rides, we could surely foot-it up the hill on returning from the ride. To be sure, six hundred feet back and two hundred feet up seemed like climbing the spiral stairway of the Statue of Liberty, but we were at liberty to rest on the way up, and to that end I placed rustic benches at intervals along that corkscrew roadway.*

"In due time my son-in-law and I—he was commonly called doctor, being a non-practicing physician—he and I went to Philadelphia and purchased a second-hand car. I selected one with a square top. It had a rear entrance and seats on both sides. Instead of a steering wheel, it had an arm like a pump handle. It also had brass posts and curtains; so much brass, indeed, that I wondered how we would keep the durned thing polished. An experienced chauffeur—when the man who sold the car wrote out that word I thought he meant Schauefler's Hotel, once the joy of many people in Atlantic City—the shofer agreed to take the car out to my country place, free of charge. This he did and on the way out he sounded the bell so often, to let those ahead know we were coming that again I thought of Schauefler's. In the early days of Atlantic City, long before prohibition, Alois Schauefler erected a pole in front of his hotel, and at the top of the pole he placed a bell. At first, every time he opened a fresh keg of beer some one would pull the rope and ring the bell, but in time he abandoned the practice; otherwise it meant keeping a man at the rope all the time. It was not that way with our car. The shofer sounded the bell when no waggon, no man, or beast of any kind was in sight.

* In 1895 four automobiles were produced in this country. In 1924 the total registration of all motor vehicles was 17,591,981. The industry has grown to be the largest in America, with a wholesale value of $3,163,327,874. In the 106 political divisions of the world 21,264,752 motor vehicles were registered in 1924.

"In due time we reached home, without accident. After giving the doctor full instructions, as I supposed, the shofer returned to Philadelphia. It was the doctor's idea to learn all about running a car, all about the machinery, and so on, and then, when he became an expert, we would buy a brand new car of the best make. That is where we made a mistake. My second-hand car was like a balky horse, only more so. It was not in the same class with the faithful mules that pulled the little cars up and down Atlantic avenue, before the introduction of trolleys on April 24, 1889. A balky horse will go when the spirit moves, but no matter how much of the spirits of kerosene we injected into our second-hand car, there were many times when it would not move. Still, I did not worry, as the doctor assured me he was mechanically inclined and I knew that in time he would get the car going all right. I must confess, though, that he spent two-thirds of his time trying to make it go, and when finally it did go, it was like the balky horse. It went by fits and starts. It would take the family a short distance and then stop. The result was that they had to walk home, while the doctor and I had to hire a horse to pull the car back to the garage.

"After much tribulation, I complained to the man of whom I had bought the car. He advised me to return it and he would take it in part payment on a new car. I took his advice. He took my old car. I took his new one and he took more of my money. Unfortunately, the new car was no improvement over the old, except in appearance. It did not have the rear entrance. It had two doors, one on each side. The body was more up to date. I will not give the name of the maker, as I understand—please note that word understand, which means I can't swear to it—I understand they are doing better now. As the new car was a failure, I traded it in for a Pope of Toledo, with another dealer, paying several hundred dollars to boot. When I told one of my good Catholic

friends I was expecting a Pope of Toledo, he said: 'I never heard of him. He must be a Protestant Pope.'

"With the third car came new difficulties. I soon found myself getting enlarged muscles of the right arm and my right hand began to swell, on account of my share of the cranking, and it was by no means half, as the doctor, being younger, generously did more than half the cranking. We had very few rides, as the doctor seemed to be always working on the machinery, which seemed strange, considering the fact that, as he said, he was mechanically inclined. He would take my hired man right after breakfast and work on that car until noon; then go back and work until evening.

"One morning late in August—I remember the day, August 26th, as it was the anniversary of the day in 1889 when Atlantic City and, in fact, the whole country, was excited over the stabbing of a nurse by Eva Hamilton, wife of Robert Ray Hamilton—descendant of the great Alexander Hamilton—on August 26th the doctor and the hired man were working hard on the car, trying to make it go. Being summer time, city people were recreating at the boarding houses in the neighborhood and a number of them stopped and watched the men at work on the new car. One man remarked that it was a mistake to buy a second-hand car, as there was always something wrong with the machinery. 'This is not a second-hand car; it's a new one,' said the doctor. Another man came along, and from his clothes and general appearance, the men supposed he was another boarder. He watched the machinists quite a while, and hearing one address the other as doctor, concluded he must be a surgeon. Finally the stranger plucked up courage enough to say: 'Doctor, have you any cutlery that needs sharpening?' The doctor looked at the stranger and saw that he was well dressed, from his hat to his shoes. He was also well built. He had a suit case and a hand bag, also a dog that looked as if it might be a water spaniel.

"The doctor said to the stranger: 'I thought you were one of the boarders; not a scissors grinder.' 'No,' said he; 'I'm what people sometimes call a hobo. I make a living by going about the country sharpening tools and cutlery. I can sharpen anything, from the finest surgical instrument to a lawn mower.'

"Of course, sitting on the verandah, I did not hear this conversation, but the doctor told me about it afterwards. Presently, the man came up to the house and began putting on overalls; then he rolled up his sleeves. About the same time the doctor went inside and brought out a lot of table cutlery; also his razors and mine. I asked what it all meant. Then it was that he took me aside and explained. I asked how he was getting on with the car and he said something was wrong with the carburetter; the gas pipe was clogged.

" 'The car won't go without gas,' said he. 'Once we get her going, she'll go all right; everything has to have its beginning—its genesis, so to speak.'

"I said: 'Genesis nothing! Our old horse, Exodus, goes without gas.'

"He said: 'His day is over. Enter the automobile; exit the horse. It's so in New York; it's so in Philadelphia; it's so in Schwenksville.'*

"Soon the doctor went back to work on the car and I kept my eye on the man, to make sure he did not make off with all of the cutlery and all of my razors. Finally,

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*New York witnessed the first parade of automobiles, down Fifth Avenue, on July 11, 1899. On that day, also, a far-sighted liveryman advertised "six young business horses for sale." Apparently, he was seriously considering an exchange of horses for the new-fangled petrol waggon, of which the folk of that day were talking. The automobile was first taken up by "society" (after much coaxing on the part of automobile makers) in 1899 and 1900, when there were entire columns of advertisements in the newspapers, offering horses for sale. In 1913 the number of horses and mules offered at city sales throughout the country totaled 1,107,000, while in 1923 only half that number (551,000) were offered. The number of horses exported in 1896, when the automobile was introduced, was 25,126, against 8,668 in 1923. In some cities certain types of horses are now coming back; for after a full trial of the trucks it has been found that for short deliveries horses are superior.

I went down to the barn where he was working and asked how he was getting on. He proved to be an interesting talker; also a man who knew his business. I went back to the house and gathered up all the pen knives I could find; also two hatchets, one axe and three saws.

"About that time the doctor came up for lunch. After we were through eating I told the cook to get a large plate and fill it with food, and I would take it to the man outside, as I was sure he was hungry. He thanked me for the plate and went to the pump to wash his hands. Returning to the plate, he divided the food, fifty-fifty, with his dog and started to eat while I sat on the porch reading the paper. Through eating, he continued his sharpening and I went down to bring up the plate.

"While talking to the man about the tools, the doctor passed on his way to the house. He wanted to get a suction pump to see if he couldn't pump some gas into the pipe—or some of the grit out; I don't know which. The stranger said: 'The doctor is quite handy with machinery; and he is so young, too, to have a fine country place like this. He must have made a lot of money, cutting people; beats all how the doctors like to cut. He must have spent thirty or forty thousand dollars on this place—just to play with.'

"Naturally, I said 'yes' to all the man said. Then he continued: 'The doctor reminds me of another doctor I met down in Maryland. He gave me these clothes I have on and some in the suit case.' I said: 'What caused the doctor to take such a fancy to you and give you all those good clothes?' 'I'll tell you how it was,' said the man. 'You notice this black eye and this swollen jaw. He gave me them, too.' Then I became suspicious and asked: 'Did you have a fight with the doctor and steal his clothes?' 'Nothing like that,' said he. 'A brother knight of the road told me about this particular doctor. He said the man who travels the road a-foot can always get a good breakfast at that doctor's house—

if he happens to be the first of the day's callers. I hankered after that breakfast and made up my mind the next time I passed that way I would be the first man to call on the doctor. So, a few days ago, I was down near Havre de Grace and camped two days with some of my brother knights. We had sparring, foot racing and booze. I asked them the way to the doctor's house and they told me. Somehow, the second night we got jazzed up and when I awoke the next morning most of my clothes were gone. Those bums had stolen my good clothes and left me nothing fit to wear when I called on the doctor. When I left camp three of the knights were still asleep—too drunk to walk. I traveled alone all that day and slept in a barn about two miles from the doctor's house. I made inquiry and learned that his name was Quick—Dr. Quick. I don't know his first name, but his initials are P. D. Q. Talk about your manly men! Why, one day with that doctor is worth a thousand with the knights. That morning, when I came to a hedged lane I knew from the description that it led to Dr. Quick's house. I hesitated, as I heard a dog and was afraid my dog and the doctor's might get into a fight, but I tied a piece of rope to my dog and ventured up the lane till I came to the house. A motherly woman opened the door and said good morning as nice as you please. I said, nice as I could: "A man told me I could get breakfast here. Have I been correctly informed?" "Yes," said she; "you are the first to call this morning. Go to the pump and wash. You will find a clean towel there. I suppose you will have ham and eggs. That is our usual breakfast." I told her I would like coffee, too. Then she said she would make a fresh pot. As I entered the dining room I noticed the dog—the one I had heard barking. He was a water spaniel and looked so much like mine that they could be taken for twins. Then I was invited to breakfast and believe me, I enjoyed everything set before me. It was the first square meal I had eaten for many days and of course I was hungry. While

enjoying the breakfast I heard a whistle in the hall, directly back of where I was sitting. Presently, the lady came in and said: "After you are through eating, the doctor would like to see you upstairs." I started to take the leavings from my plate and give them to my dog, when she said: "I have already fed your dog; go up and see the doctor." I went up a wide, open stairway and into a large room, about thirty feet square. There was a large mat on the floor and some arm chairs on the sides. While I was looking around the doctor came in from another room. He said: "Good morning; take a seat." Placing another chair directly in front of mine, he sat down and said: "Where do you hail from?" I told him my home was in Philadelphia and started to tell him something of my past life. Interrupting, he asked: "Do you know any one in Philadelphia who is up in the manly art." I said: "Yes; I knew Drexel Biddle. I also used to know Billy McClain and Arthur Chambers and some others who worked at the Baldwin Locomotive Works at the same time I worked there. I often sparred with them." The doctor then gave me a fine cigar and said: "Smoke that and let your breakfast digest. I am very glad you came. I have been stiff and tied up in my shoulders for a few days. Perhaps you can —I believe that's what you boxers call it—limber up—limber me up." He then handed me a lighted match and told me to enjoy my cigar. Then he went around the room and opened all the windows. While he was doing this I looked him over. He was about my size—perhaps a little lighter—and rather slow in his movements. He appeared to be nervous and when he resumed his seat, he quizzed me again about the boxers. Then he said: "Are you feeling good enough to put on the gloves?" I said yes. Then he opened a little door in the hall and brought out two fine sets of old-style boxing gloves, saying: "Both sets are alike; take your choice." He took off his outer shirt and told me to do the same. I told him I only had one on. "Well," said he, "there is no one here

but you and me. Take off your shirt," which I did. He put on his gloves and I put on mine. Then he said: "We will tap each other lightly until we get warmed up; then we'll get lively." This we did for only a few moments. It is what we boxers call 'studying'—one man guessing what the other is going to do. For a while he kept me guessing. Then he said: "Go as fast as you like now," which I did. I hit him so hard that he staggered part way off the mat and for a moment I was afraid I had hurt him. I was about to say I was sorry when he came back at me and gave me one on the jaw. Down I went. The doctor said he did not mean to hit me so hard. I got up; he gave me a few jabs in the ribs and one good one on this eye. (Here the hobo placed his finger against his left eye.) All this time, while I was doing my best, I could not hit the doctor. He seemed to be doing all the hitting. The next thing I knew the doctor was standing over me and there was a wet towel over my face. Then he helped me up and led me to the bath room and as he turned on the water he said: "You are the best man that has called to see me for some time. When you are through washing, take off those old togs and I will give you some decent clothes." He then left and presently brought this suit of underwear and this nice suit of clothes. He said: "Put them on. What size shoes do you wear?" I told him sevens. He said: "I will give you a pair of mine, which are eights." Then he put this hat on my head. It was a little large, but he put paper beneath the sweatband, and when I was all dressed he handed me a bottle. I still have that bottle. Inside there is something he told me to use on my eye three times a day. Then he said: "Wait a minute." He left the room and came back with this suit case. He said: "Inside you will find another suit of underwear and another shirt. Your friends won't know you when they see you on the road next time." All this time I was saying 'thank you,' and agreed with the doctor that I looked like a different man, even with my

bunged-up eye. He said: "You are a pretty good kind of a man—without your eye. The next time you come along this way stop in and see me." I told him I would, but you can bet I won't. He called the wallop he gave me an 'after breakfast mint,' but I don't want any more mints. Give me a sugar crystal. As I started down the stairs, after bidding him good-bye, he called me back and said: "Here are two five dollar bills. Be a sport." I was very glad to get out in the open air, as it was a warm day. I got my dog and started down the lane. The dog was running a few feet ahead and when near the road he growled. I looked and there stood a man with a big club, ready to strike me. I said: "Please don't hit me with that club. The doctor almost killed me a while ago and if you hit me you'll finish the job." At that the man said: "When I saw that dog, I thought you were the doctor, the way you're dressed. I have been laying for him. He nearly killed me yesterday."

* * * *

Mr. Fralinger arose and started to leave the pavilion.

The Annalist: "Considering the way the doctor treated that hobo, you are no longer an advocate of the manly art of self-defence, are you?"

The Taffy King: More so than ever. The more manly fists up the more hold-up men down. If the Boy Scouts are trained properly in athletics, they will become the manliest men of their time; ready to defend themselves against the plug-uglies of the road; to match fist against fist with the sneaky highwayman and the low-browed bootlegger. The manly man of the future is the Boy Scout of to-day. Thank God, there are nearly twenty thousand of them in New Jersey. Next year there'll be a thousand in Atlantic City.

LV.

HIC JACET—"OBED HICKS, THE SLAVER"

A STUDY of slavery and servitude in New Jersey is interesting to the student of history. Previous to 1800 there was no populous part of the North in which slavery was not tolerated or sanctioned for either domestic or commercial purposes. Negro slaves were imported to the North and regularly sold. Even Franklin, in carrying on a variety of traffic in his Philadelphia shop, sometimes included negro slaves among the commodities about which inquiries could be made of the printer.

How extensively the importation of negroes captured in Africa was carried on by Northern men, especially New Englanders, is shown in the fact that Rhode Island alone was credited six years before the Revolution with 170 vessels engaged in the slave trade. It is even related of a good old elder that on Sundays, after his ships had returned prosperously from the African coast, he would offer up his thanks that "an overruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted brethren to enjoy the blessings of a gospel dispensation." Indeed, fortunes were made in the traffic and pious citizens of Boston and Newport were its chief beneficiaries. It is to be borne in mind, however, that there was little if any hypocrisy in their participation in the traffic, for outside of the Quakers—and they were very far from being unanimous on the point—there was very little sentiment of hostility to negro slavery. In New Jersey it had been in existence for nearly a century before a society for its abolition was formed.

"Perth Amboy," said Grandfather, "was the chief port of entry for the blacks, of which many, freshly imported, still bore their tribal marks. A child of two

or three years could be bought for money equivalent in present values to about $40 to $75, and an adult for about $200 to $500. At one time many slaves were landed in New Jersey in order that they might be run into New York and Pennsylvania, where a tax or duty was imposed for their importation.

"The Quakers in New Jersey, who were slave owners during the Colonial period, were perhaps the first to raise their voices against the practice; but it was not until long after the death of John Woolman, the author of the well known 'Journal,' who wrote at length his 'Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes,' that his protest began to take root among them. Woolman, who was born at Mount Holly, described the slave system in language as strong in its logic, if not quite so vehement in strain, as the Abolitionists, two generations later. He spoke of negro criminals who had been executed in a very terrifying manner. It is not improbable that he had in mind some of the punishments which had taken place in some parts of New Jersey, and for that matter in every other community in which negro slavery existed.

"The mob executions of negroes at the stake in Southern States have been commonly thought to be of recent origin. There was a great outcry about twenty-five years ago when a negro was burned to death at Paris, Texas, as if the act were then a new illustration of the hatred or the fear of the stronger toward the weaker race. Yet in New Jersey, during the eighteenth century, burning of negroes at the stake was frequent. Cases of several murders and two incendiaries may be mentioned in support of this statement. On one occasion there was much fear of a slave uprising near Somerville and a plot to massacre the whites. Thirty negroes were apprehended, of whom one was hanged, others whipped and others had their ears cut off.

"At another time what is known in the history of New Jersey and New York as the Negro Conspiracy gave rise to general alarm and caused many executions by burning as

well as by hanging in New Jersey. A Monmouth County justice once sentenced a negro named Caesar to death. 'Thy hand,' so ran the decree, 'shall be cut off and burned before thine eyes. Then thou shalt be hanged up by the neck until thou art dead, dead, dead; then thy body shall be cut down and burned to ashes in a fire, and so the Lord have mercy on thy soul, Caesar.'

"Of course, whipping was the penalty for ordinary offences, and indeed, was authorized by law as late as 1880, or long after slavery had ceased to exist in the United States. At that time Vice President Hobart, then a member of the Senate at Trenton, had a bill passed which removed the last vestige of slavery on the statute books of the State—the authority of a master to whip his slave.

"Exactly to what extent slavery prevailed in New Jersey does not seem to be known until we reach the period of the establishment of the Federal government and the taking of the first census. At that time there were 11,423, and when Jefferson became President they were still more numerous. From that period they began steadily to decline in number, chiefly by reason of an act of the Legislature which provided for the gradual abolition of slavery.

"As late as the time of the first election of Lincoln to the Presidency, New Jersey still had some slaves. The last of the slaves in New Jersey did not die until 1902.

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"The sole survivor of the last vessel to bring a cargo of slaves to the United States was living in the pines near Egg Harbor City in 1888, an old sailor named Obed Hicks, with no idea whatever of the moral questions involved in the trade for 'niggers.' Although the African slave trade had been interdicted for fifty years by American law, Hicks found opportunities for serving on the slave catching ships, which took the risk of being overhauled as violators of the law. He once told how he made three voyages in a brig called the Dart, owned by a Philadelphia firm which saw no harm in slaving.

"As a slaver, Hicks would argue he got his $30 a month, while on a 'Quaker ship,' as he called it, where the captain read prayers on a Sunday, he would get $14 and hard knocks. He preferred the risk of hanging and the $30. Referring to a trip he made in 1858, Hicks said: 'One day in May I was going down Broadway and was hailed by an old captain of mine, named Corrie. He asked me what I was doing and I said nothing. He said, come with me and I will give you a lift. So we went down to the Battery and took a boat there. The moment I saw the men I knew what was up. They were Spaniards and I knew one of them. We were pulled across to the Long Island shore. We had six men in the crew, all Spaniards but one. In a few days we were boarded by a lot of revenue men and the vessel was seized, but it was soon set right and by June 25th we lay off the Moro at Havana, where work was rushed on the schooner. Her hold was cleared out, everything being knocked away to make room, and when we left Cuba the decks were full, fore and aft, with water casks. A slaver has to carry as much water as a man-o'-war, for if it gives out, the niggers die like sheep. They can't go three days without water. Our schooner was the Wanderer and she was a goer. When we struck the trade winds she just sailed herself, and we had nothing to do but eat and growl. We got into the Bight of Benin, I think, on August 10, 1858, and went up the Calabar River. A Portuguese named Fontana, who looked like a Madagascar monkey, had a barricoon there and he was to find us our cargo. There was a Spanish vessel from Porto Rico, commanded by a big, double-jointed, man-eating Yankee, named Briggs, and he was to be dispatched first. Slaves were scarce and everything went slow. Briggs and the Portuguese were all the time quarreling, but finally he got 420 niggers aboard with gratings on hatches and everything shipshape. Then the Yankee and the Portuguese had a final row, which ended in Briggs grabbing Fontana by the neck and fairly firing him over the spanker gaff into the river.

In a minute the sharks had him and that was the last of the Portuguese. Of course, there's no law on that coast, but the Yankee paid for it. Some of Fontana's friends gave information to an English corvette that lay outside, and when Briggs sailed they signaled the man-o'-war from shore, and the Yankee and his vessel were taken. The heat was awful and the land breeze smelt like bilge water. We lost two of our crew from fever. We had to stay there a month waiting for a caravan from the interior, but at last it came, and we took aboard 270 blackbirds, for which we paid thirty to fifty dollars apiece. They were all young and healthy and it took some crowding to get them aboard a 250-ton craft. At an average of $200 for each nigger in the States, it meant over $50,000 for that lot. We hurried to get away and at night were safely out of the river. By daylight we were ten miles from the coast and no cruisers in sight. The Yankee frigate Cumberland was somewhere near, but she couldn't catch a bumboat—such a tub as she was. Then our work began. Captain Corrie had a plantation in Georgia, with slaves of his own and knew how to handle his cargo. There were about sixty women and children and these were kept on deck all day and made to wash themselves. The men were taken out of the hold four hours at a time, being divided into four gangs, so that only seventeen died on the voyage. Half of them committed suicide by doubling their tongues back into their throats. This was the smallest loss I ever saw in a slaver. I have seen twenty-eight thrown overboard in a day. We had fine weather and by November 9th were in sight of the Cuba mountains. We came off to Matanzas and signalled and three men came off to us. One was named Lamar and another Elliott. They were the owners. We lay there under the lee of an island four or five days and then made our course north. It was intended to make a landing on the Florida coast, but we sighted a revenue vessel and so made for the coast of Georgia. Here we dodged around until the 18th and then ran into St. Andrew Sound and

anchored about a hundred yards from land. It was just getting dark when three barges came alongside, and inside of an hour we had a clean ship. Where the niggers went to I don't know. Next morning I was paid off. So was a man named Brown, but the Spanish crew stayed on the vessel. We got ashore and after dodging around in the swamps came to Savannah. I heard some talk of the Wanderer and got a passage north as soon as I could, but Brown and some of the Spaniards were soon taken. The ship was seized, but it didn't amount to anything. Those who were engaged in the enterprise lost heavily. Planters would not buy the niggers, as they could not get a lawful title to them and they were eventually given to anyone who would take them. The Wanderer was fitted up as a privateer by some of the Florida Confederates during the Civil War and sailed for Galveston, but ended her eventful career on one of the Florida reefs, being caught in a norther and driven ashore.'

"Obed Hicks told that story in 1888, at his cabin near Egg Harbor City. He was one of the last of the slavers. The incidents he related happened three years before the opening of the Civil War, at a time when some Southern men were endeavoring to revive the slave trade, which the United States and Great Britain had entered into a treaty to suppress, after our own prohibition, which went into effect in 1807, was found to be partly ineffectual.

* * * *

"We get an occasional glimpse of what might be called the genial side of slavery in New Jersey—such as Southern writers used to describe when telling of kind-hearted masters and faithful slaves. Thus, in Somerset County, the slaves were granted their holidays and enjoyments. In the week following Christmas they generally gave a party, to which the respectable colored people of the neighborhood were invited. The whole week was one of great festivity and little work was expected of the blacks. The day of 'general training' was a great holiday for the

slaves. This drill of the militia was regarded as a time of great sociability. The family negroes all attended in a large waggon, taking with them root beer and ginger cakes to offer for sale. It is questionable whether those unlucky whites who were held in bondage under the redemptioner system were not worse off than the black slaves in New Jersey. The redemptioner often performed more degrading labor than the slave by reason of the fact that the tenure over his liberty was brief and uncertain and therefore he was cruelly overworked."

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Above the grave of Obed Hicks, some day, we may find a stone, on which will be graven, in crude letters:

HIC JACET:

OBED HICKS, THE SLAVER.

LVI.

NEW JERSEY AND THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

NEW JERSEY was the first State to recognize the genius of John Fitch and to honor him as the inventor of the steamboat. It granted him the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State with boats impelled by the force of steam. That was in 1786.

"In the preceding year," said Grandfather, "Fitch had floated the model of a steamboat on Joseph Longstreth's pond in Bucks County, Pa. At that time Robert Fulton was known only as a miniature painter at Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. Fitch and his assistant, Henry Voight, first placed a skiff on the Delaware, which they sought to move by steam acting on an endless chain of paddles, and were jeered as they came ashore by those who had witnessed their failure; but in the middle of the next night the idea occurred to Fitch that cranks and paddles would be the best means of propelling a vessel. He leaped from his bed and placed upon paper the first plan of the modern side-wheel steamer. At sunrise he repaired to Voight's shop and a week later, July 22, 1786, the first steam vessel was propelled upon the Delaware.

"Although the American Philosophic Society declined to buy Fitch's boat and engine, the Legislature of Pennsylvania afterwards gave him an exclusive right to navigate steamboats on the Pennsylvania waters. Philadelphia also aided him, in a small way, with money. Dr. Ewing, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and William C. Houston, a member of Congress from New Jersey, gave commendation to him or his work, and other citizens were interested.

"Toward the close of the summer of 1787, his second steamboat appeared on the Delaware. The operations of this craft were witnessed by members of the convention

which was then framing that masterpiece of statecraft, the Constitution of the United States. In the following year the third steamboat was navigated by Fitch to Burlington, and its progress up the river was viewed by many people on the shores. Men cheered and women waved their handkerchiefs. At Dunk's Ferry, opposite Beverly, a cannon was fired in honor of Fitch.

"This little boat made several trips to Burlington. At one time she had as many as thirty passengers and covered the twenty miles in three hours and ten minutes.

"There was still a fourth Fitch boat. Its cylinder was made at the bog iron furnace of Edward Drinker, on the Burlington County side of the Mullica river. This vessel ran at a speed of at least seven miles an hour, made numerous trips in the summer of 1790, and ran at least two thousand miles, during that season, on the Delaware.

"An attempt was made to put a fifth boat, the 'Perseverance,' into service, but the inventor was unable to obtain the money needed for the enterprise. He then went to France and placed his specifications and drawings in the hands of Aaron Vail, after having been disappointed in his efforts to secure financial support. These papers not long afterward were borrowed from Vail by Robert Fulton, who was then abroad. They were in his possession for several months, and were also examined by Robert R. Livingston.

"A quarter of a century afterwards, or ten years subsequent to the success of the 'Clermont' on the Hudson, a committee of the New York Legislature, which investigated the original patents and drawings, reported that Fulton's steamboat was substantially the invention that Fitch had patented in 1791, but that the patent had run out at the time of the investigation, and could therefore be used at that time by any citizen. The controversy and litigation which followed Fulton's patent in New York was conducted by the owner of the Fitch rights, Aaron Ogden, of New Jersey.

"Doubtless, if Fitch had been a man like Fulton, with the capacity for making friends, he would have succeeded on the occasion of his fifth endeavor to put a steamboat on the Delaware, and in fully working out the problem of steam navigation. He clearly foresaw the ultimate success of his ideas and plans and he had progressed to the point where he might have demonstrated the commercial value of his project, if he had received the co-operation and the encouragement which were needed; but his personality was against him, perhaps even more than his poverty. He was gaunt; his manners were not persuasive; he was regarded as an eccentric person; he was unhappy in his domestic relations, and he was unorthodox in his religious notions at a time when free thinkers of his kind were looked upon by many respectable citizens as a species of utterly worthless reprobates. He called himself 'poor John Fitch,' bemoaned the unwillingness of people to recognize him as one who could do what he had projected, and came to his death by his own hand in an hour of despair at Bardstown, Ky., in 1796. Yet among the several inventors in this country for whom a share in the origin of the steamboat has been claimed none, before the time of Fulton, had done as much as Fitch; and there is scarcely room for doubt that what he did furnished Fulton the ideas which were embodied in his 'Clermont.'

"It is said of Mirabeau, the French orator, that he was not especially learned, but made excellent use of the learning of others, so as to appear brilliant. With equal truth we may say of Fulton that he was not really an inventor, but contrived to make good use of the inventions of Fitch and others, so as to appear ingenious.

"Do you ask, 'Did not Fulton show originality in the construction of the 'Clermont?' The answer is an emphatic no. The 'Clermont had a cylinder, an air pump and a condenser, the invention of James Watt, of England; a fly wheel, connecting rods and cranks, the invention of an Englishman named Pickand; a paddle wheel, the invention of Patrick Miller, of Scotland; and a com-

bination of these instruments, the invention of William Symington, of Scotland, whose boat was operated in 1801, at the request of Fulton, at which time he made drawings of the machinery. This was proven by the affidavits of two men, Robert Weir and Jacob Perkins, who saw Fulton making the drawings. Fulton admitted his plagiarism in a letter to Hon. Aaron Ogden, of New Jersey, in 1814, wherein he said: 'I have not attempted to patent the experiments of others, but have only used them as a means for demonstrating principles.' The fact is, if the inventions of other men, separate or combined, had been removed from Fulton's 'Clermont,' nothing would have been left but the hull.

"The contest between the Fitch and Fulton interests was renewed about 1819, after the death of Fulton, when two prominent New York gentlemen engaged in a bitter controversy over the merits of Fulton's pretended invention, the benefits which he derived from previous experiments, especially those of Fitch, and the actual rights of the Fulton-Livingston company. Hon. Cadwallader C. Colden, Mayor of New York, wrote a life of Fulton, in which he severely criticised a report made by Dr. Duer, president of Columbia College, on certain memorials and remonstrances presented to the New York Legislature, of which Duer was then a member, against the Fulton company, who claimed a monopoly of all waters in the State of New York, by legislative grant, notwithstanding a previous grant on March 17, 1797, which grant gave to Fitch 'the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats propelled by the force of fire or steam' on waters of that State. Duer replied to the attack of Colden, whereupon the latter published a second criticism, more virulent than the first, and Duer, in turn, defended himself so vigorously that Colden was glad to end the war of words. Soon afterwards the dispute was renewed in the form of a suit at law between the Fulton and Fitch interests, which suit was finally decided against the Fulton company."

ATLANTIC AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY, IN 1857

See p. 289

LVII.

SHANE'S CASTLE IN THE PINES

ABOUT the year 1760 and for some years thereafter, a mile or so south of the town of Waterford and five miles above Hammonton, near the headwaters of Nescochague Creek, stood a cabin with a history that is a part of the annals of old Gloucester County. It was built of cedar logs, squared and well framed together, forming a substantial and comfortable dwelling house. Above the unhewn rafters were layers of cedar bark, forming a roof that was impervious to rain or snow. The joints between the logs were so carefully filled with clay that the wind and driving snow were effectually excluded.

There, on the northern edge of a brook, surrounded by a forest of cedar, oak and pine, stood this primitive and solitary building, comprising two rooms and an attic—a living and sleeping apartment—with a stick chimney at each end. The floor was of hard clay, and the windows were mere openings in the logs, without glass, but with wooden fittings, to exclude the cold and rain, as occasion required. That lonely cabin, three miles from the upper line of Atlantic County and near the West Jersey and Seashore Railroad, was the cradle of the Roman Catholic Church in South Jersey.

The builders and first occupants were three brothers, natives of Germany, Sebastian, Ignatius and Xaverius Woos, who left their native country to avoid military conscription, so tyranically exercised at that time; indeed, until the time of William Hohenzollern, who precipitated the World War and brought untold misery upon nations and people. In the depths of the forest these brothers were beyond discovery by agents of the king of Prussia, yet they preserved a means of communication with relatives for reasons that will presently appear. They

brought with them many articles for their comfort and convenience.

Near this cabin passed an Indian trail from the Delaware to the Great Egg Harbor at Somers Point; here, also, the trail that led to Cape May joined the one to Somers Point, the latter forking again near Winslow, the upper fork leading to Pleasant Mills, and again near Hammonton, the upper fork leading to Leeds Point. Thus this cabin of the Woos brothers was near a point where all of the Indian trails merged into one. The principal trail terminated at the Delaware, near Camden, but at Long-a-Coming (erroneously called Berlin), there was a fork that led to Crosswicks. Good faith in all of their transactions with the Indians soon established the best of feeling toward the brothers, at whose cabin the Indians often tarried on their way to and from Absegami and other points on the coast.

This dwelling house, humble and unpretentious as it was, they called Shane's Castle, which name it retained as long as one log remained upon another. The exact date of their coming is not known, but in 1760 they applied to the Council of Proprietors to grant them title to the land where their habitation stood. The name of Shane was probably used to divert the suspicion of conscriptive agents. It suggests the thought that the German fugitives wished inquisitive people to surmise they were of Irish extraction; hence, not subject to the military discipline of Prussia.

Before coming to New Jersey Sebastian had wooed a German maiden, whose parents opposed the match. The girl, a Protestant, had pledged her troth, and determined to marry the man of her choice, regardless of parental objection. A secret correspondence was conducted, with the assistance of a mutual friend, and at last she received the welcome tidings to venture across the sea. The message, "our house is built and all things in readiness," came to her secretly. Her absence from home was not discovered until the ship had sailed.

The voyage was a long one, but Sebastian Woos waited patiently. Although the ship was long overdue, he believed she would eventually become the mistress of his cabin home. Finally, the vessel reached Philadelphia, and after the joy of meeting was over she confessed that she had left home penniless and must be sold as a redemptioner for a term of years, to pay for her passage. Sebastian was equal to this emergency. His skill as a hunter and collector of furs and skins had provided him with ample means and he immediately met the ship captain's demand. Next day they were married in Philadelphia, according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

In her overland journey she was no doubt strongly impressed by the sight of narrow and tortuous roads. They forded streams and crossed swamps—all of these quite different from the surroundings of her home in Germany. The Indians, too, whom she met on her way, impressed her strangely. Xaverius and Ignatius, the brothers, extended a cordial welcome to the young bride and set before her a feast of good things, of which there was no scarcity, since fish, game and fowl were their's in abundance.

Happy in her marriage, the surroundings soon became familiar and attractive. She was content with her lot, although far from family and friends and isolated from society. So far as known, she did not reveal her whereabouts to her relatives, lest she subject her husband and his brothers to conscription.

Having told a most interesting story, of which the foregoing is the substance, Grandfather continued, as we passed out Bellevue avenue, Hammonton, and traveled toward Atsion:

"It must be remembered that at this time the bog iron furnaces at Batsto, Atsion and Weymouth were in full blast. The workmen were mostly foreigners and adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. Accordingly, missionaries were sent out from Philadelphia to minister to their spiritual needs. To reach these places long

journeys had to be taken through a region of pines, cedars and oaks. Consequently the endurance of the faithful men was put to severe test. On foot and alone, through miles of lonely forest, they made their way, finding resting places as best they could, when night or storm overtook them. Fortunately, the doors of Shane's Castle were ever open and a welcome was always awaiting the good men of the cloth. Indeed, for many years religious services were held in the cabin, to which both whites and Indians were invited. It was at Shane's Castle that the Roman Catholic religion was first preached within the bounds of Old Gloucester; here the denomination had its cradle in South Jersey. The wonder is that some Catholic society has not erected a marker on the site.

"The three brothers, on securing their proprietory title, cleared a few acres about the dwelling and planted fruit trees and shrubbery. Their cattle were pastured in the swamps, sometimes returning at night accompanied by deer. These were herded within a strong enclosure, to protect them from the bears and panthers, which otherwise would make a feast of the calves and yearlings. The men employed themselves in the cedar woods, working shingles and staves for the West India market.

"A short distance from where the house stood, but on the opposite side of the stream, a graveyard was established. Here are the graves of the founders, surrounded by many of their descendants in the direct and collateral line, as well as others who followed them into the forest and settled in the vicinity.

"There is no evidence that these German brothers were soldiers during the Revolution, but they certainly visited the Hessian encampments and encouraged desertions. Speaking the same language, it was easy to convince the hirelings that they were assisting to conquer a people who sought to free themselves from political bondage and establish a government of freedom for all men. This is evidenced by the number of Hessians who deserted after the battles of Trenton and Red Bank and settled in out

of the way places—some not many miles from where these men had made a home for themselves. Among these deserters were stragglers and those who voluntarily lost themselves in the retreat from Red Bank, after their repulse on October 22, 1777. They erected cabins and after the war purchased land and became good citizens. To these men many families in the region between Waterford and Williamstown can trace their ancestry.

"So far as known, Ignatius and Xaverius Woos died unmarried. The two daughters of Sebastian, who survived their parents, became the owners of the estate. Both remained on the property, one marrying Herman Myrose and the other Eli Neild. Some of their kin of the fourth and fifth generation are now living in Camden and Atlantic Counties. These descendants of the Woos boys of Old Gloucester are now listed among the 'Who's Who' of New Jersey. The Nields—husband, wife, son and daughter—occupied the old castle for many years and left only when it was ready to tumble to the ground. Every vestige of it has disappeared, but the memory of Shane's Castle in the Pines remains."

LVIII.

SOLUTION OF AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

"WHAT would you do if you had twenty-eight millions of surplus cash—that much more than you needed—and did not know what to do with it?"

The question was a poser; there are so many ways to spend money, especially when the amount reaches into the millions. After some reflection, the Annalist ventured the opinion that the best way to spend twenty-eight millions would be to give a million to each of the twenty-one counties in the State, to found institutions in which to educate boys and girls in all of the fundamentals and train them to live according to the Golden Rule. The other seven millions would be used to endow homes for the aged.

"Not a bad idea," said the old man, "but unfortunately it was Uncle Sam who once had that large surplus, and he distributed it among the States, according to population—with a string to each dollar. Then the States apportioned it among the counties—with another string to each dollar. In some mysterious way, most of the New Jersey strings were broken or so badly tangled as to preclude unraveling. Incidentally, the panic of 1837 was the result of Uncle Sam's withdrawal of twenty-eight millions of dollars from the State banks to make the distribution of surplus revenue to twenty-six States.

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"Burlington County got $82,338 of New Jersey's share and the Freeholders spent it for a new court house. They had no right to do so, as it was simply a State loan, subject to call at any time, the State, in turn, being subject to call by Uncle Sam. Now, after many years, Burlington, like other counties, has been called upon to recoup the amount to the State. Fortunately Burlington did not

owe the full amount, at the time the State made the call, having released $9328 to Mercer, when that county was carved out of Hunterdon, Middlesex, Somerset and Burlington, in 1838.

"The full story of the surplus revenue is a matter of history. In fact, one book, by Prof. E. G. Bourne, published some years ago, is devoted entirely to that subject. McMaster, in the sixth volume of his history, gives much information on the same subject, and Benton goes into it with tedious detail.

"The amount apportioned to the States was exactly $28,173,612.85, of which New Jersey received $764,670.60. In apportioning the New Jersey fund, the State Treasurer, in 1837, was confronted with fractional parts of a cent, totaling sixteen.

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"For more than eighty years—certainly half a century—Surplus Revenue has been mystifying to most Jerseymen. The mystery surrounding the county apportionments is now virtually solved, but in a number of cases the solution does not answer one important question, namely: 'Who got the money?' As to the sixteen cents—two and a half bits—retained by State Treasurer Isaac Southard—that may have been spent for cigars. In those days a fip would buy two good cigars, while a levy would buy four. A fip was six and a quarter and a levy twelve and a half-cents.

"The Federal Government was to have paid $37,564,817.15 to the twenty-six States in four equal installments, but before the last installment was due Congress amended the act and diverted $9,391,204.29 to another channel.*

* New Jersey laws provide that accrued revenue may be taken to pay current expenses. It is so used, but that does not make its use advisable. The difference between anticipated current revenue and surplus revenue from past years is clear enough and should be recognized by any sound system of finance. It is recognized at Washington, where the surplus from one year is not carried as an asset in the next year's budget, but is employed to reduce debt. In one of the principal cities of South Jersey, a few years ago, a surplus of more than one million dollars in the sinking fund was drawn

The twenty-eight millions was not a gift or even a loan of national funds to the several States, but a deposit, subject to call at any time. The Treasurer of each State, or other competent person, was authorized to receive the money, sign such certificate of deposit as the Secretary of the Treasury might prescribe, and pledge the faith of the State to return the money whenever required.

"Nearly ninety years have passed and no call has been made upon any State for the return of the deposit. The States made such distribution of the money as they saw fit. New Jersey, as stated, divided her share among the counties in the ratio of the State tax paid by them, and pledged each county to return the money on demand."

* * * *

"How did the Federal Government happen to have so many millions of dollars to distribute among the States?" asked the Annalist.

"The final payment of the national debt in 1835," said Grandfather, "had set free large sums of money contributed annually to the sinking fund, and when to this was added the proceeds of public land sales, the surplus the first year reached the amazing total of $24,000,000, which was increased to more than $37,500,000 the following year.

"Various plans were proposed for eating up this surplus, one of which was to loan it for railroad construction, the Government to receive, in return for this loan, free transportation of mails and in case of invasion or insurrection, the transportation of troops without cost.

"As stated, the money was loaned by the State to the counties, and the State is in duty bound to keep tabs on the loans, as the time may come when Congress will ask for

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upon for current appropriation, instead of being used in the purchase of outstanding bonds for cancellation. At another time land owned by the city, for whose purchase there were outstanding bonds, was sold and the money used for current expenses. This was really an unlawful diversion of public funds. The Federal Government, by a proper use of its surplus, has been steadily extinguishing the World War debt and at the same time reducing taxation. New Jersey should profit by the example of Uncle Sam.

a return of the deposit—for deposit it was—as Jackson would not sign the bill on any other conditions. State bonds were deposited with the Federal Government to guarantee payment, when demanded.

"Subsequently, some of the counties were relieved of a portion of their respective loans by the creation of new counties, so that now the apportionment is as follows:

Atlantic	$8,913.60	Mercer	46,785.32
Bergen	28,819.14	Middlesex	50,593.76
Burlington	73,009.81	Monmouth	57,378.54
Camden	25,495.31	Morris	59,950.68
Cape May	12,349.44	Ocean	13,806.30
Cumberland	30,322.69	Passaic	19,473.00
Essex	62,110.65	Salem	41,227.29
Gloucester	30,191.71	Somerset	47,818.25
Hudson	12,363.00	Sussex	38,724.16
Hunterdon	63,558.05	Warren	41,779.74

"Union County was formed from Essex in 1857, but no provision was made for a division of the surplus. On account of this omission Union County never received any portion of the money, and of course the State has no claim against that county. The fund has disappeared altogether in some counties, with no official records to explain where it went. In others it was dissipated by careless county officials. Still others are maintaining a semblance of the original agreement by annually appropriating an amount equal to the interest on the loan, which is used for school purposes. Others have used the money for general improvement purposes, such as the building of court houses or the building and maintenance of county roads.

"In Monmouth County alone the fund is still intact—or practically so. County officials have had a few bad investments charged against the fund, and while the full amount should be $57,378.54, the sum of $50,900 represents the county's balance of the surplus fund actually in hand.

"The State gave the boards of freeholders authority to loan the sums on bond and mortgage, or other good and sufficient security, and pay the interest to the several

townships in the ratio of taxes paid. If in the event of the perversion of the fund or any part of it to any purpose not plainly indicated in the act, the county collector, chosen freeholder or other officer responsible, the act stated, was to be punished by a fine not exceeding $1,000 or imprisonment for a term not to exceed five years or both. Prosecution of boards of freeholders and collectors of the several counties, years ago, for violation of that plain mandate, would have yielded the State many thousands of dollars.

"The act further provided that the board of chosen freeholders should publish annually a statement of the condition of the fund, the manner in which the loans were made, the nature of the security received, and the expenses incurred in managing the fund.

"The freeholders of Burlington County, when they built the court house, called in the money, cancelled the bonds and executed the bonds of the county for the full amount of the fund. Interest is paid annually and devoted to school purposes, in accordance with the law. In Gloucester County similar use was made of the money, but while the interest has been paid annually and devoted to school uses, no bonds of the county were ever issued.

"Salem County had $1,200 of the fund invested in securities, the remainder being loaned to the county. Bergen County used part of the fund to erect a poor house. Hunterdon turned its share over to a number of municipalities, the county taking their bonds on terms similar to those entered into between the county and State.

"There is or was no semblance of the fund in the counties of Atlantic, Essex, Hudson, Middlesex, Passaic and Warren—not even an appropriation representing interest on the loan—excepting Atlantic County in 1923, when provision was made in the budget for both principal and interest.

"This money was duly paid to the State Treasurer. Commenting on this proceeding, the Daily Press said"—

here the old man reached for his huge wallet and brought out a clipping, from which he read:

"'This is the first county to make such restitution.

"'The history of the surplus revenue is worth a little attention. The Maine Legislature voted to distribute it among the towns, and at the next election Biddeford voted to divide the money among the inhabitants according to families. The town officials refused to obey, claiming it was unlawful to dispose of public money in that way, whereupon a citizen brought suit for his share. The court decided against him. A year later the Legislature released the towns from all obligation to return the money and authorized a per capita distribution.

"'Similar disposition was made of the money that New Hampshire apportioned to Portsmouth. Pennsylvania used most of her share to liquidate the State debt and it was all gone by 1840. Delaware, like the five wise virgins, made good use of her money in investments, which have since doubled the amount of the loan.'"

"No record was kept of the expenditures by counties in which the fund was merged with the general funds. County Treasurers have since frankly admitted that they were entirely ignorant of the fact that such a fund ever existed. What became of the $8913 apportioned to Atlantic County no one knows. It was dissipated long ago. If the money was loaned to one or more individuals, there is no record of a return of the loan. In the absence of any record, the natural conclusion is that some one, in the long ago, got nearly nine thousand dollars of public funds for which he made no accounting. That does not mean that he applied it to his personal use.

"The taxpayers of to-day, nevertheless, had to make good the loss; hence the item of $8913.60 in the budget of 1923.

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"While the chosen freeholders of the several counties were required to distribute the interest arising from the investment of the funds to the townships, the law did not specify any particular purpose to which the interest should be applied. In 1848 authority was first given to the townships to use it for the support of the public schools. Although the law simply authorized and did not require it, the practice became general throughout the State to set apart the revenue arising from the fund for school purposes.

"By the school law of 1867 the townships were not only authorized but compelled to appropriate the interest to school purposes. The interest was still apportioned to the townships on the basis of the taxes paid and it was apportioned to the schools as a township fund. In 1871 a supplement to the school act required the county superintendent to apportion the interest of the surplus revenue belonging to the county to the townships and districts on the basis of the school census.

"As a final solution of this hitherto unsolved mystery, the Legislature enacted, in 1923, that the State Treasurer be authorized to receive from the several counties all or any part of the amounts deposited with the several counties, and the governing bodies were authorized to raise by taxation the whole or any part of the principal by placing the same in the annual budget of appropriations, and it was in pursuance of this legislation that Atlantic County raised the money by direct taxation.

"The State Treasurer is constituted the custodian of the rehabilitated fund and is required to invest it in bonds of the United States, bonds of New Jersey or the negotiable securities of any county, school district or municipality in the State. The income of the fund is to be apportioned annually to the several counties in the proportion that the amount redeposited by each county shall bear to the principal sum so repaid, and the treasurer of the county is required to further apportion the money among the several school districts in the same manner as other school funds are now apportioned."

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The Annalist: "This fact remains—the mystery of surplus revenue is not yet solved. Why are the taxpayers of to-day required to pay into the State treasury over seven hundred thousand dollars which ought to have been safeguarded by the politicians of a preceding generation? What is the solution of that mystery?

Grandfather: "Go to Shakespeare, thou sluggard! Read Hamlet: 'There is something rotten in the state of Denmark!'"

LIX.

STACKS AND CRACKS

"JUDGE ELMER, of Bridgeton, a year or two before his death, in 1880, told an interesting story of the first magnetic telegraph," said Grandfather. We were then at Roadstown, returning from Greenwich, whither we had gone on a bleak December day—anniversary of a "tea party" quite as sensational as the more famous one in Boston harbor.

"His account of the tea party," added Grandfather—"I mean Judge Lucius Q. C. Elmer and not Judge Daniel Elmer—is like his record as a Supreme Court justice—unassailable. Some months ago Boston celebrated the 150th anniversary of her affair; why not something of that kind at Greenwich, or at old Bridge-Town, now Bridgeton?"

"Pardon me, Grandfather, but you started to say something about the magnetic telegraph; now you are talking about tea parties."

"Just so. You know, of course, that the first message ever sent over a wire, by dot-and-dash, was here in New Jersey. Perhaps you do not know that the man who devised the magnetic telegraph and sent that first message was Alfred Vail. It happened at Speedwell, Morris County, on January 6, 1838. The message was: 'A patient waiter is no loser.' How unprophetic! Vail waited patiently and lost! His purpose was to prove to the satisfaction of his father, Judge Vail, the certainty of his invention. The building in which young Vail made his experiments was destroyed by fire a few years ago. Judge Elmer knew Judge Vail, the father of the young inventor, but Elmer's story has to do with the practical application of the invention, in 1844, six years after its inception at Speedwell. He was then a member of Con-

gress and was present when the first message was sent over the newly constructed line between Washington and Baltimore. It was intended to convince the doubting members of Congress that the telegraph could accomplish all the inventors claimed. Morse had become directly associated with Vail subsequent to the first test at Speedwell, and the owners of the patent were then seeking an appropriation from Congress. Judge Elmer said the committee met Morse in a little room at the north end of the Capitol. I recall the judge saying: 'I have always regretted that Mr. Morse got all the credit for the invention, when in reality it was a joint production. If one of those two men could claim a greater share than the other, I think the honor belongs to Vail, the Jerseyman, instead of Morse. I make this statement in justice to Vail and because New Jersey is entitled to a measure of the credit as the home of the inventor.'

"According to Judge Elmer, when a number of Congressmen were gathered in the little room and ready for the test, Mr. Morse said: 'Now, gentlemen, what shall we send over the wire? Pick out your own message and I will show you how simple it is, and how it accomplishes everything I claim.'

"One of the party suggested: 'Mr. Brown, of Indiana, is here.' Mr. Morse immediately sent it over the metallic circuit, the register giving out peculiar cracks, which the operator, Morse, explained as signals making up the words of the message.

"Yes; Morse called them signals, while Elmer called them cracks. You will recall that only a few months ago, when Mars was nearer the earth than it had been for more than a hundred years, the radio men were looking for signals from that planet. It was the night of August 22, 1924. The radio man at Newark—the only station in the United States that got the so-called signals, called them clicks. He said they might have been signals from Mars. He was safe in saying 'might,' instead of 'must.' Those clicks or cracks were not messages from Mars.

Some one tuned in on Newark—that's all. Mars may be inhabited; in fact, an Atlantic City clergyman, Rev. Dr. Mellen, who is much given to astronomy, preached a sermon the Sunday following that night of great expectations, in which he affirmed his belief in some form of humanity on Mars. 'Professor Lowell's theories,' said he, 'will become actualities and the earth will communicate with this neighboring body. The children of this generation will live to see it.'

* * * *

"But to get back to that great day of expectations in Washington—Judge Elmer recalled that after leaving the room one of the Congressmen said to him, frankly: 'I am not convinced,' meaning he could not read the indentations on the slip of paper and had to take on faith what Mr. Morse said he had sent and received. Another whispered: 'That's what I call pretty thin,' and still another remarked: 'It won't do. That doesn't prove anything.'

"Toward the end of April, the wires being then erected in the direction of Baltimore, it was suggested to Morse: 'Now is your opportunity to take advantage of a situation that will soon arise,' referring to the Whig National Convention which was to meet in Baltimore. The poles were nearly all set as far as Annapolis Junction—twenty-two miles from Washington—where all trains stopped. Morse was urged to push the stringing of the wire to that point, and have the nomination sent to him in Washington as soon as the train from Baltimore, bearing the news, reached that point.

"The convention assembled on May 1st and the wire was duly strung. Mr. Morse's associate, Alfred Vail, was stationed at the junction, while Morse was at the Washington end of the wire. Word came from Vail that everything was ready. He would soon convince the doubters that the electric telegraph was a wonderful invention.

"Late in the afternoon the instrument began to give out clicks. Judge Elmer called them cracks. Mr. Morse eagerly watched the strip of paper as it came slowly from the register. Then it stopped and moved again; stopped again and moved irregularly, each time giving out cracks. A moment later Mr. Morse arose from his chair and facing the other gentlemen, said, proudly: 'The convention has adjourned; the train for Washington from Baltimore has just left Annapolis Junction, bearing the information, and my assistant has telegraphed me the ticket nominated.' He hesitated, holding in his hand the mysterious message. Then he said: 'The ticket is Clay and Frelinghuysen.'

"Referring to this incident, Judge Elmer said: 'My recollection is not clear. I can only recall that when it was proclaimed to the crowd outside, some one said: "You are joking. It is easy to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket; but Frelinghuysen—who the devil is he?" As a Jerseyman I was somewhat abashed by that query, for although a Democrat, I had a very high regard for Senator Frelinghuysen. Mr. Morse answered: "I don't know anything about Frelinghuysen. I only know that his name is on the Whig ticket for Vice-President. My operator at Annapolis Junction sent that news a few minutes ago. He got it from those on the train, which is now on its way to Washington." One of the unpleasant things in connection with the invention is that Mr. Morse invariably referred to his co-inventor as his assistant or as his operator. He seems to have had the ear of the newspaper men of that day and by ingeniously assuming the roll of chief, deprived a Jerseyman of his just share of credit, if not of profit in the invention.' That is the story," added Grandfather, "as narrated by Judge Elmer thirty-five years after the first test in Washington.

"It was not until the line had been completed to Baltimore, on May 24th, and the formal message sent over the line, 'What hath God wrought?'—suggested by Miss Ellsworth—that the newspapers began to take any notice

of an invention that eventually revolutionized the business and profession of journalism."

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"What about the tea party?" queried the Annalist.

"There were two tea parties—one at Boston and one at Greenwich," said Grandfather. "The incident at Boston, though often misrepresented and too often referred to in a jesting spirit, was in fact a significant and influential prelude to the Revolution. The throwing overboard of 340 boxes of tea was the firing of the first train which, as Carlyle once said, went off with frightful effect. The immediate reply of the British government was the Boston Port Act, which rallied all the neighboring towns to the side of Boston in a militant league. This action prompted the British commander to protect himself by fortifying Boston Neck, and the sequel of that was Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. True, one of the defenders of the Boston 'miscreants,' as the British called them, was John Hancock, who landed his cargo of wine untaxed through the simple expedient of getting the customs collector tipsy and locking him up while the casks were run ashore. In these days the plan is to bribe the captain of an incoming vessel, or the customs officer, or else engage a bootlegger to sneak the liquor ashore, often in collusion with a revenue official—a prohibition *non*-enforcement agent.

"The tea party at Greenwich, as stated, occurred in December, on the night of the 22d, a year after the affair at Boston.

"The brig Greyhound, with a cargo of tea, entered the Delaware about December 12th, but the captain was afraid to proceed to Philadelphia. Doubtless he recalled an unpleasant incident in connection with an attempt to land stamped paper, for New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, when the ship Royal Charlotte, convoyed by a sloop, came up the Delaware in October, 1765.

As she rounded Gloucester Point the people ashore hoisted their colors at half mast and tolled the church bells. A month later the people of Salem County learned that one of their townsmen, John Hatton, was seeking appointment as stamp tax collector, and under threat of dire consequences they compelled him to make public announcement that he would not accept the office under any circumstances.

"A stamp tax in New Jersey was clearly a violation of the concessions of Berkeley and Carteret and also of their successors, the West Jersey Proprietors. In these concessions it was provided 'that the Governor and Council are not to impose or suffer to be imposed any tax, custom or subsidy, tollage, assessments or any other duty whatsoever, upon any colour or pretense, how specious soever, upon the said province and inhabitants thereof, without their own consent first had, or other than what shall be imposed by the authority and consent of the Assembly.*

"In the hope of pacifying the people, the ministry resolved to appoint discreet and reputable inhabitants of the provinces to serve as stamp tax agents. William Coxe, on the recommendation of Benjamin Franklin, then in London, was appointed for New Jersey, but he voluntarily resigned in September, 1765. In November, as already stated, Hatton was compelled to make a declaration similar to that of Coxe. Meantime, on September 9, 1765, the ship 'Faithful Steward' came ashore on Absecon Beach,

*The right of Parliament to legislate for the colonies had not been questioned since 1692, when Massachusetts and New York denied that right by acts of their respective legislatures. These laws were annulled by Parliament in 1698, when it was enacted that "all laws, by-laws, usages and customs which shall be in practice in any of the plantations repugnant to any law made, or to be made, in this kingdom, relative to said plantations, shall be void and of none effect." In the grant to Penn the right of Parliament to lay duties on imports and exports and to impose taxes or customs on the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, their lands, goods and chattels was clearly reserved, but in New Jersey the stamp act was held to be in violation of the proprietary concessions and therefore invalid, in spite of any act of Parliament.

abreast of the present Atlantic City.* Aboard this ship was a large quantity of the stamp act paper, and being eager to get it ashore, the commander overloaded a small boat. The high seas overturned the craft and most of those on board were lost.

"Anyway, when the Greyhound got as far as the Cohansey her captain anchored off the wharf at Greenwich, landed his cargo of tea and stored it or had it stored in the cellar of Daniel Bowen, in front of the market square. The patriots of old Cumberland were much wrought up when they heard of this proceeding. They appointed a committee of inquiry, consisting of thirty-five leading citizens. This committee adopted a resolution that the tea be privately stored until the circumstances of its importation could be investigated. Some of those who attended the meeting favored more drastic action. They met secretly at the home of Richard Howell and sanctioned the immediate destruction of the tea. Accordingly, that night a party of Whigs, including three members of the committee, Silas Newcomb, Joel Fithian and Thomas Ewing, disguised as Indians, broke into Bowen's cellar, dragged the cases of tea to the market square and burned them before a sympathetic gathering of men, women and children. Howell afterwards attained distinction in New Jersey. He was with Washington when the General crossed the Delaware and was the Federalist Governor of the State from 1792 to 1801. Newcomb became a general of militia.

"The site of the tea burning was marked by a monument erected in 1908. On the face of this memorial,

* A considerable quantity of the paper was washed ashore and picked up by Zephaniah Steelman, of Leeds Point, who had gone to the beach to look after his cattle. This paper remained in Steelman's family for many years. The sturdy patriots of old Egg Harbor would not use it, even though it came to them free of cost. They stowed it away in their garrets, where it became food for the mice and scribbling paper for the children. A specimen sheet was deposited in the historical department of the Atlantic City Library a few years ago.

beneath a bronze representation of Indians casting tea into a fire, is an inscription reading, as I recall it:

In Honor of the
Patriots of Cumberland County, N. J.
Who on the Evening of
Dec. 22, 1774
Burned British Tea Near
This Site.

"On opposite sides of the monument, east and west, are the names of the tea burners. They are deserving of a place in your journal"—whereupon the old man wrote these names on a page of the Annalist's note book:

Ebenezer Elmer	Lewis Howell
Timothy Elmer	Richard Howell
James Ewing	James B. Hunt
Thomas Ewing	John Hunt
Joel Fithian	Andrew Hunter, Jr.
Philip V. Fithian	Joel Miller
Alexander Moore, Jr.	Henry Seeley
Ephraim Newcomb	Josiah Seeley
Silas Newcomb	Abraham Sheppard
Clarence Parvin	Silas Whitekar
Stephen Pierson	David Pierson

Henry Stacks

Passing the paper to the Annalist, the old man continued:

"I must tell you about that last name, Henry Stacks. The patriotism of Stacks was open to suspicion. He was what the politicians of to-day would call a double-crosser. At the tea party he blew hot and then cold. After carrying one or two cases to the square he changed his mind. Perhaps he reasoned that the burning was wasteful. Anyway, he was detected filling his breeches with tea. To do this he tied strings around his legs, below the knees, and emptied the tea into his breeches at the waist. Then he hastened home to his family, both legs bulging with tea. It was a violation of the mutual pledge to burn every pound of tea in Greenwich. Stacks, however, paid dearly for his duplicity. He was dubbed Tea Stacks and the name clung to him to the day of his death. The other tea burners figured honorably in the

Revolution, but not Stacks. He passed into oblivion. After his death his family left the neighborhood and nothing more was heard of them. Tea Stacks, of course, was not a typical representative of the people in Cumberland, although there were a few Tories in the county, including Daniel Bowen, in whose cellar the tea was stored. Most of the Tories fled to Nova Scotia when the fortunes of war made them outcasts.

"Ebenezer Elmer, who headed the tea burners, became ensign of Joseph Bloomfield's company of Continentals. Bloomfield afterwards became Governor of New Jersey. So did Richard Howell, another of the Indians. Elmer was a diarist and he has given us an interesting account of incidents while the Jersey troops were encamped on the Mohawk River in 1776. I will show you an extract from that old diary. It depicts a custom among the soldiers, even in the presence of that good man, James Caldwell, whose courage earned for him the sobriquet of Fighting Parson."

The old man reached into his wallet and brought out extracts of the Elmer diary, one of which read:

"An assembly was beat for the men to parade, in order to receive a treat and drink the State's health, when, having made a barrel of grog, the Declaration was read and the following toasts given by Parson Caldwell: 'Harmony, Virtue and Honor and all propriety to the free and independent United States of America. Wise legislatures, brave and victorious armies, both sea and land, to the American States.' Three hearty cheers were given and the grog flew around again."

A few days later, according to the diarist, there was more "drinking, scouting round the fort, swinging of hats and hawbucking for an hour," after which they were drawn up in a square and Captain Bloomfield gave them "a smart preachment."

* * * *

"The owners of the tea brought a Supreme Court action of trespass against such of the disguised Indians as were identified. The plaintiffs were represented by Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia, and Lawyer Pettit, of Burlington. Money for the defence was raised by sub-

scription, and Joseph Bloomfield, then living in Bridgeton, afterwards a governor of New Jersey, with George Read, of New Castle, Elias Boudinot, of Elizabethtown, and Jonathan D. Sergeant, of Philadelphia, all eminent counsellors, were employed to defend the accused. The plaintiffs, being non-residents, were obliged to enter security for the costs, which being neglected, a judgment was entered against them in 1776. Soon afterwards, in July, the new constitution was adopted. This instrument displaced the royal judges and their places were filled by Whigs. There were no further proceedings on either side.

"Dr. Ebenezer Elmer, who was one of the disguised men, entered in his journal, under date of May 25, 1775, this concise record of the tea party:

'Came up to the Bridge just before court time. Judge Smith (Smyth) gave very large charge to the grand jury concerning the times and the burning of the tea the fall before, but the jury came in without doing anything, and the court broke up.'

"Nearly four months later, on September 7th, he wrote:

'Expected as Sheriff Bowen had got a jury of Tories, we should be indicted for burning the tea and taking Wheaton, but they could not make it out.'

"By 'Wheaton' the diarist meant a man of that name who had been arrested by order of the committee of safety as a dangerous Tory, but nothing appearing against him, he was discharged. The charge of the judge at the next term of court, in 1776, fell upon dull ears. The new Whig sheriff, Joel Fithian, had taken the precaution to summon a Whig grand jury, the foreman of which was Daniel Elmer. The answer of the grand jury to the judge's charge was characteristic of the Whig feeling at that time: 'We refuse to indict because the accused are Whigs, while the accusers are Tories.' "

* * * *

By the time Grandfather had finished his story of the tea party we had passed through Roadstown and were nearing Shiloh, a community of Seventh Day Baptists,

whose history goes back to 1736. The old man explained that the original church organization was an offshoot from the regular Baptist church at Cedarville, whose dissatisfied members, on meeting days, crossed the Cohansey a mile above Greenwich. "That's how it got the name of Baptist Crossing," said he. "Some years later," he added, "there was a split in the church at Roadstown, which resulted in the expulsion of a deacon named Brooks, who had engaged in a bitter controversy with Jonathan Bowen, involving the daughter of the pastor, Mr. Kelsey, who had married a son of Bowen, also named Jonathan. Following his expulsion Deacon Brooks issued a pamphlet, entitled, 'A Plowman's Complaint against a Clergyman,' in which he showed his bad temper and also exposed the prevalent habit of over-indulgence in strong drink on the part of church members. Previous to the publication of the pamphlet, Mr. Kelsey had preached a sermon, taking for his text two verses from the last chapter of Romans: 'I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them, for they that are such serve not our Lord, but their own belly.' Naturally, this sermon angered Deacon Brooks. He proclaimed, as he left the church, and repeated the words in his pamphlet: 'Better preach Christ crucified and not Jonty Bowen crucified.' "

* * * *

Roadstown, the scene of this bitter church quarrel, is now the centre of a fertile farming district and of faithful church people. At one time it was the second place of importance in the county, Greenwich being first. That was before Cohansey Bridge was changed to Bridgetown and made the county seat. Bowentown, three miles south, got its name from the family whose domestic affairs figured in the church scandal. In pre-revolutionary days Roadstown was called Kingstown, but the sturdy patriots rejected the name even before they rejected the yoke of England. Later on a man named Annanias Sayre

settled at the cross roads and the neighborhood was called Sayre's Corners. Subsequently, it was changed to Roadstown, though for what reason Grandfather did not explain.

* * * *

The Annalist: "Referring to the telegraph—if Alfred Vail devised the dot and dash signals—the magnetic cracks, as Judge Elmer called them—Morse must have been an imitator."

Grandfather: "Many great men have been imitators. Mirabeau, one of the greatest of French writers, took the thoughts of others and dressed them in the choicest diction. Stevenson confessed himself a 'slavish imitator' and the early writings of William Cullen Bryant were imitations of Wordsworth. Keats of England borrowed from Freneau of New Jersey. Fulton copied the designs and ideas of Fitch and the Wrights happened to be the first to accomplish actual flight, after a long process of development by others. Bell improved on the discovery of Elisha Gray for transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically. At the Centennial Exhibition, on June 25, 1876, in the presence of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, Sir William Thompson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, and others, Professor Elisha Gray exhibited for the first time his 'harmonic multiple telegraph,' lately invented. Alexander G. Bell, who was present, asked permission to exhibit, also, his scientific toy, afterwards known as the telephone. Sir William Thompson spoke Hamlet's soliloquy into the telephone. At the other end of the wire was Professor Gray, and he heard the prophetic words, 'to be or not to be.' For him it was not to be, as the courts afterwards awarded the invention to Bell, at which time Gray, through his counsel, made the formal admission that 'Bell was the first inventor of the telephone.' For making this admission Gray was paid the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Bell would not have paid that large amount if he had believed himself an originator. The man who claims to have a completely original mind may be set down as a crackpot."

LX.

"FOR THE LAW, SYKES"

"HOW many inches in a foot?" asked Grandfather. We were then in Sykesville, Burlington County, having left Mount Holly at one o'clock—returning to Atlantic City by way of Lakewood and Toms River. Five miles or more from Mount Holly we passed through Jobstown. Grandfather said the neighborhood was settled in the latter part of the seventeenth century and that David and John Brainerd left their impress upon the white settlers, as well as the Indians, to whose cause they devoted a considerable part of their time in New Jersey. David Brainerd had a mission at Crosswicks, from which sprang a number of churches still existent.

"Fifty years or so ago," said he, "two brothers, John and Thomas Black, laid the foundation for the now famous Jersey Black Giant breed of poultry. Indian Hill Farm, the old Black homestead, is a mile or so out of Jobstown. A quarter of a century ago the wealthy tobacco manufacturer, Pierre Lorillard, built up a beautiful estate on the edge of Jobstown. Sometime ago it was purchased by a man named Sinclair, who has figured in the newspapers lately in connection with oil scandals, particularly in the lease of the Tea Pot Dome wells in Montana, owned by the government, to Sinclair and others, on terms that were disadvantageous to the government and immensely profitable to Sinclair. In Lorillard's day there were great stables at Jobstown, where racing horses were bred."

These things Grandfather explained as we approached Sykesville.

"How many inches in a foot?" he repeated. "In other words, what is a foot? The Century Dictionary vaguely defines it as a 'unit of length.' Webster says it is

equal to twelve thirty-ninths, plus, of the beat of the pendulum in the City Hall of New York. 'Tis, eh? Well, in the matter of a foot, then, Sykesville has the bulge on New York. It's a good story, and it's all true, too."

"The ancients and the moderns used to say a foot represented the average length of man's pedal extremity," suggested the Annalist, wishing to appear 'accurate.'

"Yes, and that average varied from ten to thirteen of our inches," said he. "That's how Sykesville comes in for a big share of the credit of defining a foot. Back in 1836, Joe Hulme and John Emley, executors of Dr. Charles E. Patterson, were about to convey a farm in Sykesville, owned by the estate. It was afterwards long known as the Godell farm. There was a dispute as to acreage, and both parties agreed to refer the matter to George Sykes and Job Irick, surveyors. This town, you know, was named after the Sykes family. George Sykes was a Quaker and a Democrat. He represented the district in Congress between 1843 and 1847. Sykes and Irick met on the premises and when they compared their half chains, before making the survey, they found them of different lengths, though each believed his to be thirty-three feet long. Then arose the question, what is a foot? As a result, Hulme, also a surveyor, consulted a man in Trenton, who owned what was regarded as a standard foot measure, but this proved to be only a piece of metal, which the owner said was 'accurate,' but he had no authority.

"Determined to have the matter settled, Sykes saw the sealer of weights and measures in Philadelphia, who proved to be a carpenter by trade, and his standard was a common carpenter's rule. By this time the matter had become interesting. Our three Jerseymen, Sykes, Irick and Hulme, discovered that there was no legally authorized standard of measure in New Jersey or any other State. The matter was then brought to the attention of our United States Senator, Garret D. Wall, through whose instrumentality Congress passed a resolution, on June 14,

1836, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause a complete set of weights and measures to be adopted as standards and delivered to the Governor of each State, to the end that a uniform standard of weights and measures be established. Ten years later, on March 20, 1846, our own Legislature enacted that this standard, which really had its inception here in Sykesville, should be certified to the boards of freeholders; also that each county should provide such a standard and deposit the same with the County Clerk."

"Good for Sykesville!" interjected the Annalist.

"Yes," said the old man, "and if any one should ask, 'Where's Sykesville?' just say it's where Uncle Sam got the first hint of an answer to the question: 'What is a foot?' "

* * * *

"What is a quart?" queried the Annalist, countering the old man's question concerning the foot; having in mind, also, the experience of a Jerseyman, motoring in Canada, whose tank overflowed when, being without gas, he purchased twelve gallons (forty-eight quarts) which under like circumstances caused no spill in New Jersey.

"In Canada," said Grandfather, "a quart of whiskey or a quart of gasoline or a quart of water has more volume —weighs more—than a quart in the States. They sell whiskey and gasoline in Canada by the new English standard. We adhere to the old English standard. In the time of Henry VIII an English wine gallon was standardized at 231 cubic inches—that is, twelve gallons to one hundred pounds of water. The old English gallon was adopted by the colonies and is still the standard in the United States, but in 1824—one hundred years ago—the British Parliament substituted a new gallon of ten pounds of water for the old English wine gallon. Consequently, in Canada, when a man buys ten gallons of gasoline—that is, one hundred pounds—he gets as much of the liquid as he gets when he buys twelve gallons (one hundred pounds) in New Jersey or anywhere else in the

States, and if he orders twelve gallons, thinking it will just fill his twelve-gallon tank, there is going to be a spill of twenty pounds. If he wants twelve gallons, New Jersey standard, he should buy only ten gallons in Canada. He may bring his Canadian gas into the States without fear of interference by the supervisor of weights and measures, but if he brings a gallon, or a quart, or even a pint of alcoholic liquor, barred by the Eighteenth Amendment, he will fall afoul of the prohibition enforcement agent and be jailed—perhaps. I say 'perhaps' because there are exceptions. With some of the law-enforcing agents lucre talks louder than law. As a rule, however, it does not matter whether he measures his flask by the standard of 1824 or that of Henry VIII. The law is no respector of weights and measures."

Taking a leaf from the journal, the old man wrote as follows:

Canada—12 gallons rye equals 120 pounds
States —12 gallons ditto 100 pounds
Canada—1 quart O. B. J. equals 2 1/2 pounds
States —1 quart ditto = 2 1/12 pounds

Passing the sheet to the Annalist, he said, dryly:

"The ditto is just as dangerous as the rye. With it, you'll land in jail; without it, you'll land in Jersey. O. B. J. means O, be Joyful. Its abuse brings sorrow—not joy."

"In the matter of gallons, ten pounds is better than twelve," suggested the Annalist. "It is a step toward the metric system. Since we have ten cents to the dime and ten dimes to the dollar, why not go farther and have ten pounds to a gallon and ten inches to a foot?"

"Just so," said he. "All the civilized countries of the world, excepting the United States and Great Britain, have come to the metric system, and even the English colonies have adopted our decimal system in money transactions. Every child knows the relation of cents and dimes, but he has to commit to memory the relation of the foot to a rod, a yard to a mile, a gill to a gallon, a

tierce to a hogshead or a grain to the variable ounce. One can go from China to Peru, or from Norway to Japan and have no trouble in understanding the metric values."

* * * *

"There's another story about George Sykes," said Grandfather—"one that is worth printing in your journal. Barclay White, of Mount Holly, father of Daniel S. White, of the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City, was an intimate friend of Sykes, who in turn, was an intimate friend of Commodore Robert F. Stockton, the Jerseyman who captured California from the Mexicans, in 1846, in much the same way Uncle Sam captured Porto Rico from the Spaniards in 1898. Two years before Stockton's great adventure on the Pacific Coast, Sykes was one of his guests at the trial of the new naval gun, the Peacemaker. This new sea monster had been placed at the bow of the Princeton and carefully inspected before she left New York. In the Potomac, two miles below Alexandria, on February 28, 1844, at a quarter past four, while a large number of guests, including ladies, were gathered on the decks of the Princeton, awaiting the test, Congressman Sykes felt the evening chill and went inside to get his surtout. When he returned he found that David Gardner, of Long Island, had taken his place near Stockton. Sykes afterwards said to his friend, Barclay White: 'The Commodore stood within two feet of the Peacemaker, his left foot resting on its carriage.'

"When the gun was fired, there was an explosion. The carriage was broken into fragments and Secretary of State Upshur, Secretary of Navy Gilmer, Commodore Kennan, and two of the guests, Marcy and Gardner, were killed. Stockton had a contusion of the leg and the hair was burned off his head. George Sykes found a piece of iron in his coat, from which all but one of the buttons had been blown. Had he resumed his seat, on returning from the cabin, he would have been killed."

It was at this point in the story that Grandfather reached into his wallet and brought out an old letter,

written by Sykes to his friend, Barclay White. From this he read:

"Secretary Gilmer and myself were standing together at the time of the second discharge. We concluded to count the number of times the ball struck the water and glanced before it sank. We each counted seven times distinctly and thought it might have been once or twice more. Several of the company said they had counted fifteen or sixteen ricochet of the first ball fired. The third discharge occurred immediately after the guests had left the dining room. On returning to the deck, after getting my surtout, I found President Tyler still in conversation at the cabin steps. As I was passing some one in the cabin commenced an old time song. The President observed: 'When I was a young man that was one of the most popular songs in Virginia and as I have not heard it for twenty years I prefer returning to the cabin to hear that song, instead of seeing the gun fired again.' Fortunately, a large number of the guests followed his example, so that when the third gun was fired not more than one hundred persons were on the deck. I took my station on a forty-two pounder, a little behind the others, to have a better opportunity of seeing the ball strike the water. I did this on returning and finding my earlier position taken by Mr. Gardner. The report was not so loud as the previous discharges, and the greater part of the smoke escaped on the deck, completely enveloping it for some moments. My attention was directed to an object two or three miles up the river. I saw a ball strike the water and sink. I thought it strange that it should glance only once. My attention was next arrested by something falling on the water, near the vessel, which at first I supposed was a piece of wadding, but from subsequent circumstances I am now satisfied it was a fragment of the gun. It went over the larboard side and as it fell into the river I observed ten or a dozen hats and various pieces of canvas floating on the water, at which I was surprised, being then unaware that the gun had burst. Just then some one exclaimed: 'The gun has burst and about twenty people are killed.' On turning my eyes I was astonished to find that every man between me and the gun was lying prostrate on the deck and about thirty or forty men heaped around the gun, either killed, wounded or stunned by the explosion. I thought at first that every one was killed and that I alone, at that particular point, was left alive. A solemn death-like and awful silence prevailed at the moment. There was neither sigh, groan or shriek. Next moment I caught sight of Secretary Upshur, Secretary Gilmer and David Gardner, lying dead, almost by my side. They had been struck down by a fragment of the gun, weighing between one and two tons."

* * * *

The Annalist: "So a Jerseyman, George Sykes, of Sykesville, really gave us the law defining a foot—am I right?"

Grandfather: "Yes, for the sake of truth and for the sake of Sykes, I say you're right about the law. For the law, Sykes!"

LXI.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER'S SCANDALOUS DOINGS

LEAVING Atlantic City on the morning of July 1st, we crossed to the mainland on the upper or Lincoln Boulevard to Absecon and proceeded thence northward toward the Mullica, "Pippin" traveling at a lively clip and Grandfather in no wise unmindful of his responsibility as shofer. Crossing the river at Chestnut Neck, we were soon in New Gretna, whence we continued on the State road to Tuckerton. Here we turned south and covered about ten miles over winding dirt roads until we came to the extreme eastern point on the north side of the Mullica or Little Egg Harbor river.

The old man chose this out-of-the-way spot as the best means of indicating the starting point of a line that once marked the division of New Jersey into two provinces. True, said he, the exact beginning point disappeared many years ago, due to the closing of one inlet and the opening of another by shifting sands. Choosing a comfortable spot beneath a weather-beaten and wind-defiant cedar, he told the story of Fannie Wright and the man whom Fortune spited.

"In describing a visit to the home of Joseph Bonaparte," said he, "Frances Wright, an English woman of prominence in her day—Fannie Wright, as we called her —once wrote to a friend in London: 'Some days since, joined by the friends in whose house we were inmates, we filled a carriage and light waggon, struck across Pennsylvania to the Delaware, and took boat to Bordentown, on the Jersey shore. A friend of our polite Philadelphia acquaintance joined our party at Bordentown and we walked forward to the residence of the ex-king. Bon-

aparte came to us from his workmen in an old coat, from which he had barely shaken off the mortar, and—a sign of the true gentleman—made no apologies. His air, figure and address have the character of the English country gentleman—open, unaffected and independent, with perhaps more mildness and suavity. His face is fine and bears so close a resemblance to that of his more distinguished brother that it was difficult for us at first glance to decide which of the busts in the apartment was of him and which of Napoleon. The expression of the one, however, is more benignant; it is indeed exceedingly pleasing, and prepares you for the amiable sentiments which appear in his discourse. When I observed upon the amusement he seemed to find in beautifying his villa, he replied that he was happier in it than he had ever found himself in more bustling scenes. He gathered a wild-flower, and, in presenting it to me, carelessly drew a comparison between its minute beauties and the pleasures of private life; contrasting those of ambition and power with the more gaudy flowers of the parterre, which look better at a distance than upon a nearer approach. Understanding that I was a foreigner, he hoped that I was as much pleased with the country as he was; observed that it was a country for the many and not for the few; which gave freedom to all and power to none; in which happiness might better be found than in any other, and in which he was well pleased that his lot was now cast.'

"Mind you, I am repeating the words of an Englishwoman, writing of a Frenchman domiciled in New Jersey. She adds: 'I left Joseph Bonaparte satisfied that nature had formed him for the character he now wears, and that Fortune had rather spited him in making him the brother of the ambitious Napoleon.'"

From the delights of private life, Grandfather turned to the merits of public service. He said:

"It is the law of life that men, like the fig tree in the parable, are judged by their fruits, and nowhere do the fruits of honest, earnest, sincere, unselfish endeavor find

RICHARD SOMERS MANSION, SOMERS POINT

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sounder recognition than in public service—doing something for the welfare of the people. Let any public servant devote himself to his task with single-minded determination, let him determine that he will be loyal to the people whom he represents, and he will not have to wait for history's verdict."

* * * *

"Pardon me, Grandfather, but when we left Atlantic City you promised a story of queer doings by Diedrich Knickerbocker; instead, you are moralizing on the doings of men in the public service. You are a good story-teller, Grandfather."

"So?" said he, quizzically. "Is that a rap or a pat? No matter; I'll tell the story. It's about a big land grab—Knicky's second offence as a grabber."

Grabber! Opprobrious name! Tell it to his shame!"

"It was a scandalous thing for Knicky to do, but I was helpless when he began handing out bribes. Most likely, George III had a finger in that pie. Walpole says all men have their price—even kings."

"Let's have the story."

"It begins in 1676. By the signing of the quintripartite deed in that year Sir George Carteret took over a section of New Jersey thereafter called East Jersey, while Penn and others took over the territory thereafter called West Jersey. The line of partition created by that deed extended from a point close to where we are now seated to latitude 41 degrees and 40 minutes on the most northerly branch of the Delaware, about five miles northwest of Monticello, New York.

"The same northern starting point is mentioned in the original deed of the Duke of York to Carteret and Berkeley. Both deeds extended the northwestern corner of New Jersey far beyond Port Jervis, to a point where the 'most northerly branch of the Delaware intersects latitude 41 degrees and 40 minutes.'

"The confirmation of the Duke of York to Berkeley, in 1680, and his further confirmation to the twenty-four

East Jersey Proprietors, in 1682, recognized this northern boundary. During the succeeding thirty or forty years there was considerable uneasiness among the inhabitants of New Jersey and New York, on account of disputed province lines. Finally the New Jersey Legislature passed an act, in 1719, recognizing the lines given in the quintripartite deed. They also prescribed that a straight line from the most northerly point in New Jersey, on the 'northernmost branch of the Delaware' to the most southerly point of beach on the Little Egg Harbor should be the dividing line between East and West Jersey.

"Pursuant to that act and another act to establish the boundary line between New York and New Jersey, Governor Hunter commissioned John Johnstone and William Willocks, of East Jersey, Joseph Kirkbride and John Reading, of West Jersey, and James Alexander, Surveyor-General, with commissioners from New York, to determine, in conjunction, which stream is the most northerly branch of the Delaware, and also the place on such branch that lies in latitude 41 degrees and 40 minutes. The five representatives of New Jersey, in connection with three from New York, after designating the 'Fishkill branch' and fixing the point of latitude at certain lowlands in the Indian town of Cosheghton, on the east side of the river, executed an indenture tripartite (New York, East Jersey and West Jersey) certifying the facts as I have just stated.

"Nevertheless, the division line between New York and New Jersey remained unsettled. There were violent pretentions and demonstrations on the part of people living near the lines of the two provinces, which resulted in the interposition of the respective Legislatures and the passage of acts by both bodies, in 1764, referring the subject to the King. Accordingly, George III appointed seven commissioners, who, at a meeting in New York, on July 18, 1769, determined that the boundary should be a straight and direct line—not from the original station point in latitude 41 degrees 40 minutes, as set forth in the conveyance of the Duke of York to Berkeley and Carteret

and as fixed by the commission of 1719, but from the mouth of the Machackamack at its junction with the Delaware, in latitude 41 degrees 21 minutes 37 seconds, and from that point to latitude 41 degrees on the Hudson.

"By this change valuable lands in New Jersey were unjustly annexed to New York. The unfairness of this award can be explained only on the ground of corrupt influence. The commissioners were all crown officers and by their award took from New Jersey large tracts of land and gave them to New York, to be granted by Diedrich Knickerbocker at his pleasure. If the truth were known, undoubtedly some of those confiscated lands eventually reached the commissioners or those disposed to pay generously for ill gotten gains.

"Color is given to this statement by subsequent action on the part of the West Jersey Proprietors in October, 1782. They vainly petitioned the Legislature, then assembled, for a recompense in value of lands from the general stock of the eastern proprietors, for which purpose they 'understood and believed and, it is generally known' that certain lands belonging to the general stock of the eastern proprietors were particularly allotted as an equivalent for the loss of New Jersey lands.

"The station point being shifted eastward and southward of the original point, and the eastern proprietors acquiescing, it is presumptive evidence that their injured feelings, occasioned by the loss of so much land, were salved by a generous gift of stock, known on the books of the East Jersey Proprietors as Ramapoch Stock—signifying certain possessions pertaining to the region through which runs the river now known as Ramapo, with all its valuable water powers.

"The confiscated territory is triangular, having one angle at Port Jervis, another at a point slightly northwest of Monticello, and another near Tappan on the Hudson, within which are populous communities, including Suffern, Tuxedo and Warwick. This tract has been computed to contain over two hundred thousand acres, all of which

rightfully belongs to New Jersey. Personal interests prevailed. Roosevelt's doctrine of the square deal was unknown in those days. As a well-known New Yorker said, many years afterwards: 'The public be damned!' "

* * * *

The Annalist: "Perhaps the New Yorker was right. Public service is like giving one's best and getting little in return. James Whitcomb Riley says: 'He who does his best gets more kicks than all the rest.' "

Grandfather: "Riley lived in Indiana, whose best asset smacks of New Jersey. In Indiana you'll find the towns of Princeton, Bridgeton, Millville, Woodbury, Trenton, Camden, Elizabeth, Orange and Newark—all of Jersey production. The average Hoosier is erratic. He smells the boiling pitch of hell and mistakes it for the perfume of heavenly flowers. A former Governor of Indiana is now smelling pitch in the penitentiary at Atlanta. In his 'Recollections,' now completed and in course of serial publication, the late Vice-President Marshall says: 'There is, or was, in a graveyard in Southern Indiana a tombstone that contained this inscription: "Here lies the enemy of the public school system in Indiana." Mr. Marshall adds: 'A corn-fed Hoosier philosopher once said: "When you make scholars out of school children, school is out." Riley may be right about the kicks, but a public servant, my Son, cannot compromise with wrong. The right thing to do is always the best thing to do. To every man in the public service honest endeavor brings grateful appreciation—and sometimes a lean old age."

LXII.

FIVE FORKS AND THE BANQUET HALL DESERTED

"ON the Burlington County side of the Mullica," said Grandfather, "is Batsto. It is off the line of travel in these days, but time was when it was a place of much importance. The presiding genius in its best days was Jesse Richards. He was by far the richest and most noted man south of Trenton. He had window and hollow ware glass factories and an iron foundry, famous for its products. The iron was made from bog ore dug on the Richards estate, and the wood fuel for factory and furnace was cut on adjacent lands, owned by Mr. Richards. The manufactured products were marketed by water in ships built in his own yards and out of timber cut on his own lands.

"Long before his day, however, even before the Revolution, there was an iron furnace at the Forks of the Mullica. By 'the Forks' is meant the region of old Eyren Haven where five streams converge and form the Mullica, whose harbor figured largely in the early history of New Jersey. There were really five forks, though they did not meet at one common point, any more than the four fingers and one thumb on your hand meet in the middle of your palm. The names of these converging streams, as I have them in the nomenclature of New Jersey, are Batsto, Atsion, Machesautauxen, Nescochague and Yacomanshag. The last named is a creek that joins the Nescochague near Pleasant Mills. It got that name from an Indian tribe living in the neighborhood of the present town of Hammonton. The other forks have Indian names."

These facts the Annalist noted in his journal as Grandfather headed Pippin for Pleasant Mills, after turning off the main highway at Elwood.

It was January 24th—afternoon of the day in 1925 when there was a total eclipse of the sun, visible in the northern part of the United States, and in "totality," as the newspapers said, in the counties of New Jersey contiguous to New York. South Jersey was darkened when the moon came between earth and sun, at about nine o'clock in the morning, and thousands of eyes looked skyward through bits of smoked glass. Grandfather remarked that the day of the eclipse was the anniversary of the discovery of gold in California, in 1848, by a Jerseyman, James Marshall, and as further proof of his readiness with dates he recalled the fact that on January 24, 1857, the weather throughout New Jersey was excessively cold, the thermometer in some places registering thirteen degrees below zero.

"There'll be another eclipse, visible in New Jersey, in about two hundred years," said he. "By that time you'll be long dead and forgotten, but I'll be here to see another eclipse, regardless of the weather. It's a cold day when Jersey gets left on anything worth seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting or smelling—be it an eclipse or an earthquake, dollars, doughnuts, dahlias or dolphins."

Pippin had not yet crossed the bridge; consequently, as we traveled northward from Elwood, stopping on our way to greet Hon. William A. Blair at his commodious Elwood home—traveled "nor' by east," as Grandfather expressed it, we were still in Atlantic County. The old man likes to use, occasionally, such nautical expressions as "nor' by east," "so' by so' west." Most likely, his sailor lingo at this particular time was suggested by the fact that the town of Elwood was originally known as Sailor Boy. A number of sailors, he explained, were shipwrecked on Absecon Beach, in 1750, and seeing no hope of saving their vessel, the "York," they started to walk to Philadelphia. They got as far as a point about midway between

the headwaters of Indian Cabin and Yacomanshag creeks. Finding it "a pleasant place to fall in with," they formed a camp, which they called "Sailor Boy." They had brought with them a supply of rum, rescued from the ship's cargo, which they proceeded to imbibe so freely that they were soon "half seas over." The quoted words are not slang—so Grandfather said—but are taken from a classic English poem on matrimony:

"Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning,
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over."

After the sailors had left the neighborhood, some one set up a tavern and felicitously called it the Sailor Boy. For years, said Grandfather, the tavern sign was the figure of a sailor hewn from a piece of wood.

Approaching the paper mill at Pleasant Mills, after a delightful ride over a good road, the old man eased up on the gas. He proceeded slowly and stopped abreast of the pond. Dismounting—he prefers that word to alighting—he walked leisurely, cane in hand, toward the spacious verandah of the old Kate Aylesford mansion. By cane, of course, is meant the crooked stick that was once a limb on the ancient oak in Salem. It was presented to Grandfather in 1878 by a leading citizen of Salem, Jonathan Ingham, father of George T. Ingham, once an Atlantic City lawyer.

Fortunately, the owner of the old homestead at Pleasant Mills, Mr. McKeone, was at home. Likewise, his two daughters. Usually, the family, spends midwinter in Philadelphia or Atlantic City. As he entered the living room, Grandfather broke into rhyme:

"Wood fire in the open grate,
Morning, noon, or evening late;
Music in the crackling flames—
Daughters wise as clever dames."

At that moment, even while he was uttering his salutation to host and hostess, two other old-timers, or rather

the sons of old timers, entered at the farther end of the room. Evidently, they had been enjoying the prospect from the side verandah—a sweep of the lake, whence comes the power for the paper mill.

The newcomers were Vice Chancellor Robert H. Ingersoll, a native of May's Landing—a man of eminence —and Hubert Somers, scion of one of the oldest and best families in New Jersey. The Vice Chancellor finds diversion in visiting the haunts of his boyhood and Mr. Somers is studious of the lore of South Jersey. Presently, the four cronies—Grandfather, Mr. McKeone, the Vice Chancellor and Mr. Somers—were gathered in front of the fire place. They chatted long and laughed heartily as the old man recalled incidents in the love-making of Major Gordon and Kate Aylesford.

"Within the walls of this old building," said he, "there was much cooing and kissing, sparking and I guess some spatting, when the major paid court to Kate."

Grandfather knew, because, as he said, "I was there." At that time he was only 114 years old. Now he is a century and a half older. If years alone are considered, the dignified master of the house, the learned Vice Chancellor and the studious man of large affairs in Atlantic City are as little children beside Grandfather. Yet, there they sat, four cronies before the fireplace—the old man as young as the youngest.

Grandfather said he enjoyed the confidence of the troops at the time they were stationed at the Forks in 1778. The real major—not the one in the story—was attached to the staff of Colonel Thomas Proctor. The lover in the story, of course, is a figment of the author's imagination, Charles J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, a grandson of Lawrence Peterson, leading citizen of Batsto when it was a community of importance in South Jersey.

The time passed rapidly—too rapidly, indeed, for Grandfather, who loves to meet men of intelligence and refinement; reminiscent men; hospitable men; patriotic men. A hasty good-bye, an affectionate grasp of Pippin,

a pushing of the button—then we were off. We passed over the bridge into Burlington County and were in Batsto almost—borrowing Grandfather's words—almost as soon as he could say "Jack Robinson."

"Batsto," said he, "is now unknown outside of its own neighborhood. It is a relic of other days. The spacious grounds and imposing mansions are reminders of the time when Jesse Richards ruled his heritage to his own profit and honor."

Pointing westward, the old man said: "Eight miles, as the crow flies is Hammonton, and every foot of the road is historic ground. The aboriginal owners were the Yacomanshags. At old Hammonton, otherwise the lower end of the lake, we will see, on our way to Hammonton, the old Coffin property, where a glass factory was once located. There we will see, also, a road once the overland thoroughfare from Philadelphia to the sea, over which dwellers on the coast made their tedious journey to Philadelphia. It is now known as White Horse Pike. Originally, a considerable portion of this highway was an Indian trail. Another trail started at a point near Eric Mullica's plantation. It crossed the river at Batsto and joined the other trail just below the present town of Winslow. The red men frequently passed over these trails in their jaunts afoot to and from Absegami."

From Indians the old man turned to iron. "After the decadence of the glass and iron works at the Five Forks the only industry that enlivened the neighborhood was a modern saw mill and an old grist mill revamped. Then came the paper mill at Pleasant Mills. Of the old glass factories, the only thing that remains is the revolving table of the flattening oven. All signs of the iron foundry disappeared many years ago and an artificial pond covers the spot where cannon balls were cast for the Revolutionary soldiers. Excepting the paper mill, the only industry in the neighborhood is farming. Figuratively speaking, swords and spears have been converted into ploughshares and pruning hooks.

"The old manor house, you will notice"—we were then at ease near the grove—"is beautifully situated on a bluff. It is tree-embowered and commands a view of the Mullica and Atsion rivers. This manor house is the one conspicuous reminder of the glory of other days, when the elder Richards lived in princely style and dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. It has undergone changes since that day, the hand of the improver having covered with stucco the stone walls of the early proprietor. He also extended the tower to a height of 116 feet and made many interior alterations. The house is very large, containing thirty-six rooms, with a number of bath rooms and running water in every bed room. In Jesse Richards day, remember, there were no bath tubs in any homes—not even in the White House. On the fourth floor, instead of a banqueting hall, there is now a large billiard room. From the verandah one can see the old carp pond. It replaced the iron works of earlier days.

"In the grove"—with his stick the old man pointed toward the trees—"are buttonwoods and specimens of almost every kind of tree that flourishes in this soil and climate. The grove merges into a park of native oaks.

"The mansion and all its belongings is now owned by the estate of Joseph Wharton. He was a wealthy Philadelphian, who purchased the property at a master's sale in 1876. After the purchase he spent over forty thousand dollars in improvements. The estate of Mr. Wharton, in his day, comprised 110,000 acres in the counties of Burlington and Atlantic, most of which is now practically unproductive. At the beginning of the World War a considerable tract near Elwood, about five thousand acres, was sold to the Government. Uncle Sam erected there the Amatol Arsenal, now dismantled.

"During his lifetime Mr. Wharton occasionally visited the Forks. To the man of means, seeking retirement, where he might enjoy the luxury of a prince and the seclusion of a recluse, the manor house was ideal. It is

now an oasis of romantic loveliness; an Eden surrounded by stunted timber, unkempt fields and marshy places.

* * * *

"The history of the iron works about Five Forks begins in 1766, when Charles Read started a forge or bloomery. Some years later this forge became the property of Joseph Ball, of Philadelphia, whose nephew, William Richards, was appointed manager in 1784. Ball died young and the property was inherited by Richards, who conducted the business successfully until his death in 1823, when control of the works passed to the son, Jesse Richards.

"With the opening of the ore mines in Pennsylvania, the iron industry at Five Forks waned and died. The works at Batsto were abandoned about 1850. Many of the old buildings were burned in 1874, when a spark from the chimney of William Stewart, manager of the estate, set fire to his house. In 1915 Mr. Wharton offered his entire estate to the State of New Jersey, for water conservation, but the proposition was rejected at the polls by a vote of 103,456 'for' to 123,995 'against.' Even Burlington and Atlantic Counties negatived the proposition—one by a vote of 3259 and the other by 479. Strange to say, Essex, Hudson and Passaic voted for the measure. All the other counties went against it. The price named in the bill providing for the purchase was one million dollars. Had the owner asked less money, the result would have been different. The original purchase price, plus improvements, was one-tenth of a million."

* * * *

"The extent and importance of the industry at Five Forks in Revolutionary days is best told by a few advertisements from the newspapers of that day."

Reaching into his wallet, the old man brought out clippings, three of which he submitted as an indication

of what was going on in a neighborhood of which he said —quoting the sweet singer of Ireland:

"Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

One of the advertisements, of which the Annalist made a copy, was from the Pennsylvania Journal of May 8, 1776. It read:

"Manufactured in West New Jersey, and to be sold either at the works or by the subscriber, in Philadelphia, a great variety of iron pots, kettles, Dutch ovens and oval fish kettles, either with or without covers, skillets of different sizes, much lighter, neater and superior in quality to any imported from Great Britain. Potash and other large kettles, from 30 to 125 gallons; sugar mill gudgeons, neatly rounded and polished at the ends; grating bars of different lengths, grist-mill rounds; weights of all sizes, from 7 lb. to 50 lb.; Fullers plates; open and closed stoves of different sizes, rag-wheel irons for saw mills; pestles and mortars; sash weights and forge hammers of the best quality. Also Batsto pig iron as usual, the quality of which is too well known to need any recommendation."

Another advertisement in the Pennsylvania Evening Post of November 14, 1776, read:

Wood cutters wanted at Batsto Furnace at the Fork of Little Egg-harbour, in West New Jersey, where sober, industrious men may make good wages by cutting pine wood at two shillings and six pence per cord, which will be given by the manager of the works or the owner in Philadelphia.

N. B. Wanted also on freight, a number of shallops to go round to Egg-harbour for iron.

"Workmen at Five Forks were exempt from military duty during the Revolution," said Grandfather, "pursuant to a law passed at Haddonfield on June 5, 1777. Colonel John Cox was the owner of iron works at Batsto and near Mount Holly. He had Government contracts, which he could not fill if his workmen were drafted into the service. According to his advertisement he needed a 'number of laborers, colliers, nailers and two or three experienced forgemen, to whom constant employment and the best wages will be given.' He also advertised that four shillings per cord would be paid for cutting pine and maple wood at Batsto. In his petition to the Legislature, asking that his workmen be exempt from military duty, he said: 'The forge and rolling mill supply to the army and navy of the United States cannon shot, camp kettles, as well as castings for the salt works,' for which reason he asked that fifty men be exempt from military duty."

* * * *

Pippin was now headed southward and as we neared the old church, dedicated in 1809—marking the site of the log meeting house erected by Elijah Clark at a much earlier period—Grandfather said:

"Atsion, at the angle of Gloucester, Atlantic and Burlington counties, like Batsto, was once famous for its bog ore furnace. As late as 1834 this furnace made eight or nine hundred tons of castings annually and the forge nearly two hundred tons of bar iron. Bar iron was the same as the pig iron of Pennsylvania. At a later date, when that State was seeking to monopolize the iron trade, a member of Congress from Philadelphia, William D Kelley, was so energetic in the business that he earned the sobriquet of Pig Iron Kelley. The works at Atsion also passed under the control of the Richards family, and with the opening of the mines in Pennsylvania they, too, passed out of existence."

Having crossed the bridge, Pippin followed the beaten road toward the McKeone homestead. Grandfather's keen

eyes discovered his three cronies standing southward of the entrance door and as he passed he released his hold on the steering wheel long enough to give them a right-hand salute, to which they responded with a "hurrah for Grandfather" with so much enthusiasm that the old man remarked: "Boys will be boys."

He took the first turn in the road, at the right, and headed Pippin toward Hammonton. "The largest deposits of bog ore in South Jersey," said he, "were found along the Mullica and its tributaries, as far down as the present site of Egg Harbor City. A hundred years before the successful operation of the works in this region, however, there were iron works in Monmouth County. Henry Leonard had migrated from Taunton, Massachusetts, where he and his brother, James, had set up the first iron works or bloomery in America in 1652. Henry Leonard settled in Monmouth County in 1676, ninety years before Charles Read established his works at Batsto.

"From ore taken from the bogs at Five Forks was produced the iron used in the construction of the cylinder for John Fitch's steamboat, operated on the Delaware on April 16, 1790. The furnace was then owned by John Drinker, son of Edward Drinker, who, as a very old man, was living in Philadelphia in Franklin's time and of whom it is related that on being asked in England to what age Philadelphians lived, Franklin replied: 'I cannot tell till Drinker dies.' "

LXIII.

NEW JERSEY AND THE FEDERAL CITY

"WASHINGTON and Madison are chargeable with the loss of the federal city to New Jersey." There was nothing harsh or resentful in the way the old man gave expression to a thought that came to him as he sat on a sofa—carved and upholstered according to the Revolutionary period—in a room on the second floor of the "Washington Headquarters" at Rocky Hill. It was the same room in which the commander-in-chief wrote his farewell address to the army. In a corner, near the old sofa, stood a flagpole and attached to the pole was a flag of Revolutionary design, having one large white star in the center of a blue field, with thirteen smaller stars encircling the one large star, typifying the union of thirteen States.

In seating himself on the sofa, Grandfather had thoughtlessly placed his cane against the flagpole, jarring it somewhat and causing a fold of the flag to drop on his shoulder. "Age before beauty," said he, apostrophizing the flag. "This is a beautiful room and that's a glorious flag, but in the matter of age, the old flag must make obeisance to my cane. That flag takes us back less than 150 years, but for the inception of my cane you must go back to the days of Columbus. It's a branch from the old oak, in Salem. No one knows the exact age of the Salem Oak, but it must have been a sapling when Columbus landed on San Salvador, over four hundred years ago. It is therefore nearly three times as old as the flag. At the time of the great tidal wave, on October 23, 1878, Jonathan Ingham, a well-known citizen of Salem, saved a branch of the old oak and had it converted into a cane, which he presented to me before his death.

"The influence of Washington and Madison prevented the selection of a site on the Delaware for the federal city. To understand the why and wherefore, we must go back to 1783. The controversy was the absorbing theme before the country at that time. Madison wrote to Randolph on October 13th, saying:

'The vicinity of the Falls is to become the future site of the Federal Government, unless a conversion of some of the Eastern States can be effected.'

"A bit of history on the subject is revealed in a letter written by Charles Thomson, secretary of the Continental Congress, to his wife, Hannah."

From the depths of his wallet the old man brought out another letter. It was dated Princeton, August 21, 1783, Congress being then in session at that place, and was addressed to Mrs. Thomson, corner of Spruce and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia.

"It had been proposed that the residence of Congress be removed to Elizabethtown, but, according to the letter, there was opposition on the ground that lodging in Elizabethtown would cost $4 a week, whereas it could be obtained for $3 a week in Princeton. Whether the high cost of living in Elizabethtown finally swayed the Congress in rejection is not disclosed, but we know that when Congress adjourned at Princeton it was to reassemble at Annapolis. This Thomson letter says:

" 'The President of Congress has not provided a house for himself, nor is it likely he will find one here to suit him. I find Elizabethtown has been talked of at his table as a proper place for the residence of Congress. He has a house there which he says has twenty rooms and which he will let for the use of the President. It is true the place is infested with mosquitoes in summer and lying low and near marshes may be liable to intermittents in the Spring and Fall, but these are trifling when it is considered that by fixing the residence of Congress there the value of his estate will be increased and he will have an opportunity of letting his house at a good rent; but yet I am inclined to believe this will be opposed by his colleagues. Mr. Condit has found a lodging in this town at three dollars, which enables him to lay up money. And there is reason to fear that at Elizabethtown, which is so near New York, it will cost at least four. This would be a clear loss of 52 dollars a year, which is no trifling consideration and which I dare say will have due weight with some

others. There are other weighty considerations which might be mentioned.'

"Congress adjourned from Princeton to Annapolis, and in December, 1783, the question was again discussed. Francis Hopkinson, of Bordentown, described the new mechanism of government as a pendulum, vibrating between Annapolis and Trenton. Such a plan, he said, was senseless. The next year John Cox and an association of citizens of New Jersey and Pennsylvania addressed a memorial to the Council, sitting at Trenton, praying that ten miles square be laid out on the Delaware River for the use of the Federal government. Dr. David Cowell, who had died in December, 1783, left one hundred pounds to Congress, if they would 'settle themselves at Lamberton.'

"The fight for location was continued when Congress resumed its meetings late in 1784. The members from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England passed a resolution voting one hundred thousand dollars for a building for the use of Congress on either side of the Delaware, not more than eight miles above or below the lower falls. Washington was bitter in his opposition. He sympathized with the Southerners and wrote from Mount Vernon to Richard Henry Lee: 'By the time your federal buildings are fit for the reception of Congress, it will be found that they are very improperly placed for the seat of the empire, and will have to undergo a second erection in a more convenient place.' To baffle Washington the Legislature of New Jersey offered to cede to the United States a district at least twenty miles square and to appropriate thirty thousand pounds toward the erection of the national buildings. This offer was conveyed to Congress in October, 1785, when the selection of a place was to be considered.

"Representative Gerry, of Massachusetts, then moved that buildings for the use of Congress be erected as soon as practicable on the banks of the Delaware, near Trenton, or on the Potomac, near Georgetown. A commit-

tee of five was appointed to view both sites and report at a future meeting of Congress. Washington, still bitterly opposed to a site on the Delaware, lost no opportunity to impress upon members of Congress and citizens generally that it would be unwise to select the Trenton site. The effect of this was to spur New Jersey to greater effort. Neither side won.

"The matter was in abeyance for several years. The Southerners thought they had secured a partial victory in having inserted in the Constitution a provision that the seat of government should not be placed in a district less than ten miles square. In ratifying the Constitution New Jersey met this challenge by passing another bill donating a tract of land ten miles square. That was in December, 1788. Nine months later, by a vote of 81 to 17, the House of Representatives passed a bill fixing the permanent capital on the Susquehanna, after rejecting the bill of Elias Boudinot for a site on 'the banks of either side of the Delaware, not more than eight miles above or below the lower falls.'

"James Madison was violent in his opposition to the Susquehanna site and he was supported by Washington. The Senate, however, passed an amendment, substituting for the Susquehanna site one on either side of the Delaware, as proposed by Boudinot in the House. When the bill was returned to the House it again received the opposition of Madison, who succeeded in getting it postponed until another session.

"Hamilton's proposal that Congress assume the payment of the State debts and the bill fixing the permanent location of the Capitol were the burning questions before the next Congress, in 1790. The members were nearly equally divided and party spirit was so warm that there was fear of a secession movement. Thomas Jefferson, who had recently returned from France, was then Secretary of State and was requested to lend his influence in composing the difficulty. The Southern States were firm in their opposition to a site in Pennsylvania or New

Jersey. Jefferson naturally favored a site on Virginia soil and he succeeded in bringing Hamilton into accord with his views. The Jefferson plan was then adopted by an overwhelming vote—only to be reconsidered and postponed indefinitely. Eventually, however, the Washington-Madison-Jefferson proposition prevailed and the federal city was located on the Potomac.

"Before the final selection of this site, however, New Jersey made another attempt to secure the prize. On December 2, 1801, the Legislature passed a resolution urging the New Jersey members of Congress to use their influence to have the seat of government transferred to Trenton. This resolution got no further than a reference in Congress.

"The attitude of President Adams toward Trenton no doubt had some weight with members of Congress. While that body was in session in Philadelphia, in 1799, the yellow fever appeared and Congress adjourned to Trenton. President Adams was reluctant to make the change, on account of the poor public accommodations in Trenton. He wrote, submissively: 'I can and will put up with my private secretary and two domestics only at the first tavern or first private house I can find.' He reached Trenton on October 10th and was honored with a display of fireworks on the following day."

* * * *

The Annalist: "Even without the aid of a federal city, New Jersey has grown to be a bigger and better State than Virginia."

Grandfather: "Territorially, it is scarcely one-third the size of Virginia, even after the lopping off of West Virginia, during the Civil War. In Revolutionary days Virginia had double the population of New Jersey and double her representation in Congress. New Jersey now has two more members of Congress than Virginia. She outranks Virginia in population, wealth and manufactures. New Jersey lost the federal city, but gained power and strength in the federation of States."

LXIV.

ROCKY DAYS AT ROCKY HILL

DURING that formative period in American history—from the closing of the Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution—New Jersey witnessed a number of smokeless battles, not the least of which was Washington's contention for justice for the soldiers. This contention culminated in the second battle of Princeton in 1783. Congress met in August of that year. Washington's presence was necessary, but nowhere in Princeton was there a house adapted to his needs. Five miles away, at Rocky Hill, was the homestead of Judge Berrian, deceased. Mrs. Berrian, the widow, placed her home at the disposal of General and Mrs. Washington, and thither they removed, with their retinue of attendants and servants, about September 1st.

The staff officers were quartered in tents on the lawn. They were all young men, sons of New England yeomen, most of them scarcely more than twenty years old. No other soldiers were encamped in the neighborhood. The dwelling house stands to-day, as it did then, on an elevation, commanding a pleasing view of the surrounding country.

The right of suffrage in the states was still limited to the holders of land, but the people generally were expecting and even demanding the abolishment of all legal distinctions between man and man. Washington was in full sympathy with the people. His first thought, however, was for the soldiers. He was impatient at the delays of Congress in consummating the victory of peace. Thomas Paine, then at Bordentown, had written in the last number of his "Crisis," those familiar words, "The times that tried men's souls are over," but he was sadly mistaken. The most trying time of all was just beginning.

The five years following the treaty of peace in 1783, says Fiske, was "the most critical moment in all the history of the American people."

Washington had declined to accept any pay for his services as commander-in-chief throughout the war, but he demanded prompt and adequate compensation to those who had borne the brunt of battle.

In a room on the second floor of the house at Rocky Hill he wrote to Congress, complaining of the awkward and disagreeable situation in which he had been placed by the tardiness of those whose duty it was to provide for the disbandment of the army. His indictment of Congress was couched in a long sentence of one hundred and six words. He said:

"Having the appearance and indeed the enjoyment of peace without a final declaration of it, I, who am only waiting for the ceremonials, or until the British forces shall have taken leave of New York, am placed in an awkward and disagreeable situation, it being my anxious desire to quit the walks of public life, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, to seek those enjoyments and that relaxation which a mind that has been constantly upon the stretch for more than eight years stand so much in need of."

Seated at a table in the centre of the room in which Washington wrote that message to Congress, Grandfather commented on its diction. "A more elegant and better way of expressing the same thought," said he, "would have been in the style of Hopkinson, of Bordentown—about like this:

'With all of the appearances yet none of the enjoyments of peace, I am waiting for the British forces to embark. Longing for rest in the quietude of my own home, an awkward and disagreeable situation keeps me in the public service. Desiring rest, I am deprived of the relaxation so much needed by one whose mind has been subjected to stress and strain continuously for more than eight years.'

Stepping to the window—lively for a man of his years—Grandfather looked out upon the verandah and then beyond, over the landscape of trees and hills and rocky places; then, turning and seeming to admire first one and then another of the furnishings, he observed:

"Of all the houses occupied by Washington during the Revolution, this house has least of strategic and romantic interest. The war was over; consequently no battles were planned here, yet here, in this room, where he wrote, in yonder room where he slept, in the rooms below where he ate and enjoyed the society of his wife, he struggled hard to subdue his own petulance and defeat the dalliance of Congress. Since 'rocky' is no longer a slang word, I may properly say they were rocky days at Rocky Hill. Washington abode here almost under protest—certainly with impatience. It was scarcely a resting place, since he said in his letter to Congress that he was looking forward to needed rest at his estate on the Potomac. Yet, this plain, old-fashioned farm house is now and always will be a place of historic interest. Patriotic hands have converted it into what it was when the great General was living here, chafing under the delays incident to the closing of the war."

Passing from the library into a bed room, in which there is the four-post bed, with its old-time patchwork quilt, beside which is the warming pan; thence into the bed room in which Washington slept—this, also, a four-poster—at the foot of which is an old-time hair or leather trunk; thence along the narrow hall, Grandfather descended to the dining room. Here are the open fire place, the square dining table and chairs of colonial design. Commenting on these, he said:

"Mrs. Washington's domestic affairs were managed with a modesty that was necessitated as well by the moderate proportions of this house as by her own dignified unostentation. This place, as you see, is merely a comfortable farmhouse; not a large manor house, like the place on the Potomac, which the first President loved so dearly. Yonder entrance door does not open into a wide hall, but directly upon a staircase, beneath which is a door leading into a closet and thence down to the cellar.

"The dining room, fairly capacious, has the old-fashioned hand-hewn woodwork, with doors hung on old-

fashioned hinges. Above, as we have seen, is the library, where Washington wrote his farewell address. That address gives to this place its distinctive claim to historic importance. The Rocky Hill Association has restored the old house to the condition in which I saw it"—this Grandfather said with a show of pride—"when Washington lived here for a season. It was in this room that we passed the loving cup and, with members of Congress, drank heartily for peace and prosperity."

Here the old man diverted.

"Speaking of the loving cup," said he, "it may not be amiss to tell you of its origin, especially as it must soon become a thing of the past, when prohibition is made effective. The loving cup originated in the time of Henry of Navarre, also known in history as Henry IV of France. While hunting he became separated from his companions and feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some of the wine was spilt and the king's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home the idea came to him that it would be well to have a two-handled cup, which would prevent a recurrence of the incident. This he had made at the royal potteries and sent to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine and to his astonishment, the maid, remembering the instructions of her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup, in presenting it to him, held both handles herself—to avoid spilling the wine. At once the happy thought struck the king of a cup with three handles, and in giving instructions to the potters, he said, quaintly: 'Surely, no maid has three hands and with three handles I shall be able to get one.' Hence, the loving cup —gone but not forgotten."

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Continuing his story of the restoration of the old homestead, Grandfather said:

"Mantlepieces, long since removed to other places, were tracked and restored to this historic building. And-

irons were pursued and brought back to their old hearthstones. The curios—many of them—are valuable examples of colonial antiques and souvenirs of Washington.

"Among the articles connected personally with Washington are the saddle bag, a cream pitcher, a pewter plate, a china mug, a chair, a pewter wash basin, in which he washed his face and hands, a bed in which he slept, a tea pot that once belonged to William Penn, Jefferson's pewter goblet, Lord Fairfax's china, Lord Stirling's harpsichord, John Randolph's lanterns, chintz curtains used by Lafayette during a trip across the sea, the sword of Cornwallis, two chairs from the Bonaparte mansion at Bordentown and a writing desk once owned by the family of John Adams.

"In the bed room there is seen the white dimity and the canopy fringe, both used a hundred years and more ago. The big brasses that support the window hangings belonged to people who, during the battle of Monmouth, secreted themselves in a cornfield. In other places are quaint specimens—a shielded candle stand, a brass case for tallow dips, a warming pan and foot warmer, samplers, brass braziers and primitive designs in woodwork, wooden buttons for door and shutter fasteners, the rude lath and mud filling in the walls of the house itself.

"In this building Washington tarried restlessly. The period between the close of hostilities and the disbanding of the army was full of discontent. On account of the war the soldiers had suffered—lost that start in life so essential to young civilians. Now they were without possessions and without business—many of them, at least—Congress dallied while the soldiers sulked. Indeed, they were ready to burst into a demonstration against the country. It had been Washington's task to keep them from breaking out into open insurrection; at the same time he hurried Congress into passing some measure for their relief. He had managed to do both these things about the time he came to Rocky Hill.

"Meantime, he had fought and won another battle; that which Plato calls the greatest of all victories—the conquest of self. The idea of a kingly government was more familiar to citizens of the United States in 1783 than that of a democratic government. Washington was urged by a strong party to look with approval on the scheme of making him a monarchial ruler. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, loved by Americans for what he had said of the battles of Trenton and Princeton—'that ten days' campaign was the most brilliant in the annals of military achievement'—the Prussian ruler had lately argued that the extent of the country, from Maine to Georgia, would suffice either to break up the union or necessitate a monarchy. Colonel Nicola, Washington's personal friend, was spokesman for the set who favored a monarchy, with Washington as king. The general's reply was unequivocal. He said: 'Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself and posterity, or respect for me, to banish those thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of like nature.'

"Thus the two and a half months at Rocky Hill had their anxieties and their conflicts. Washington rode daily to Princeton, where Congress was convened. His horse was a small roan, not yet five years old; his saddle, an old and crooked one—so crooked that it must have been uncomfortable—and the saddle cloth was deep blue, edged with buff. The seat itself was of buckskin. The five miles southward from Rocky Hill to Princeton consumed forty minutes, as the general was not a dashing young man at that time, but a sober citizen of fifty-one. He weighed 210 pounds. In fact, Washington was never a fast rider or driver, as you will readily understand from what Chief Justice Marshall once said of him. The man who afterwards became Chief Justice said he never got such a cursing in his life as when he passed Washington on a road in Virginia and left a cloud of dust in his face.

"During his stay at Rocky Hill, between attending to Congress, issuing orders for the disbandment of the army, putting down discontent among the soldiers, preparing his farewell address and declining offers of monarchy, Washington found time to sit for his portrait. William Dunlap was the artist—only eighteen years old—and he afterwards wrote: 'To breakfast and dine day after day with the General and Mrs. Washington and members of Congress, and to be noticed as a young painter, was delicious.' The Dunlap painting, unfortunately, is not included among the choice Washington portraits.

"The farewell address was written early in November. The traveling desk, the quill pen and the sand box may have figured in the writing of that address. Anyway, they are here, but it cannot be said of Washington's sand box as was said of that of Napoleon during the siege of Toulon. A cannon ball, fired from an enemy frigate, struck the top of the wall on which Napoleon was writing an order, scattering sand on his paper. Napoleon coolly remarked to his orderly: 'I won't have to use the sand box this time, anyway.'

The closing sentences in Washington's last orders are gems of patriotism, but in diction they suffer by comparison with the classic style of Lincoln. He wrote:

> "Being now about to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn and the military scene will be closed forever."

"Hopkinson or Tom Paine, both of whom were then at Bordentown, could have improved the style of that address, but Washington liked to express his own thoughts in his own way. He was then preparing to quit Rocky Hill. The family left on November 9th, at which time the

General sent the household goods and papers to Mount Vernon in the care of Captain Howe, chief-of-staff. He himself was detained until December, and on the 4th of that month met his officers at Faunce's Tavern in New York. Washington was not an emotional man, but his rigidity melted and tears coursed down his cheeks as he concluded that memorable farewell address to his comrades in arms. He said:

'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"Thereupon, the officers, one after another, some with tears in their eyes, which they could not restrain, and all with a fervor that tokened deep emotion, clasped the hand of Washington and bade him an affectionate farewell."

LXV.

WEKOLIS AND THE INDIAN MAID

ZION ROAD crosses Bargaintown mill pond a mile or so west of the Shore Road, and about two hundred feet south of the country seat of Dr. C. William Raith. One spring evening, returning from English Creek and passing a marshy place near the head of the pond, Grandfather leaned slightly out of the waggon, as if listening, and said:

"The peepers are out."

"Peepers? Who are they—newcomers?"

"Elite of the Frog-family," said he.

"Relatives of the Toads, I suppose."

"Yes; the family tree of the Frogs and Toads goes back to their progenitors, the Peepers," said Grandfather.

Further inquiry disclosed that by "peepers" he meant a species of toad living in grassy and swampy places. They are commonly called "spring peepers."

"The little fellows," said he, "have bodies scarcely an inch long. They are so small and know so well how to hide that it is very hard to find them. In some of the New Jersey swamps the salamanders or little lizards are easier to find than the peepers. That's why many country people say, when they hear the chorus of peepers in the early spring, 'The lizards are calling to-night.' "

"Are the peepers frogs or toads?" asked the Annalist.

"Both," said he.

"Is the tree toad a frog or a toad?"

"Yes and no," said he. "If by tree toad you mean the little animal of the genus *bufo,* then it is a frog—not a toad. If you mean the genus *rana* then the tree frog is a toad—not a frog. They resemble more or less both the toad and the frog. Strictly speaking, the little

tree crawler is neither toad nor frog, and toads and frogs are no longer peepers. The tree frog has a sticky pad on the toes, which make it possible to crawl around on trees and even hang on the lower side of the leaves without danger of falling. One species has the toe pads well developed. It is the genuine tree frog or tree toad. Other crawlers have small pads. They are the spring peepers.

"Gabriel Thomas, the historian of West Jersey in the time of the first English settlers, wrote of the wonderful things he had seen, including the bull frog, which he said made 'a roaring noise hardly to be distinguished from that of the beast from which it takes its name.' He also described another sort of frog that crawls up to the tops of trees, there seeming to imitate the notes of several birds. Thomas had a fertile imagination. To me, the peeping of the little frogs, as they herald the spring, is music. I also enjoy the song of the striped green frog. His song is pleasant—if one is not too near."

A week later we were in Port Republic. After passing the old Collins homestead—birthplace of Mrs. Georgiana Collins Blake and Mrs. Maria Collins Thomas, both active members of the Atlantic County Historical Society—we turned westward, instead of continuing straight ahead toward Chestnut Neck.* Soon we passed the school house, the Methodist Church, the cemetery and Excelsior Hall. Then we reached a marshy place, whence came, in deep guttural tones, the croaking of many frogs.

"How do you like it?" queried the Annalist.

"You mean the chorus, of course. Singing not so bad, if they'd stick to solos."

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* The father of Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Thomas was Richard S. Collins, long active in public affairs. He died in 1919. He was the son of John Collins, who married Elizabeth Clark, daughter of Thomas Clark, son of David and grandson of the first Thomas Clark, of Clark's, Landing, of whom mention is made in the introduction.

"Solos so low that none could hear them," suggested the Annalist. By this time we had turned the Ashley corner and, passing the home of Ralph Ashley, traveled northward on the old road to Clark's Landing on the Mullica. Our destination was Pleasant Mills and Batsto —the "Forks" of Revolutionary days and "Sweetwater" of fiction.

"Speaking of bull frogs," said Grandfather, "brings to mind the story of John Dunlevy, or Johnnie Dun, as his friends called him, an Irishman who settled in the woods near the old Eldridge sand hole, back of Williamstown, seventy-odd years ago. One night he heard the shrill song of the whip-poor-will and near by the croak of a bull frog, both new to him. He was frightened and ran to the home of his neighbor, a German named Adam Wetzel, crying: 'Be gorry, three men an' a woman are fightin' out in the woods. One of the men is a whippin' the woman an' another is a-standin' by an' tellin' him to whip-her-well, an' furder off, in the bushes, another man is a-shoutin', sympathy-like, 'moderation.' ' To this Irishman, in a strange country, the long guttural note of the frog had sounded like 'mod-e-ra-tion!'

"The Indian name for whip-poor-will, by the way, was wekolis, and thereto hangs a tale. The Lenapes regarded the appearance of the wekolis, in springtime, as an indication of corn planting time. The bird seemed to say to them: 'hackiheck—go to planting corn.' An orchid that grows in our South Jersey woods, a species of lady slipper, is called by our farmers a whip-poor-will shoe.

"The story about Johnnie Dun reminds me of a legend about an Indian chief named Wekolis and Minnequa, a maid of the forest. The story takes us back to the time of one Leonarda, a descendant of Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese discoverer, who is said to have been shipwrecked at Absegami, afterwards Absecon Beach. Leonarda and others were saved by the Indians and being kindly treated they remained at the camp some days.

On leaving, and making their way toward Manhattan, they endured hardships and exposure. At Bergen they were taken across the river to New Amsterdam and fell in with a skipper who was sailing for the Mediterranean. After a passage of eleven weeks they were landed at Barcelona, whence they made their way to Portugal. Some time afterwards the government requested Leonarda to write a narrative of his adventures. This he did, but for some reason, instead of being published, the manuscript was deposited in the archives of the bureau of navigation at Lisbon, where it was destroyed by fire, with many other public documents, about 1848. Previous to its destruction an American traveler gained access to this document. He described it as 'a sincere and plaintive, but simple story of adventure, rendered more sad than it otherwise would have been by reason of the private troubles that were weighing upon the heart of Leonarda when he wrote it.' Doubtless the writer refers to Leonarda's grief over the death of his lady love, a young woman of distinction, which is said to have occurred during his absence in America. Leonarda himself died at Oporto three years after his return to Portugal.

"The description of the beach and surrounding country, as given in the parchment, left no doubt in the mind of our American traveler that the shipwreck of Leonarda occurred at no other place than Absegami.

"About the time of this shipwreck, according to the story of Leonarda, there was an unusual commotion among the Indians encamped in the vicinity of Absegami. One of their number was Koowauhoke, brother of Wekolis, the chief, who was deeply enamored of an Indian girl named Minnequa. The girl also loved Koowauhoke and she in turn was loved by Wekolis, the chief, who wished to make her his squaw. He cruelly forbade any association between his brother and the girl. To prevent any violation of this order, Wekolis had the girl confined in his wigwam, under guard. The brother,

whom he had hitherto loved, Koowauhoke now hated, and the fire of revenge burned within him.

"One night, so the story goes, Koowauhoke and a number of his friends, after a fruitless attempt to rescue Minnequa, broke away from the camp and erected their wigwams about four miles distant, proposing to make an assault upon the camp of Wekolis at a favorable time.

"Day and night Minnequa was under guard and among the watchers was a young Indian named Waukoonaby, who had loved the captive from his childhood. He well knew that she could never be his squaw, yet he was constrained to risk his own life in an attempt to rescue her from the hands of one whom he knew she did not love. One day, during the absence of the chief, while Waukoonaby was walking with Minnequa, some distance from the camp, it was suggested that she escape with him. At first she hesitated, fearing detection and punishment for both, but at last she consented and a plan of escape was concocted.

"One stormy night everything seemed auspicious. Wekolis had left his camp at mid-day and had not yet returned. Waukoonaby persuaded his fellow guards to go to sleep, assuring them that he would keep safe watch over their charge. As soon as the others were asleep, the watchful pair crept cautiously out and fled, in the face of wind and rain, toward the camp of Koowauhoke, as they supposed. They traveled some distance and being fatigued sought shelter in a grove of cedars. Here they saw lights in the distance and believing themselves near the camp of Koowauhoke, they hastened on, hallooing for assistance. Soon two Indians approached. The maid and her companion believed they were friends. In reality, they had lost their way and were near the camp of Wekolis. The two braves recognizing the runaways seized the girl and smote the man with a tomahawk. Then they hastened back to camp with the girl and delivered her to Wekolis. It seems that on returning that night and discovering the treachery of Waukoonaby, he

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had started in pursuit and had pitched his tent, so to speak, in a new place, until daybreak.

"That day, Koowauhoke, hearing of the girl's capture, determined to attack his brother the following night. He did so and was defeated. He and his braves retired sad-hearted to their camp. Meantime, the captive maiden, saddened by the fate of Waukoonaby, grieving over the separation from Koowauhoke, and suffering, no doubt, from her exposure of the previous night, was taken sick. As she lay upon her bed of leaves in the wigwam, the chief approached, apparently to caress her. Her brow was cold; her face calm. He supposed she was dead. Instantly his heart was filled with compunction and rushing from his wigwam he fled toward the camp of his brother. Approaching the place, he cried for mercy, telling his brother he had killed Minnequa.

"Koowauhoke was much alarmed. He did not stop to upbraid his brother, but hastened to the opposing camp, desiring, if possible, to embrace the girl in death. Reaching the camp, he was overjoyed to find her alive and in deep slumber. Wekolis had supposed her dead.

"The incident served to melt the heart of the chief. Not only did he bid the girl marry the man she loved, but, if we are to believe the Portuguese chronicler, he actually restored him to favor and made him chief of the tribe. Waukoonaby, who had assisted Minnequa in her flight, did not die, though severely wounded, and returning to camp was rewarded by receiving in marriage the hand of the chief's sister."

LXVI.

ATLANTIC CITY—A VISION OF THE FUTURE

IN one of his books of travel, Count Volney says: "Who knows but that hereafter some traveler like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations. Who knows but he will sit down amid silent ruins and weep for the people whose greatness is changed into an empty name."

An Englishman, the great Walpole, when nearly sixty years old, depicted a curious traveler from Peru, in years to come, visiting England and giving a description of the ruins of St. Paul; and Macaulay, at the age of thirty-eight, tells of a traveler from New Zealand, in the midst of solitude, taking his stand on a broken arch of London bridge and sketching the ruins of St. Paul! The poet Shelley also wrote of a time when London would be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey would become shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh.

These musings by great men of the past suggest the words of the prophet: "Your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions." Longfellow is less dreamy and decidedly more interesting in his account of a pilgrimage beyond the sea, in which he tells of an odd character he met in Florence—an Englishman "with a round and good natured countenance and a nose that wore the livery of good living"—who had been in Rome without seeing St. Peter's because he had seen St. Paul's in London; who had been in Naples without visiting Mt. Vesuvius and who did not go to Pompeii because he had been told it was hardly worth seeing!

His counterpart was an American who made it a point to see everything mentioned in the guide books and who boasted of how much he could see in a day. An old aqueduct, a cathedral or an ancient ruin could be seen in an incredibly short time. The city to him was like a Chinese picture; every object was of equal importance. He saw them all and they were all wonderful.

Of course, this ubiquitous American must have extended his travels into Holland and in that country his eyes must have been quick enough to take in the Frenchman's multitude of sensations. In fact, no intelligent American who travels abroad nowadays fails to see everything in Holland; howbeit, two friends, traveling together, may get different impressions of the same places and things. Their view-points are not the same and hence they get different ideas of the same people, the same city or the same scene. What greatly interests one does not appeal to the other, and the things that are of passing interest to one will claim the closest attention of the other.

Quaint old Holland is indeed an interesting country and sight-seeing there keeps an American on the go. One of the most charming places is Scheveningen, a seaside resort near The Hague. It was Barry Cornwall who once said: "I never was on the dull, tame shore, but I loved the great sea more and more."

No one who visits the Dutch country will miss the opportunity of a trip to Scheveningen. It is not like Newport or Bar Harbor, but more like Atlantic City. Originally, it was a fishing village, but Dutch energy has developed it into a first-class watering place, with splendid hotels and a magnificent avenue leading down from The Hague. Along this boulevard are rows and rows of handsome shade trees, with a carriage and automobile drive-way on one side and an equestrian path on the other. There are foot walks on both sides and back of these is a great park dotted with beautiful villas.

Seemingly, the sand dunes have been left untouched and the town or city undulates over these original hills.

The resort has a splendid strand, equal to that of Atlantic City, excepting the famous Boardwalk. The esplanade is protected by a solid stone wall and back of this is a drive-way paved, like the streets, with hard red brick. This drive-way, between the hotels and the esplanade, is a great attraction. All of the avenues leading down to the esplanade are lined with trees and flowers, with terraced houses or mansions on either side.

Scheveningen is indeed a beautiful place, although not nearly so large as Atlantic City. The bath houses, like those of other European resorts, are on wheels.

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"When I think of Scheveningen," said Grandfather, "I think of the possibilities of Atlantic City; particularly the development of the meadow lands between the present city and the mainland; the creation of waterways and islands for home sites, linked together with bridges, a thought advanced by one of the architects of the Traymore, at the formal opening of the hotel some years ago. Ideas of that kind occur only to the man who can look ahead; the man who thinks of those who are to live after he is gone; the man of the future as well as of the present.

"The possibilities of Atlantic City, particularly in the development of the meadow lands, are not appreciated by the present generation; otherwise, the work of development would be already under way. A vision of the future reveals water ways and islands for home sites linked together, as I have said, with bridges.

"Ten years ago a writer laid before the city rulers a map and many details regarding Great Island, comprising more than 700 acres, of which the city has a deed in fee simple for 273 and adverse title to 185, overlooking Lake's Bay—an ideal site for a Marine Golf Course, convenient to the city proper. In some respects the 185 acre section of Great Island is the most desirable, yet the city has done nothing to perfect its title. The Daily Press of May 3, 1915, published a map showing sections of Great

Island belonging to Atlantic City. The ten thousand acres of land and water westward of Atlantic City will some day be converted into ideal home sites. Then the entire section, now a waste of salt marsh, will become an annex to Atlantic City, adding wealth and beauty to the resort. When these things are accomplished, Atlantic City will combine all of the attractions of Scheveningen, Brighton, Ostend and Dieppe, on the other side of the ocean, plus Miami and Newport.

"Picture, if you will, the three boulevards—one to Somers Point, one to Pleasantville and one to Absecon—intersected midway by another boulevard, two hundred feet wide, beginning at Absecon Bay and running southward, across serpentine roadways and water courses, and terminating at Lake's Bay, abreast of Great Island. Along these boulevards and serpentine roadways we see many pretentious houses and modest cottages, homes of the well-to-do and those of modest means. This vision, of course, includes another boulevard connecting the Shore Road with Brigantine, now being developed, and the recently constructed boulevard and bridge at the lower end of Brigantine.

"What can be done by the Dutch at Scheveningen can be done by Jerseymen, and nowhere so well as in Atlantic City. All it needs is breadth of vision, confidence and capital. In that resort of the future, the great hotels will be seaward of the concrete bridges spanning the thoroughfare and contiguous to the Boardwalk. With our mind's eye we see in the Greater Atlantic City everything that may be seen today at European resorts—and a great deal more. Enterprise and capital, combined with faith, can make Atlantic City the greatest of human products—the eighth wonder of the world. The resort city of the future will extend from the Strand to the Shore Road; from Great Bay to Great Egg Harbor. It will be a city of homes and hotels—beautiful for situation, joy of the whole earth. People will come here regularly from all parts of the world. You know as well as I—I have said

it many times before—one taste of Atlantic City whets the appetite for more.

"The consolidation of Absecon Island and Brigantine with the Shore Road municipalities will solve many problems, including high school facilities, adequate fire protection, water supply and sewerage service—problems which are certain to become vexatious as the smaller municipalities grow under the spell of Atlantic City."

* * * *

These things will all come to pass, but the end will not yet be. Before that day, however, an enthusiastic rhymster will sing:

Have you ever heard the story of Atlantic City's name?
I'll tell you so you'll understand from whence "Atlantic" came.
No wonder that we're proud of this fair city by the sea,
For here's the way the legend has been handed down to me:

A little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And nestled by the ocean, in a spot not far away;
And when the angels found it, it seemed so sweet and fair,
They said suppose we leave it, it looks so peaceful there;

So they sprinkled it with sunshine, just to let the people know
'Tis the surest place to find it, no matter where you go.
Then they named it for the ocean and left it there to be
Our grand Atlantic City, wondrous city by the sea.

'Tis a dear old place of pleasure, with a dear inviting strand,
And nowhere else in all the world a Boardwalk half so grand;
No wonder that the angels loved this crystal-bordered shore—
'Tis a little bit of heaven and we love it more and more.

LXVII.

"HAND IN HAND, WE'LL SAY GOOD LUCK."

CROSSING from Brown's Mills to Lakehurst, where the mammoth airship, Shenandoah, was constructed or rather reconstructed, preparatory to a proposed flight across the North Pole in the summer of 1924, which proposed flight, however, did not take place;* where, also, a companion airship, the Los Angeles, was afterwards stationed—crossing to Lakehurst, we turned oceanward, intending to dine at the century old tavern, on the main street of Tom's River.

This place got its name—so Grandfather said—from the river and the latter from Captain William Tom, a sturdy settler on the Delaware, who had come over with the English expedition to Manhattan in 1664. He accompanied the troops sent from Manhattan to the Delaware to subdue the Dutch, and rendered valuable service, whereupon Governor Nicholls ordered that "there shall be granted to William Tom the lands of Peter Alrichs, confiscated for hostility toward the English." Captain Tom was created commissary on the Delaware. During the succeeding ten years he held various public offices, and sat as one of the judges in an important suit in which the defendant was John Fenwick, the Salem proprietor. Judgment was given against Fenwick and a warrant issued to take him to New York, dead or alive. Tom was afterwards appointed to arrange and attest the town records of New Castle, but ill health prevented him from

*In an exhibition flight from Lakehurst to Minneapolis, the Shenandoah was wrecked near Ava, Ohio, on September 3, 1925. The airship was caught in a severe thunder storm and torn apart at an elevation of more than seven thousand feet. Sixteen of the crew, including Commander Zachary Lansdowne, were killed when one of the sections struck the earth. An investigation of the cause is now (September 30, 1925) in progress at Lakehurst.

completing the work, and the announcement of his death, in 1678, is coupled with the statement that his "papers were in confusion."

As commissary, while on an exploring expedition to the coast, Captain Tom discovered the river that now bears his name. Some people have erroneously credited the name to Indian Tom, who, at a much later date, had his wigwam on the river near Mosquito Cove.

South of Tom's River, and a little beyond Cedar Brook, of which village it is really a part, is a place called Good Luck, and here is the site of the old Potter Church, in which was preached the first Universalist sermon in the United States. The building was erected about 1760 by Thomas Potter and was intended as a free church.

"He told his neighbors," said Grandfather, "that he was sure God, in due time, would send a man to minister to the people. It did not matter about the man's faith, so long as he was God-fearing. Ten years passed and no one appeared to minister regularly to the few people in the neighborhood. In September, 1770, the brig Hand-in-Hand, aboard which was John Murray, a warm advocate of Universalism—broken-hearted by his excommunication from the Church of England and by domestic affliction—was stranded on the outer bar of Cranberry Inlet. She got over this into deep water again and was held by her anchor from grounding a second time. She lay there several days, or until the provisions were exhausted, when those aboard proceeded in a boat across Barnegat Bay in quest of food. Murray separated from the rest and came to a house near which was a rough-looking man beside a pile of fish.

" 'Will you sell me one of those fish?' asked Murray. 'No, sir,' was the abrupt reply. 'That is strange,' said Murray. 'You have many of them and will not let me have one.' 'I did not say you could not have one,' said the man. 'You are welcome to as many as you wish. I do not sell fish. I have them for the taking up and you may have them the same way.'

"The result of that visit," said Grandfather, "was that Murray, after taking some fish to a tavern, where the other men had put up for the night, returned to Potter, who greeted him warmly. After a short talk, Potter said: 'I am glad you have come. I have been expecting you for a long time.' This surprised Murray, but he soon learned the secret of Potter's expectation. 'When the building was finished,' said he, 'the Baptists asked to have it for their use. I told them that if they could make it appear that God Almighty is a Baptist, I would give it to them. They could not do that. My friends asked where is the preacher who was to come in due time?' I replied: 'He will come by and by.' The very morning I saw your vessel ashore, it seemed as if a voice whispered to me: 'There, Potter, in that vessel, cast away on Barnegat shore, is the preacher you have been looking for.' "

"Murray was astonished. He had preached in England, but had sailed in the Hand-in-Hand as a supercargo, intending never to preach again. Potter's earnestness, however, induced him to change his plans, and on the following Sunday he preached the first Universalist sermon in America. He named the place Good Luck. The old building still stands and is unpretentious in appearance. It belongs to the Methodists, but the Universalists have erected a roomy brick building near by. A headstone marks the grave of Potter in the little cemetery.

"The story goes that when Murray left, to preach Universalism in other parts of the country, he took Potter by the hand and said: 'Good luck to those who follow me. I came in the ship Hand-in-Hand and now, hand in hand, as we part, we'll say good luck.' "

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"Henry N. Dodge, a dentist and poet, of Morristown," Grandfather added, "once wrote a poem, 'John Murray's Landfall,' " from which he quoted:

"Lone watcher for the night, sleep well!
The coming years shall tell
Thy simple story.
How thy purpose never altered,
How thy courage never faltered;
How thy spirit's whisper heeding,
Then, obedient to His leading,
Didst await the coming glory.

* * * *

Prophet of light, sleep well!
Thy spirit shall not sleep,
But, onward marching, keep
Our souls aflame,
And to thy name
Shall love's soft requium swell
Above the sod
Where lies this patient seeker after God."

* * * *

The Annalist: "You said Potter asked the Baptist minister to prove that God Almighty is a Baptist. That was preposterous. It was making light of religion. I think less of Potter for doing it. He dishonored the clergy."

Grandfather: "Potter was no more disrespectful than the good Scotchwoman, of whom a traveler once asked: 'What do you think of Queen Victoria?' 'She's gude enough,' said the woman, 'but I believe even a Queen has no recht to do some things. She has no recht to go a-rowing on the lak of a Soonday. It is not a Chreestian thing to do.' 'But,' said the Englishman, 'Christ believed in people being happy on Sunday. He went with the fishermen—' 'I knaw all aboot that,' angrily interrupted the woman. 'I knaw how the good Lord went aboot on the Sabbath, but let me tell you I think the less of Him for a-doin' it.'"

LXVIII.

"BETTER THE JACKPOT THAN BE A CRACKPOT"

THE morning papers had reported an accident to a motorist. He had been thrown from his car against a tree or pole and sustained an injury that would likely necessitate trephining the skull. The accident happened near Tuckerton, while the man was trying to pass Pippin without giving the honk behind—or it might have been on account of curiosity—a desire to see more of Pippin. The man had been picked up and taken hurriedly to Atlantic City.*

"They'll save his life, anyway," said Grandfather, "and with the kind of surgery they practice at the Atlantic City Hospital, there's no danger of the man being a crackpot. I might have been one myself, if those damned Yankees"——

"Have a care! Don't swear, Grandfather."

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* This jaunt was made in the snow season—December 23d. It was the fifteenth anniversary of a critical day in the history of Atlantic City. A fire broke out on December 23, 1909, at the pumping station of the city water works on the Shore Road, Pleasantville, near the Absecon line, at three o'clock in the morning. Both water mains were empty at seven in the morning. The public schools were closed for the day and homes were without water. Many citizens got their supply of drinking water by buying cistern water at one dollar a barrel. There was a stong northwest wind at the time of the fire and the weather was very cold. Two fire engines were sent from Atlantic City to the pumping station to pump water into the mains. Hotels with private water plants (artesian wells) pumped water from their wells into the city mains. Grandfather recalled these facts as we passed the pumping station on our way to Tuckerton. The weather that day (December 23, 1924) was freezing cold in the morning and the wind was northwest, but during the day the thermometer rose to ten degrees above freezing point and the wind shifted to the south. Weather conditions that day were quite different from those of the same date in 1909. The present head of the Department of Public Property, Louis Kuehnle, profiting by the mistakes of his predecessors, has observed what Governor Edge called "efficiency and economy," and also safeguarded Atlantic City against a water famine like that of 1909.

"Excuse me, Son. I shouldn't have said that, although it isn't a swear word. Potent circumstances, as Shakespeare would say, impelled me to it. The fact is, when one has dealings with a Yankee, especially one from the Nutmeg State, he has to be on his guard against swearing. Sharp practice provokes profanity. Any man who will make wooden nutmegs, like that fellow, Charter Oak, and try to palm them off on his neighbors as genuine, is himself what the Australians call a nut. In this country, of course, 'nut' is slang. Charter Oak, that Yankee nut —pardon the slang—did his level best to cheat my friend, Treaty Elm, in a land deal. Had he succeeded he proposed trying the same game on Died. Knickerbocker and me. In fact, he was all cocked and primed to give me a good crack on the head, but something happened at Trenton that gave him his quietus. Hamlet suggested the bare bodkin as one way of giving the quietus, but in his settlement with old Charter Oak, my good friend, Treaty Elm, used the bare fists of six patriots, sitting quietly at Trenton.

"The story takes us back to 1662, when Charles II., shortly after sanctioning the decapitation of certain regicides, all of them worthy citizens of England and one (Gregory Clement) ancestor of more than a score of Atlantic City's best citizens—after that cruel deed the king who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, was good enough to grant to Connecticut colonists, or rather to confirm a previous grant by his grandfather, James I., a strip of land bounded by Narragansett Bay on the East and the South Sea on the West, between latitudes 41 and 42. If you will glance at the map you will notice that the forty-first meridian intersects New Jersey at the northeast corner of Bergen County and crosses the Delaware just above Water Gap.

"Notwithstanding his previous grant to Connecticut, Charles II., in 1681, granted to Penn certain lands having the forty-second degree as their northern boundary, thus overlapping by one degree the grant made to Connecticut nineteen years earlier. This was not done in ignorance,

but in pursuance of a right then possessed by the sovereign. With the king it was the last grant that was valid and prior grants were void; that is, the title of the king was never exhausted. This system gave the colonists endless trouble and proved the basis of one of their complaints in the Declaration of Independence.

"Reference to South Sea calls for an explanation. Long before the colonizing of Connecticut some of Champlain's explorers, after a few days' march from Quebec, reported joyfully that from the top of a high mountain they had discovered the South Sea!

"The extent of our northern continent was then unknown, and the story of Champlain was commonly believed. Indeed, it is a matter of history that in 1608 a barge was fitted out in England to convey members of the Council of Virginia to the South Sea. Captain Smith and his men were ordered not to return without a lump of gold —a certainty of the said sea. If they could not bring back the gold, they were to return with one of the lost Raleigh company.

"The South Sea was, therefore, put into the original patent of Connecticut. As Connecticut claimed title to all lands between Narragansett Bay and the South Sea, between latitudes 41 and 42, her territory included a corner of New York, a slice of New Jersey, about one-half of Pennsylvania and the northeastern section of Ohio, commonly known as the Western Reserve, though presumably she bargained for the Reserve as compensation for her loss in Pennsylvania.

"Had Charter Oak worsted Treaty Elm, the Northern tier of counties in Pennsylvania would have been attached to Connecticut and eventually organized as the State of Westmoreland. Having thus established her rights in Pennsylvania, it is easy to surmise what would have happened to New Jersey, but for the 'Trenton Decree' of November 12—December 30, 1782.

"Pennsylvania would not admit the Yankee claim and made grants of land to various people. Connecticut did

likewise. This led to conflicts between the settlers, some of which ended in bloodshed and loss of life. In some cases settlements were completely destroyed. The settlers from Connecticut were called Yankees and those who claimed title under a Pennsylvania grant were called Pennamites.

"Thus was derived the term 'Pennamite Wars.' The Indians in the Westmoreland country claimed that they had not legally transferred the lands to any one, and in 1763 declared war. They fell upon the Connecticut settlers and killed about twenty men. Those who escaped—men, women and children—fled to the mountains, where many of them died of exposure. Others, after enduring hardships, reached the older settlements and finally returned to Connecticut.

"The conflict continued for ten years, or until 1773, when Connecticut appointed commissioners to treat with Pennsylvania, but nothing was accomplished. During the next eight or ten years, or until the close of the Revolution, there was a lull in the strife. The two factions were engrossed in a common dispute with the mother country.

"Then Pennsylvania petitioned the Continental Congress to appoint commissioners of adjudication. Connecticut acquiesced, reluctantly. Congress accordingly appointed a distinguished citizen of Rhode Island, General Nathaniel Greene, cousin of Colonel Christopher Greene, heroic commander at the battle of Red Bank; David Brearley and William C. Houston, of New Jersey; Cyrus Griffin and Joseph Jones, of Virginia, and John Rutledge, of South Carolina. Greene and Rutledge could not serve and their places were taken by Welcome Arnold, of Rhode Island, and Thomas Nelson, of Virginia. The last named was the grandfather of the novelist of the present generation, Thomas Nelson Page.

"Of the two Jerseymen, the name of Brearley is preserved in Brearley Lodge of Masons, located at Bridgeton, and the second oldest in the State. He was a sturdy patriot during the Revolution and because of his out-

spoken opposition to British aggression was arrested for high treason. A band of sympathizers stormed the jail and liberated him. Later he was a lieutenant-colonel of militia and became Chief Justice of the State at the age of thirty-four, which position he held at the time of the Trenton Decree. He was also grand master of New Jersey Masons.

"William C. Houston was also an active patriot and a member of Congress. Of him we have a delightful reminder in his grandson of the same name, for many years a summer resident of Atlantic City.

"Atlantic City never had and never will have among her citizens one of nobler mind, with greater devotion to the church, than the man whose Atlantic City home was on North Carolina Avenue, adjacent to the present rectory of the St. James' Church, in which he was so deeply interested. His name links Atlantic City with the Trenton Decree of 1782.

* * * *

"Recurring to the commissioners—they met at Trenton on the day mentioned. The first thing they did was to refuse a request of the litigants that notice be given to the settlers. Mr. Houston contended that the question of right of soil was not before the commission; that the only thing they were to decide was that of jurisdiction. He was a lawyer as well as a professor in Princeton College. The sessions of the commission covered forty-one consecutive days, and the report of their findings reads: 'We are unanimously of the opinion that the State of Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy. We are also of the opinion that the jurisdiction and pre-emption of lands within the boundary of Pennsylvania, and now claimed by the State of Connecticut, do of right belong to the State of Pennsylvania.'

"This decree was quietly accepted by Connecticut, although the inhabitants insisted that while amenable to the laws of Pennsylvania they were not to be disturbed in their holdings. Had the commission decreed that the

disputed territory belonged to Connecticut, undoubtedly the Yankees would have set up a claim to the section of New Jersey north of the forty-first meridian.

"The Trenton Decree was thus an important step in nationality; the first judicial decision of a serious dispute between two sovereign states. Under this decree Pennsylvania took over the disputed territory. Eventually the Yankee settlers were allowed to remain in possession by the payment of a nominal sum, while the Pennsylvania claimants were paid full price, which was fixed at 8½ cents to $5 an acre, without the right of occupancy.

"The Pennsylvania settlers refused to abide by the Trenton decision and the war was reopened in 1784. Mock tribunals were set up and as many as 150 Yankee families were turned out of their homes and reduced to destitution. They found their way to the Delaware Valley, men, women and children being urged forward by armed Pennsylvania troops.

"Public opinion rebelled against this harsh treatment. Later on some of the Connecticut fugitives returned and hostilities were reopened. The war was really not terminated until 1827, though partially settled in 1808. Eventually, many of the Connecticut settlers were secured in their titles to land east and west of Tioga Point, of which Sayre is now the centre of activity. Others remained in the Delaware Valley and their descendants are now among the most honored citizens of New Jersey."

* * * *

By the time he had finished this story we had reached Manahawken and passed over to the beach, whence we purposed traveling southward to Peahala and Beach Haven—and on down to the life saving station at the point of the beach—if the road was good. As we passed through Manahawken the old man explained that the Indian equivalent of the town's name was "Good Corn Land."

"That Trenton Decree," said Grandfather, "was a close call for me—as much of a gamble as a jack-pot. Had it been in favor of Connecticut, the next move of the Yankees would have been to claim a big slice of New Jersey. Then your old Grandpop would have been a crackpot for sure; better the jackpot than be a crackpot."

* * * *

The Annalist: "Why do you say crackpot? There is no such word in the dictionary. It's the second time you've used that word."

Grandfather: "Isn't, eh? Well, I've already told you what Bobby Sinnickson, of Salem, once said—'damn the dictionary.' If the dictionary makers would look at Frank Swinnerton's novel, 'Young Felix,' they'd find where Felix says: 'Why, you old idiot! You don't know what an artist is—you old crackpot!' Remember that, Son; then think of what Charter Oak would have done to your Grandpop—but for that Trenton Decree."

LXIX.

"HURRAH BOYS!"—WHEN LAFAYETTE CAME TO JERSEY

THE month of December, 1676, was unusually cold and stormy. Pious John Evelyn says in his diary that he attended a ball in London early in the month, and enjoyed the dancing. On another day he supped at a certain lord's house, and saw some of the merriest people in merry England. On the 10th, he says: "There was so deep a snow as hindered us from church," and two days later he went to London "in so great a snow as I remember not to have seen" before. Nevertheless, as Evelyn lived to be thirty years older than when he made these entries in his diary, he saw some weather that was even colder than that of December, 1676. It is recorded that in the year 1681 the cold was so severe as to "split whole forests of oak trees," and in 1690 there was a snow that lasted thirteen days and nights, during which nine-tenths of the sheep in Scotland were frozen to death and many shepherds lost their lives. Continuing his record, Evelyn tells us that on December 17, 1676, there was more snow and again the good man "was not able to get to church."

It was during this period of wintry weather that Thomas Fairnsworth, a Yorkshire Quaker, decided to seek a more temperate clime and greater religious freedom in the new world. In 1676 he prepared to leave England and settle in New Jersey. That same year Constantine Comnenus, a Greek patriot, set sail from Greece and landed on the island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean, distant about sixty miles, at the nearest point, from the west coast of Italy. Fairnsworth fled from religious persecution in England; Comnenus sought political freedom in the land of his fathers.

Fairnsworth sailed from London in the ship "Kent" with 230 passengers on board, and as they moved down the Thames their king, Charles II, pleasuring in his barge, came beside the ship. Seeing so many passengers, all of them Quakers, and being informed whither they were bound, he gave them his blessing. Comnenus, when he left Greece, was accompanied by a small band of patriots, but there is no record that they received any blessing from the conquering Turks, from whom they fled.

Fairnsworth, the Quaker, some months after reaching America, built a landing on the Delaware, near which was formed a settlement, and this settlement soon reached the dignity of a town. In this town, more than a century after Fairnsworth and Comnenus had been gathered to their fathers, there dwelt a king, or rather a man who had been twice a king. This king, according to credible authority, was descended from Comnenus, the Greek patriot. In fear of political persecution in France or exile to Russia, he had fled from his enemies in Europe and sought an asylum in America. He was a man who loved literature and art, a man of education and refinement, differing in those respects from most of the kings of Europe; a man not without faults, and yet one who loved the pure and good.

"Joseph Bonaparte," said Grandfather, "descendant of the Greek patriot, was living quietly at his estate on the Delaware, in 1824, when another patriot of noble birth, Jean Paul Gilbert Lafayette, in the course of his travels, visited New Jersey and passed a delightful day at the home of the exiled king. As a prelude to the story of Lafayette, we call to mind some of the things he saw, as described by one of those who joined the throng of Jerseymen who paid homage to the nation's guest—those who jubilated and hurrahed; those who greeted one another in the crowd of enthusiasts with 'Hello, Joe,' 'How'do, Bill,' 'Hello, Tom,' when Lafayette came to Jersey.

"A glimpse of the estate at the time of his visit, September 23d to the 27th, is found in a book entitled 'Lafayette in America,' the author of which, Count Lavasseur, accompanied Lafayette to this country. The distinguished party traveled in a dearborn, there being no railroad at that time in New Jersey or elsewhere. The dearborn was a light and once popular carriage, invented by Henry A. Dearborn, of Massachusetts. The occupants of this, the two-seated carriage, were Lafayette, Governor Isaac H. Williamson, Count Lavasseur and Senator Mahlon Dickerson.

"The military escort was in command of General Doughty, of Atlantic County. On account of his skill as a military tactition (although not the ranking officer) General Doughty was selected by Governor Williamson to command the escort that met Lafayette at the State border. General Doughty rode by Lafayette's side across New Jersey to Trenton. A medal, bearing on one side the likeness of Washington and on the other that of Lafayette, was issued by the State and worn by those who participated in the march. The medal of General Doughty was preserved by his daughter, Miss Sarah N. Doughty, of Absecon. At her death, it passed by will, with the General's sword and epaulettes, to the New Jersey Historical Society.*

"In Trenton, before leaving for Bordentown, Lafayette was taken to the State House, in front of which the triumphal arch, under which Washington had once passed, had been reconstructed. At the arch he was met by a choir of twenty-four young ladies, each having the name of a State imprinted on the waist ribbon. Lafay-

* Governor Williamson had previously designated General Enoch Doughty to meet Lafayette, on his arrival in New Jersey, and escort him across the State. In Newark and other places in North Jersey General Doughty, although a South Jersey man, commanded, for the occasion, various companies of militia from Bergen, Essex and Morris Counties. He was a loyal son of old Gloucester, now Atlantic County, and was connected with the State Militia for a number of years, having enlisted in 1812. He held all ranks, from lieutenant to brigadier general, and was skilled in militia tactics.

ette playfully remarked that 'the States were never so well represented before'—this without any reflection on the sovereign Congress.

"On the following morning (Sunday) he attended services in the Presbyterian Church—perhaps on the invitation of General Doughty, who was a Presbyterian—and in the afternoon was escorted to Bordentown. Reaching Point Breeze, the visitors were greeted by the former king, who introduced them to his family and invited them to dinner, which was served early in the afternoon. Before dinner Bonaparte withdrew, in company with Lafayette, to his cabinet or office, and remained there more than an hour. After dinner, at which Madame de Musignana did the honors with much amiableness, the guests found the gardens and park crowded with inhabitants of New Jersey, chiefly from the region now comprising Burlington, Mercer, Camden, Gloucester and Atlantic Counties. Many of them brought their children to receive Lafayette's benediction, or at least to get a glimpse of the patriarch of liberty. Bonaparte ordered the doors of the mansion thrown open and all of the apartments were quickly filled by enthusiastic Jerseymen.*

"Evidence of proper home training by the good Jersey housewives and mothers—those who practiced what John Wesley preached, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'—was shown when each visitor stopped at the foot of the steps and scraped the soles of his boots and shoes on

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*It was the year of Lafayette's visit that Bonaparte was interviewed by a deputation of leading Mexicans, who offered him the crown of that country. After hearing their proposition, he said: "I have worn two crowns and will not wear a third. Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognize my authority when I was at Madrid now come to seek me in exile; but I do not think the throne you wish to raise can make you happy. Every day I pass in this hospitable State and in this free country proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions for America. Keep them as a precious gift from heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States and seek among your fellow citizens a man more capable than I to act the part of the great Washington."

the scraper, a metal attachment always found on one or both ends of the bottom step in the days of dirt paths and gravel roads. Careful use of the scraper prevented the tracking of dirt into the house—a precaution that was especially necessary in entering a house so luxuriously carpeted as the Bonaparte mansion. In these days of concrete and stone walks, the door scraper is a superfluity.

"The richly carved vestibule doors were opened by liveried servants. One of the visitors afterwards wrote in a diary: 'From the main hall an ample stairway led to the floor above. On one side of the hall, down stairs, was the drawing room'—so named on account of the early fashion of drawing tea while the hostess sat at a table near the fireplace—'and on the opposite side of the lower hall was the dining room. Both of these rooms were adorned with ornaments and bits of furniture from Luxembourg. The library and art gallery contained the finest collection of paintings in America, valued at more than two hundred thousand dollars.'

"One of the paintings was Raphael Moeng's 'Nativity of our Saviour' taken from the altar of a Spanish cathedral—doubtless without the consent of the nation. There were also statues and busts of members of the Bonaparte family, beside two marble mantels, of exquisite workmanship, carved in Italy. One of these mantels is now a fixture in the building of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia. There was neither bath room nor water closet anywhere in the building.

"Bathrooms, you know, were not introduced into American homes until 1842, the first tub being installed in Cincinnati. It was made of mahogany, lined with sheet lead, and was proudly exhibited by its owner at a Christmas party. Next day it was criticised in the Cincinnati papers as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity. Then the medical men condemned it as a menace to health. Thomas Corwin, United States Senator from Ohio, was

so much pleased with the innovation that he determined to have a bath tub introduced in the White House, for the convenience of the President and his family. In this move he was supported by Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, a retiring Senator and acting Vice President. At the ensuing session of Congress the matter was taken up by Mr. Corwin and William L. Dayton, the newly elected Senator from New Jersey. The idea took and eventually there was a bath tub in the White House—during the administration of Millard Fillmore. Mr. Corwin was then Secretary of the Treasury. Meantime, there had been trouble in other cities. In 1843 Philadelphia tried to prevent bathing in bath tubs between November 1 and May 15 and about that time Virginia tried to discourage the introduction of bath tubs by imposing a tax of $30 a year on each tub. Boston made bathing unlawful, except when prescribed by a physician. At that time there was not a bath tub in New Jersey.

"Congressman Charles C. Stratton, living at Mullica Hill, recently elected to Congress and representing the lower district, personally investigated the matter of bath tubs in Philadelphia and favored placing a tub in the White House. It is a significant fact that Fillmore, the thirteenth President, was the first one to get a bath tub, and now there are just thirteen bath tubs in the Executive Mansion for the convenience of President Coolidge. Roosevelt had twelve, but that was twelve more than the quota of the twelve Presidents preceding Fillmore.

"In the matter of bath tubs, in spite of their absence in Charlie Stratton's days, New Jersey and other States preceded and is still far in the lead of England. It is recorded of English homes in 1877: 'Instead of a bath tub in every house being the exception, it ought to be the rule; but one may as well look for a fountain in a desert as for a bath in any of the old English houses. It is not too much to say that there are scores of villages without a single bath, except, perhaps in the rector's or squire's house.' "

Recurring to Lafayette's visit, Grandfather said: "The interior of the Bonaparte mansion was beautifully adorned with rich tapestries, rare furniture and valuable paintings, some of which had been given to Bonaparte by his mother's brother, Cardinal Fesch, son of Francis Fesch, a Swiss captain in the service of Genoa, himself a Protestant, though his son was a Catholic. Possessed of great wealth, Captain Fesch's gallery of fourteen hundred paintings occupied three stories of his palace and was considered one of the largest and best collections in Rome. Some of these, inherited by Bonaparte's uncle, the cardinal, found their way to New Jersey and were admired by Lafayette. Twenty-one years later, after Bonaparte's death, they were disposed of at a public sale conducted by Birch and Son, of Philadelphia, and are now found in various American galleries."

At this point the old man brought out a copy of Lavasseur's book and read:

> "It was a truly striking picture to behold those good American villagers under the rich ceilings of such a mansion. Although their eyes were unaccustomed to all the splendors of a regal establishment, they stopped not to dwell upon the beautiful productions of the French and Italian schools, nor upon the bronzes and exquisite statuary with which the apartments were adorned in elegant profusion. It was Lafayette alone they wished to see, and after having seen him, they retired satisfied, as if incapable of noticing anything else."

Closing the book, the old man continued: "Of course I was there and shared in the festivities. The hours flew rapidly and Governor Williamson was obliged to remind Lafayette that they had only sufficient time to reach Trenton before nightfall. Bonaparte and his family wished to accompany Lafayette part of the way. Accordingly, they divided the carriages and slowly traversed the beautiful Point Breeze estate, the peaceful possession of which he preferred above the troubled kingdom of Spain, whose throne he had gladly surrendered in 1814."

Opening the book at another page, he read:

"The ex-king appeared sensibly affected by the visit of the general and received him with an expression of feeling and cordiality which proved to Lafayette that time could not diminish the sentiment of affection which he had formerly shown."

Closing the book again, he continued:

"Lafayette came to New Jersey again in July, 1825. The previous year, after landing in New York, he had visited Jersey City, Newark, Elizabethtown and Princeton. On arriving in Bergen, then a separate municipality, he found the inhabitants assembled to pay their respects, and on alighting from his carriage he was presented with a gold mounted cane. It had been made from the limb of an apple tree, under which Washington and Lafayette had stopped for refreshments during the Revolution. The head of the cane was inscribed: 'Shaded the hero and friend of Washington in 1779. Presented by the Corporation of Bergen.' His visit in 1825 was principally to accept an invitation from Morristown, Hoboken, Paterson and Parsippany. Returning from Morristown, he stopped again at Newark, where he was entertained at a sumptuous breakfast at Morton's Hotel.

"From Newark he proceeded to Bordentown to meet Bonaparte again, stopping for a short time at Trenton. It was then that he presented to Joseph Justice, of Trenton, the stamp which he had used to frank his correspondence while in the United States—a privilege granted by special act of Congress. Mr. Justice was then postmaster of Trenton, editor of the True American and a member of the reception committee at the time of Lafayette's first visit.

"What took place at the time of the second visit at Bordentown is not definitely known, but I must tell you of a remarkable document, written by James K. Paulding. It was discovered about ten years ago on the dusty shelf of an old safe and was published in Harper's Magazine for November, 1915. It is a memorandum of a conversation at a dinner in New York, when Lafayette had nearly finished his tour of the country and was preparing to re-

turn to France. Paulding tells of an interview between himself and Bonaparte subsequent to that dinner. At the dinner, in reply to an inquiry for information as to the political situation in France, Lafayette said, among other things, that he belonged to the Orleans party—a statement quite inconsistent with his lifelong profession that he was a republican. Bonaparte heard of this and asked Paulding if Lafayette had really made such a statement. Paulding said he had, whereupon Bonaparte said (so the Paulding document records), with some emotion:

> "Not long after Lafayette came to this country he paid a visit to my chateau, Point Breeze, and while there he requested a private interview, in the course of which he pronounced France to be on the eve of a revolution which would be fatal to the Bourbon dynasty. He distinctly and positively told me that if I would advance him two millions of dollars he would make my nephew, Napoleon II, king of France!"

"Paulding records Bonaparte as declining this proposition, on the ground that it would be inconvenient to advance the money, but really, as he afterwards said, because he distrusted the ability of Lafayette to do what he had proposed."

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The Annalist recalled that in his memoirs Bonaparte quotes Lafayette as saying at the time of this visit, in 1824: "The Bourbon dynasty cannot last. It wounds the national feeling. In France we are all persuaded that the son of the emperor alone can represent the interests of the revolution." Six years later, when news of the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne reached Bonaparte he wrote to Lafayette, reminding him of their conversation at Bordentown and expressing disappointment in the selection of Louis Philippe as king, when the nation had previously made known its wishes in favor of Napoleon's son. Attention was also called to the fact that in his reply — according to the memoirs—Lafayette expressed great friendship for Joseph and declared that his regard for the Bonaparte family was such that he had gladly interested himself in their behalf, and hoped eventually to

obtain permission for them to return to France. In the same letter he frankly stated his objections to the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty.

"Lafayette knew that Joseph Bonaparte, although warmly attached to the cause of Napoleon, was at heart a republican," said Grandfather, "and that his (Lafayette's) views of government were more in accord with those of Joseph, who must have recalled, in his retirement, a letter written by Napoleon in 1814, and addressed to Joseph, wherein Napoleon had boasted that as long as he lived he would be master of France. In this letter Napoleon had said to Joseph: 'Your character is opposed to mine. You like to flatter people and yield to *their* wishes. I like them to please me and obey *my* wishes. There is some difference between the time of Lafayette, when the people ruled, and the present time, when *I* rule.' "

* * * *

Speaking of Lafayette's first visit at Bordentown and the cheery "hellos" and "how-de-dos" of the unsophistocated Jerseymen, Grandfather brought out an old copy of Scribner's Magazine, and read, referring to this:

"Before going to Bordentown he paid a visit to General Jean Victor Moreau at his home opposite Trenton, whence he was escorted to Bordentown by a troop of Pennsylvania cavalry, to pay his respects to the brother of Napoleon. The author added that Lafayette rode from the home of Moreau, at Morrisville, to the home of Bonaparte, a distance of eight miles, in a carriage drawn by four white horses. Then he says: 'While the military escort made merry in Bonaparte's park, the ex-king and Lafayette were driven through the streets of Bordentown, followed by a cheering crowd.' "

"This magazine story, published 1880, like, some other stories, is sprinkled with fiction. Lafayette did not see Moreau at Morrisville for the reason that the noted general had left his home on the Delaware eleven years before and had been killed the same year (1813) at the battle of Dresden. Unfortunately, another writer, E. M. Woodward, in his book on 'Bonaparte and the Murats,' makes a similar mis-statement. Undoubtedly, the record of Lafayette's personal friend, Count Lavasseur, is pre-

ferable to that of later writers, who seem to have drawn upon their imagination for their facts. This is shown by an extract from the narrative of Henry Bradshaw Fearon, an Englishman who traveled in the United States, wherein we read under date of October 2, 1817:

> 'In the evening I arrived at Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. General Moreau's stables are still standing in this neighborhood, but his dwelling house was consumed by fire. King Joseph was negotiating for a house in Trenton, in anticipation of his brother Lucien's arrival. The price was to have been $30,000.'

"It requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to picture Lafayette, when he came to New Jersey, in 1824, crossing the Delaware to call on General Moreau at his Morrisville home, with that home burned to the ground some eight years before and Moreau himself dead more than ten years. To say that Lafayette called to pay his 'respects' or even to see Moreau is stretching the truth beyond reason when we recall the tragic end of Moreau, following his desertion to the Allies.

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"It was the English novelist, Madame de la Remee, better known by her pen name of Ouida, who once said: 'The more I see of men, the more I think of dogs.' Her peppery epigram on men suggests a less pungent posy on the Bonapartes: 'The more we study Joseph, the less we think of Napoleon.' The mother of the latter once said that his heart was as cold as a cannon ball; but cannon balls are not always cold, if we accept the statement of the old negro at the battle of Red Bank, who declared they came 'a-sizzin' through the air.

"A Scotch innkeeper, who lived in Napoleon's time, once said to George Gilfillin, the literary critic: 'I believe Boney (meaning Napoleon), when he's at leisure, sits with his airm in a bowl o' hot water, resting on a cannon ball, and nae doot meditating mischief.' This suggests the story of the young man who left England forty years ago for the West Indies. Landing on the island of Trinidad, he wrote home to his mother that it was the most

wonderful country in the world. Said he: 'I have seen a wheel from Pharoah's chariot, mountains of sugar and fish that fly.' The old lady was incredulous. She wrote that she believed what he said about the chariot wheel and the mountains of sugar, but his yarn about the flying fish was beyond belief. With this story in mind, we may well say that Napoleon might have kept his arm in a pot of boiling water and slept on a cannon ball, but that he ever meditated mischief is beyond belief!" This Grandfather said with a chuckle, as he added: "Napoleon was a man of peace—perhaps!"

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The Annalist: "Had Joseph dared, he would have melted Napoleon's cannon balls into ploughshares and his swords into pruning hooks."

Grandfather: "Joseph Bonaparte commanded an army in Spain, but he was not a soldier. In his young manhood, he imbibed liberal principles, the application of which, in the conduct of Neapolitan and Spanish affairs, would have been eminently beneficial to those countries, had he been allowed to govern his own country in his own way. Fate decreed that he should pass a third of his eventful life at his estate on the Delaware, where, at the age of 56, he joined heartily in the glad huzzas of the patriots when Lafayette came to Jersey."

LXX.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

PASSING over an old Indian trail from Medford to Vincentown, now a county highway, and leaving the trail at Vincentown, we traveled northward to Ewansville and Smithville. We crossed the Rancocas and reached Mount Holly as a crowd of jurors, witnesses and litigants was leaving the court house—an indication that court was over for the day.

The old man recalled an amusing suit for damages, in the heyday of Prince Murat. The prince was sued for an assault by a groom, whom he had kicked out of the stable for an alleged insult. On the day of the trial the court house was filled with people from all parts of the county, including a number of ladies. It was understood that the prince was to plead his own case, and as he was very clever, much sport was anticipated. The servant was provided with what he considered convincing evidence, and on examination said he had received at least six kicks from Murat. The latter demanded that he show the precise spot where the injury was inflicted. The servant endeavored to evade the demand, but Murat insisted, and accordingly the man indicated the very lowest part of his spine, saying that Murat had kicked him six times on that spot. There the prosecution rested and Murat addressed the jury in his characteristic style: "My lord, ze judge and gentlemen of ze jury, zere has been great efforts and much troubles to make everybody pelieve me a very bad man; but zat is of no consequence. I am sorry of ze necessity to make him show how low it was." At this point the prince drew from the immense pocket of his hunting coat a human spinal column, articulated with wire, and held it up before the jury. "Now, my lord and gentlemen of ze jury," he continued, "you see zis part of ze human skeleton. Here are ze bones.

Ze little bones what you see here (shaking them before the jury) are ze very place where the tail of ze animal shall grow—zat is to say, if he who sue me was a jumping—what you call it? Ah! yes, a jumping jack-ass—why you see zese little bones, if zey was long enough, would be his tail!" The court was convulsed with laughter, and the prince, seeing the hit he had made, concluded his speech by stretching out his enormous leg and slapping his hand on his massive thigh so that the noise was heard throughout the court room, he exclaimed: "My lord and gentlemen of ze jury, how absurd to say I could give him even one kick wiz zat leg and zat foot and not break all to pieces his leetle tail!" It was some time before the judge could gather enough dignity to charge the jury, but having done so, they retired and in a few minutes returned to the court room with their verdict. The servant got six cents damages, while the prince got three cheers and many congratulations.

By the time Grandfather had told this story we had passed an old-time tavern. He said it was in existence long before the Revolution and in former times was a stopping place for people of good repute, but was closed by the county prosecutors in 1923, for repeated infractions of the law. He said that years before and subsequent to the Civil War it was a typical old time country inn. "True, it did not typify the ideal life of that period," said he, "but it was a good place—as taverns go."

* * * *

"A cat may have nine lives, but not one iota of sense," said he, as he steered Pippin almost into the curb, in an effort to save the life of a cat that suddenly crossed the street in front of the waggon.

Continuing, he said:

"Social life in ante-bellum days was quite unlike that of to-day. If we could look into a well-ordered country home of that period—I mean between 1840 and 1860

—we would see the ideal home life. The family is seated at the breakfast table. Morning prayer or grace is said by the father. All the little heads are bowed and the father's hand is upraised as he repeats familiar phrases—phrases which linger in the minds of many Jerseymen whose heads are now whitened by the disappearing years. Usually the prayer ended with 'give us this day our daily bread.' When the day's work was done, the father was always at home with his family. At the supper table he gave thanks for the blessings of the day.

"The gray-heads of to-day, especially those brought up in the country, have only delightful memories of steaks cooked country style, chicken fried in crumbs of bread kneaded and baked by mother, the home-made biscuits, the pancakes, the country sausage, the home-grown sweet potatoes and the home-made cracklings, the mince pies, pumpkin pies, apple sauce and dumplings!

"Generations were reared in just such homes. They had none of the things now counted as comforts. Upstairs there was the four-poster bed, often unvarnished. Instead of modern wire springs, the beds had springs of rope, each strand fastened through holes or pegs at the sides and ends of the bed. On this spring there was a big, fluffy feather bed, sometimes two. No place so delightful as a feather bed on a winter night!

"If the housewife was industrious—and most of them were—there was an assortment of colored rugs on the floor, all made at home. There were many other evidences of a woman's handiwork. The quilt or comforters comprised hundreds of scraps, tiny pieces saved from dresses and shirts, and assembled in a motley fashion. Others were worked into definite patterns and colors. Some of these now hang as treasured fabrics in city museums. They belonged to the age of the pillow sham elaborately worked in colored embroidery, often with an invocation from the Bible. The finest were kept for the company bed.

QUAKER MEETING HOUSE, BAPTIST, PRESBYTERIAN AND EPISCOPAL

"Quilting parties were the antecedents of the present-day women's clubs. One object of these parties was to give the women an opportunity to talk and exchange gossip. Still, there was always a big pile of finished quilts to show for the day's activities. The quilting frames consisted of four boards about twelve feet long, one inch thick and four inches wide, with holes about six inches apart, into which could be fitted wooden pegs. On starting the quilt, the four corners of the frame were rested on the tops of chairs, to which the figured quilt covering was attached, face down. Then rolls of cotton were laid over the covering. The under covering was then placed over the cotton and the women worked on each side of the frame, sewing on the rosettes that held the three layers together. As the work progressed the wooden pegs were set further in until those working from the two sides met in the centre. The quilt was then finished.

"Meanwhile, as the women sewed they talked about everything of moment, but the big event of the day was the dinner. The visitors all brought something to be added to that of the hostess. After dinner they sewed until near sunset. There never has been and never will be a more delightful pastime for the women of the countryside than the old-time quilting party.

"Social life among the men found its freest expression at the county seats, especially while the courts were in session. The tap room, afterwards called the bar room, was popular with all classes between sessions of the court. Outside the tap room were slaves, apprentices, and the town rabble. Day and night there was noise and bustle, with late arrivals and early departures, always by stagecoach, private conveyance or astride a horse.

"The standard of living at that time embraced fewer creature comforts than at a later date. Nowhere in New Jersey, until the forties, was there anything approaching a modern cookstove. Coal was a curiosity in the

country, though not uncommon in the cities. The improved Franklin or open-oven stove was still in use and closed-oven stoves were a rarity. In country districts, previous to 1850, the cooking was done, for the most part, with wood or charcoal, over an open fire. Canned vegetables were of course unknown and ice houses were infrequent. Water was drawn from wells and tallow dips or wax candles constituted the only illuminant, until superseded by the lard-oil lamps.

"In families where religious prejudice against dancing was not enforced, the girls were permitted to dance at home or at the assemblies. Though usually an atrocious speller, the young woman of post-Revolutionary days was an omnivorous reader, particularly of bombastic novels from England.* She was heartily affectionate and flirted with first one flame and another, though she ultimately settled down to a quiescent matrimonial life and usually became the mother of four to six home-loving children.

"Horse racing was popular, even among the staid Quakers, long before and long after the Revolution. Indeed, Burlington, Gloucester, and Salem, the three Quaker counties, were famous for their strains of racing stock, and the newspapers frequently advertised this or that blooded horse, always 'got' by such and such a racer, who would be at this or that place on such and such a date. Thus, at an early date, Samuel Shreve advertised 'Liberty,' who would be at his place in Deptford, 'within sight of the great road leading from Cooper's Ferry to Salem, near Mantua Creek Bridge.' On another occasion 'Whynot' was at the plantation of Whitten Cripps, one mile from Salem. Likewise, David Henry, of Salem, advertised 'Colossus,' who was 'fleet and gay under the saddle, with great spirit and ease to the rider.'

* One of the books that gained a circulation in New Jersey was described in an advertisement that appeared in the newspapers under date of April, 1801. Thus: "Just off the press. 'The Farmer of New Jersey or a Picture of Domestic Life.' This book will excite the attention of those who dwell with delight on elegant simplicity. The above tale is replete with inimitable sentiment and the purest morals."

"One of the forms of entertainment (if such it be), and which reached all classes, even until Civil War days, was a morbid desire to attend funerals. Riders were sent out with notices of the death, with particular attention to the day and hour of interment. These notices were usually written, unless a printing office was convenient. With the introduction of envelopes, the announcements became more formal. The printed folder showed a heavy black line above and below the printed lines. To provide for the proper entertainment of those who came from near and far, a few of the housewives remained after the long string of carriages and buggies had started for the church graveyard or the private burying ground. These stay-at-homes prepared the dinner, which usually occupied a full hour after the return from the place of interment. Dinner was followed by conferences and commiserations indoors or about the premises. Some of the mourners waited to hear the will read—if the deceased happened to be the head of a family.

"To provide for such family necessities as were not produced on the farm, the men folk of South Jersey, of course, had to sell farm products and to do this they had to make weekly or semi-weekly trips to the city. Market waggons were continually seen on roads leading to the ferries at Gloucester, Kaighn's Point, Federal Street, Market Street and Cooper's Point, Camden. Sometimes the market waggons crossed from Burlington to Bristol. Trips of this kind meant a stopping place over night in Philadelphia. One of these was known as the Khouli Khan, a very popular house at the northeast corner of Chestnut and Front Streets. It was patronized chiefly by people from New Jersey and Delaware, whose inhabitants eventually disagreed on the subject of slavery. To avoid each other both parties deserted the place, which naturally left the proprietor without a paying business. He therefore moved out and opened a new restaurant on South Penn Square, near the site of the present City Hall,

Philadelphia. Here his business languished for a while and then the Khouli Khan passed out of existence.

"At the corner of Delaware Avenue and Market Street was a hotel for the accommodation of South Jerseymen. It was long known as the Ridgeway House and got its name from a family once well known in Little Egg Harbor, one of whom attained distinction and affluence and founded the Ridgeway Library in Philadelphia. In ante-bellum days, at the Ridgeway House, Jersey farmers got a night's lodging and a breakfast—the two for twenty-five cents. The bed-rooms were large and airy, and each room contained a number of beds—some as many as a dozen. The farmers disposed of their coats, trousers, and vests by folding and placing them under their pillows for safety. Another similar hotel on the river front was at the corner of Arch Street, known as the Arch Street House. This was the resort of oystermen and coast-wise sea captains. At both of these houses there was always plenty of intoxicants, which Jerseymen were accustomed to call licker. They made a distinction between licker and booze. One was taken from a bottle and swallowed in front of the bar, while the other was carried around in a hip pocket flask.

"Previous to the introduction of the word booze, the flask was in common use. Indeed, fancy pocket flasks came into popularity early in the century. Some bore the American eagle, some were ornamented with the head of Washington and some with the head of Taylor. In 1840 log cabin designs in dark brown and green came into use. They were popular during the hard cider campaign and were made by the Whitney Glass Works, of Glassboro, for a Philadelphia distiller named E. C. Booz. Booz flasks were soon known as booz bottles, and the word, or its variants booze and boose, thus popularized, was in common use until July, 1918, when it was supplanted by a new word, hooch, coined when intoxicants came under the ban of the prohibition amendment. Thomas Whitney Synnott, of Wenonah, nephew of Hon.

Thomas Heston Whitney, one-time head of the Whitney Glass Works, says the Booz distillery was at 120 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. He remembers the Booz bottle very well, and although first made before he was born, by Mr. Whitney, it was in common use in his boyhood days. It was shaped like a log cabin, with a sloping roof, and a chimney that served as a neck to the bottle.

"The Booz bottles made their appearance in the summer of 1840. Later in the year Richard H. Barham, an English clergyman and poet, issued his 'Ingoldsby Legends,' a collection of burlesque poems, of which a second edition was published in 1847 and a third, edited by his son, the same year. It was in the second edition that Barham, describing one of his characters, says he was 'a wild and roving lad, forever in the alehouse boozing.' Thus sometime between 1840, when the first Booz bottle was made in New Jersey and 1847, when the second edition of the Ingoldsby Legends were put out in England, the word booz or boozing came into common use.*

"The city bred-and-born woman in those days had plenty to keep her busy. Even if she did not always do her own cooking, she at least knew how to see that it was done properly by others. She had other accomplishments, too—one that has been surreptitiously acquired lately by anti-prohibitionists. She knew how to make grape and current wine, various cordials, spice brandy, cherry bounce, peach brandy, and other delectable beverages.

"They had their problems of etiquette, too, in the forties, and also their books on social behavior. One of these manuals, discussing the use of finger bowls, advised its readers to 'omit the disgusting and foreign fashion of taking water into your mouth, rinsing and gurgling it around, and then spitting it back into the glass.' In

* Walter Savage Landor, writing at nearly the same time as Barham, mentioned a "boozing bout." Hooch is of Alaskan origin and came originally from hoochinoo, a spirituous drink made by the Alaskan Indians.

another place the same writer advised the rising generation of elegants to remember that 'in polished society it is inelegant for gentlemen to blow their noses with the fingers, especially when in the street—a practice infinitely more common than refined.'*

* * * *

"The rigidity of church discipline, about the middle of the century, was a powerful restraint upon evil doing and dissipation. No one dare question the declarations of the pulpit with regard to amusements. As time wore on, the Society of Friends, the young but rapidly growing Methodist Episcopal connection, the Presbyterian and Baptist denominations—the leaders of these sects came out boldly in opposition to things that had been tolerated in years gone by. They opposed dancing and denounced lotteries, the latter once employed as a means to an end, which end may have been the building of a manse, a meeting or school house, a rectory or a parsonage. Lotteries were not outlawed until long afterward. What was known as the William Disston cottage, at the corner of Pacific and Indiana Avenues, Atlantic City, was sold in 1904 to Clark Merchant, of Philadelphia, for $40,000. This property, once owned by Jacob Freas, was disposed of by lottery in 1866. It was won by William Wetherill, whose winning ticket cost him $5. About three hundred tickets were issued, at $5 each.

"At one period, even within the lifetime of those whose looks belie the three-score-and-ten, there was a relaxing of the cords that held young men and women within prescribed rules of conduct. The result was seen in closer home ties, less intemperance, and greater social purity. The ideal home was that which was common in South Jersey in the forties and fifties.

"As I said in the beginning, if we could go poking about in the shadows of those old homes, a score of

* Finger bowl gargling went out of fashion so long ago that no one now alive remembers ever seeing it done, and as for nose-blowing with the fingers—that was tabooed in South Jersey more than two generations ago.

familiar objects would be brought to view. In some, the parlor was unopened for months, but always there was the ingrain or rag carpet on the floor—or perhaps a medallion brussels—with a table in the centre. The table cover had a fringe, and on top of this was the family Bible, supporting the family album.

"The fall brought barn dances, with pumpkin pie, new cider, and a game supper. The biggest barn in the community was cleared of the farming implements, the floor scrubbed and sanded. Then the great night came. Young people would drive twenty-five miles to attend. When the buggies began to arrive there was a great commotion of neighing horses, laughing young folk, salutations heartily exchanged and a general merry-making. Then everybody who could get into the barn would crowd through the doors and the fiddler took his place. Often his fiddle had wire strings and gave forth strange wails.

"It was amusing to watch a master fiddler of the old school in action. He was an authority on the dance and called all the figures as he played. He kept time with one foot, sawed away for dear life with both hands and wagged his head in unison. For the most part he had a shrill voice and called 'swing partners' with a true autocrat's bearing.

"The dancing was continued into the small hours of the morning, and when the couples began to leave for home they would step out into the frosty air, maybe with a silver moon breaking through the clouds. Then off they would go, the horses keen for the drive after hours in the cold, while their masters occupied the barn. And such drives! Many a grandmother of to-day returned home with a new ring on her finger."

LXXI.

CHARLIE MORGAN'S LUCKY STRIKE

GOING southward from Haddonfield, along the old Indian trail, now called the White Horse Pike, we came to Long-a-Coming, Germanized fifty years or so ago into Berlin. Here we left the trail and continued on the pike as far as Atco. "This place got its name," Grandfather said, "from a painted sign erected near the station in the early days of the railroad. The Atlantic Transportation Co. erected the sign and some one evolved a name for the station out of the initials on the sign board—A. T. Co."

At this point, we turned northeast and soon came to the little village of Jackson.

"Jackson," said the old man, "got its name from Andrew Jackson—Old Hickory, as the Democrats called him. I have already mentioned an interesting story connected with the birth of Jackson.* It illustrates the habits of a class of people who lived in his day, not only in the South, but right here in New Jersey. I refer to their habit of turning a day of mourning for the dead into a day of insobriety for the living. I have in my wallet the original bill for burying a man in this province. The biggest item is that of rum for the mourners. Of course, that was many years ago.

"When the father of Andrew Jackson died at his home in Mechlenberg, N. C., in March, 1767, some of the neighbors assembled to carry his body to the old Waxham Church burying ground. The weather was bitter cold and the corpse was carried on a drag sled. The party detoured a couple of miles up the creek to find a frozen crossing. When the sled arrived at the main road, the attendants were hilariously drunk and the corpse was missing. An hour later it was found by the

* See Vol. I, p. 220.

road-side, whence it had rolled from the sled, unobserved by either mourners or those at the rope. It was carefully replaced on the sled by the soberer members of the party and the funeral cortege finally reached the Presbyterian burying ground at Waxham. The excitement of the day affected Mrs. Jackson and that night the future president was born—sooner than the expected day of accouchment."

From Jackson we passed northward, over a dirt road, crossed the Atsion River and came to Indian Mills.

"This is where Johnnie Gardner passed his closing years," said Grandfather.

"You mean Congressman John J. Gardner," observed the Annalist.

"Yes," but with me he was always Johnnie. In his youthful days they called him the 'barefoot boy' and years afterwards, when he was the brainiest man in the New Jersey Senate, they called him 'Old Brains.' He was always 'Honest John' and always a match for any one who measured swords with him on the floor of Congress. One time, when he was speaking in favor of an appropriation for Raccoon Creek, a Southerner tried to ridicule the measure by bringing in the name of the creek. When he sat down Johnnie arose in his easy way, and in a few words caused that fire-eater to seek his hole as speedily as the four-legged coon seeks his hole at the sight of a gun. Yes; Johnnie was always loaded for that kind of game. He died as he was getting into his automobile, here in Indian Mills, and was buried from the First Methodist Church, Atlantic City."

Turning to the north, we proceeded to Medford over an improved road. Here we struck another Indian trail, now a modern highway, and passed on to Vincentown and Pemberton.

"This town," said Grandfather, referring to Pemberton, "got its name from James Pemberton, a good Quaker of Revolutionary days. He owned many acres hereabout. Just before hostilities began he put out a

protest against resisting constitutional authority and appealed to all people to retain their allegiance to the king, who, he believed, in due season, would correct the abuses of Parliament. With the irony of Fate, his grandson, General John C. Pemberton, was in command of the Confederate forces at Vicksburg, resisting with all his might, the constitutional authority of Uncle Sam. When he finally found it impossible to hold out, he asked Grant for the best possible terms of capitulation. Grant replied, laconically: 'Unconditional Surrender.' The Pembertons, in spite of their propensity to get on the wrong side, were high class people. After the Civil War the family returned to Philadelphia, and a son, Frank Pemberton, founded the town of Kensington, Georgia, in the late eighties."

Approaching Wrightstown, we turned toward Camp Dix, whence we regained the Indian trail and proceeded to Jacobstown; then on to Bordentown.

Never a trip to that old town on the Delaware—home of the Gilders, the Stewarts, the Hopkinsons and other American dignitaries—but Grandfather must bring up something about Joseph Bonaparte. This time it was to connect the name of New Jersey's resident king with that of a great French general, whose exile home was on the opposite side of the Delaware. The name of that general was Jean Victor Moreau.

"One of the curious stories—an incident in the life of Moreau," said Grandfather, "happened in the course of his travels in this country. He paid a visit to Boston and while there was taken down the bay with a fishing party. Colonel Messenger, who had the reputation of being a fine after-dinner singer, was called upon to sing an old English song, 'To-morrow,' of which the refrain was:

'To-morrow, to-morrow,
Will be everlasting to-morrow.'

"The French exile did not understand English as well as he did the art of war, and when Colonel Messenger

came to the refrain he supposed, naturally enough, that he was hearing a song made in his own honor:

> 'To Moreau, to Moreau,
> Je n' entends pas bien, mais to Moreau.'

"He arose, as each verse closed, put his hand to his heart, blushed and bowed gracefully as to a personal compliment. His hosts were too courteous to undeceive him."

"Moreau," continued Grandfather, "led the life of a country gentleman at his estate opposite Trenton, but in an evil hour he listened to proposals by the allies, and went back to Europe, only to have both legs shot off at Dresden.

"He was accompanied by the Czar Alexander, with whom he was making a reconnoissance before the city only two months and some days from the time he traveled across New Jersey to New York to take passage for Gothenberg. The Czar, complying with a previous declaration to Moreau, that he wished to serve as aide to the French strategist, obliged the latter to pass first along a bridge, which was rather narrow. A ball fired from the French army struck Moreau and shattered his right knee, then, after passing through the body of his horse, it carried away a part of his left leg. Consternation prevailed throughout the Russian camp. The Czar was deeply affected. As to Moreau, he suffered a martyrdom of agony. A litter was formed, which was supported on the Cossacks' pikes, and in this manner he was borne from the field of battle to a house, where the surgeon amputated both legs."

Pausing a moment, as if in reflection, Grandfather reverted to an incident in the life of Bonaparte fifteen years before his settlement at Bordentown.

"You will remember that on the morning of July 15, 1801," said he, "the commissioners of Napoleon and those of the Pope, met in Paris, at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and affixed their signatures to the Concordat. Bonaparte afterwards wrote: 'At the same hour I

became the father of a third infant, whose birth was saluted by the congratulations of the plenipotentiaries.' This infant was known afterwards as Princess Charlotte. She was living with her father in exile at the time of Lafayette's visit in 1824, and afterwards married her cousin, elder son of Louis Bonaparte. But for the untimely death of that son and husband, Charlotte, instead of Eugenia, would have reigned as empress of France—assuming, of course, the same sequence of events as pertained to the second son of Louis, who became heir apparent on the death of Charlotte's husband.

"At the time of the birth of Charlotte, our Bordentown princess, nearly all of the powers of Europe were at peace with France. England alone refused to sheathe the sword, but at last she also was forced to listen to proposals for peace. The commissioners met in the early part of 1802, Lord Cornwallis being the envoy of England and Joseph Bonaparte representing France. Previous to the signing of the treaty at Amiens on March 25th, Cornwallis was received in Paris with the utmost cordiality by Bonaparte, and a magnificent entertainment was given in his honor, to which all the distinguished Englishmen in France were invited; also such Frenchmen of note as he supposed Cornwallis would be glad to meet.

"Lafayette was not invited. Bonaparte no doubt recalled the surrender of Yorktown, twenty-one years before, and feared that the meeting of Cornwallis and Lafayette might be embarrassing to both. He probably knew that Cornwallis had not only been vanquished in America, but that previous to his surrender he had been outwitted by the youthful Lafayette.

"During the campaign in Virginia, in 1781, Cornwallis arrived from North Carolina on May 20th, with a considerable force. He was full of expectant victory, and said to his military friends and admirers: 'The boy cannot escape me.' The 'boy' Lafayette, not yet twenty-four years of age, full of dash and eager for a fight, was nevertheless prudent. He had been honored by Washington

with supreme command of the troops in Virginia, but was obedient to Washington's desires and disposed to annoy Cornwallis at every opportunity, rather than risk a battle. At the time Cornwallis thought Lafayette could not escape, the young Frenchman was alert and easily outwitted the veteran commander, who four months later capitulated at Yorktown. As a matter of fact, it was Cornwallis and not Lafayette who sought to escape, some weeks before the affair at Yorktown, and in this the tact and courage of a Burlington County boy effectuated the design of Lafayette.

"Lafayette himself said that when he desired information of the movements and strength of the British army, he induced Charles Morgan, a brave and efficient private, to desert to the British and act as a spy. Morgan was a Jerseyman, member of a company made up principally of men from Burlington and Monmouth Counties. Before consenting to serve as a spy, Morgan obliged Lafayette to promise that if he should be detected and suffer death, his true character would be published in the New Jersey Gazette, at Trenton, so that his family and friends might suffer no reproach. On reaching the enemy's camp he was taken before Cornwallis, and gave as a reason for his desertion that he was content to serve under Washington, but did not like being commanded by a Frenchman, and so had quit the service.

"Morgan attended to his military duties so well that he created no suspicion in the minds of the British. One day he was summoned before Cornwallis and asked if Lafayette had many boats and how long it would take to move his army across the river. Suspecting at once that the general was planning to escape, Morgan replied: 'Lafayette has so many boats that it would take him less than three hours to transport his entire army.' 'There!' exclaimed Cornwallis, turning to Tarleton: 'I told you that plan would not work.'

"This remark convinced Morgan that escape across the James River had been contemplated by Cornwallis.

The latter altered his plans, feeling sure that if he attempted to escape across the river Lafayette would pursue and capture him. Soon afterwards Morgan induced five men to desert with him to the Americans. They took one Hessian soldier on the outpost and with these six recruits Morgan re-entered the American lines, giving Lafayette all the information he desired."

* * * *

Returning to Moreau, Grandfather said:

"The military record of Jean Victor Moreau was hardly less notable than that of Napoleon, but his reputation was tarnished by his acceptance of a commission to fight against France. He certainly surpassed Lafayette as a genius in war, but as a patriot he was completely eclipsed by the great Frenchman, whom the patriotic women of Atlantic County honored by bestowing his name upon their Chapter of the D. A. R.

"Moreau's skill and courage, both in the field and as a tactician, gave him victory time and again in his campaigns against the generals of Austria, Prussia and Italy. On one occasion, when he seemed to be hemmed in by the three armies so completely that escape seemed impossible, he astonished all Europe by a masterly retreat, in which he not only saved all his guns and all his men, but actually brought back with him a large force of prisoners. Just before he began his retreat the allied generals were confident of his capture. They could see no possible chance of his escape."

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The Annalist: "In the matter of 'escape,' then, Moreau was as good as Lafayette?"

Grandfather: "Just so! In both cases—Cornwallis at Yorktown and the Allies in Prussia—there was a lucky escape. In the case of our Jersey boy, Charlie Morgan, he went a shearing and came home with a waggon load of wool! It was Charlie's Lucky Strike."

LXXII.

"NEPTUNE RAVED AND BOREAS MISBEHAVED"

IT was the middle of January and the snow was falling; likewise, the wind was blowing. A few days before it had rained; then there was more rain and then came the snow; after that the slush. It reminded the Annalist of a rainy spell some months back. He asked:

"Will it ever clear up, Grandfather?"

"It always has," said he.

Then the old man called to mind a storm in 1886 that was quite unlike the memorable blizzard of two years later—March 12, 1888. "It was about this time in January," said he. "A western blizzard, not as bad as that of 1888, swept across the country. It began in this latitude on a Friday. About midnight the wind changed to nor' by nor'-west. It was one of the worst storms known for many years. Starting in the west, it swept over the whole country from south to north and east to west with terrific force. It visited the New Jersey coast with especial severity, and resulted in the loss of many lives and much vessel property. Scores of vessels were wrecked. How many persons were drowned it is impossible to say. The three-masted schooner Joel Cook, built at Cooper's Point in 1881 and owned by Philadelphia capitalists, which had sailed from Philadelphia a few days before for Boston, with a cargo of coal, was blown ashore near Scituate, Mass., and broken to pieces on the rocks. Captain Springer and all of his crew escaped safely to shore. The yacht Senator, belonging to Edward Fennimore, of Somers Point, went ashore near the Bayview Club House at that place. The yachts George A. Colten, belonging to Townsend and Vansant, of Somers Point; the Wave,

the Minnie, the Hinckley and a large scow loaded with brush for Longport, all went ashore in the Great Egg Harbor. The Philadelphia schooner Henry Brewster, from Virginia for New York, with a cargo of oysters, was sighted off the New Jersey coast, with signals of distress flying, and in a short time she went ashore two miles south of Monmouth Beach. She was a total loss. The schooner Mary G. Farr went ashore on the outer bar of Spring Lake and was soon broken up by the fury of the storm. Every soul on board was lost.

"Near Asbury Park some one picked up the leg and part of the body of a man, which had apparently been lashed to some floating spar or rigging, and when these parted the body was torn asunder. A worn rubber boot remained on the man's foot. Every incoming vessel brought in its tale of hardship and suffering at sea. The schooner Millie Trim, of Bangor, Captain Olsen, bound for Rockland, Me., from South Amboy, with coal, was driven ashore on Calf Island early on Saturday morning. When the vessel struck, the captain seeing that all was lost, ordered his crew into the rigging, while he went to the masthead. The waves dashing on the wreck, soon washed away some of the crew, and when the masts fell the captain was the only person left. He was soon thrown into the breakers and hurled upon the beach unconscious. Recovering his senses, he started to secure the bodies of his crew, and succeeded in getting three of them ashore.

"The storm, although very severe in Atlantic City, was attended by no distress at sea. The fury of the wind was terrific. Houses rocked and some of the occupants were alarmed for their safety. Excepting the unroofing of two cottages on Vermont Avenue, erected by Walter Kirk, the damage to property in Atlantic City was slight. The Mansion House, at Pennsylvania and Atlantic Avenues, had a large sign torn away and carried down Atlantic Avenue. Several of the cedar trees in front of the United States Hotel, between Delaware and

Maryland Avenues, were torn out by the roots. A cottage in course of erection at Baltic and Rhode Island Avenues, owned by George T. Prince, superintendent of the Atlantic City Water Works, was blown down, and a shanty on Georgia Avenue was torn apart and blown down the beach.

"The guards kept up a continual watch in the tower and Major A. G. Wolf, keeper of the lighthouse, kept his lonely vigil in his lofty sanctum. That veteran mid-air hermit said he had never experienced such a gale. He declared that if he did not live so close to the signal service station and knew a point or two about the velocity of the wind, he would have declared it was going at a rate of a hundred miles a minute. Along the beach in Atlantic City there was no damage other than the sweeping away of the last remnant of the old West Jersey pier, a rickety concern, in front of the West Jersey Excursion House. The other two piers, Howard's at Kentucky Avenue, and Applegate's, at Tennessee Avenue, stood the gale nobly.

"The pond near the lighthouse, in which three men had been drowned and which was the dread of the uptown cottagers, suddenly disappeared, the wind carrying sand from all parts of the beach and filling it up. On Sunday morning the beach was well sprinkled with sulphur, and a half dozen empty barrels were picked up. They were part of a wrecked vessel's cargo.

"The meadows were filled with ice. A short distance south of Pleasantville, as far as the eye could reach, was a sheet of ice. Along the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad there was a washout of 250 yards, which delayed trains all day Saturday. The new roadbed of the Reading Railroad was washed out by the high tide in places, but not enough to interfere with travel. It was a bad storm—that one of 1886. Neptune raved as he sat on his rocking throne and Boreas misbehaved.

"The blizzard of 1888 was another memorable storm. A drizzling rain, which set in on Sunday afternoon,

March 11th, changed to a snow storm on that night accompanied by high winds. Next morning the people of New Jersey awoke to find themselves in the grasp of a genuine Dakota blizzard. In Atlantic City, quite unaccustomed to heavy snow falls, it was six feet deep in places. Very few people ventured out doors all day Monday and communication with the outside world was completely shut off. The high winds continued throughout Tuesday—day of the municipal election in Atlantic City—and the mercury dropped ten degrees. The storm had its origin somewhere in the West, but was severest along the coast, from Nova Scotia to North Carolina. It was regarded as the worst storm of the century up to that time. The blizzards of 1856 and 1857 were unusual, but not so severe as that of 1888, when the snow fall was very deep, the weather very cold and the wind very high. It was an unusual combination of the elements.

"Other notable storms were those of September 9, 1889, October 24, 1897, November 26, 1898, and February 11, 1899. The first two were rain and tidal storms; the other two snow storms. The trial of Evangeline Hamilton, for murderous assault upon her nurse, at the Noll Cottage, on Tennessee Avenue, Atlantic City, was in progress at May's Landing at the time of the storm in September, 1889, and court officials as well as lawyers and witnesses could not reach the county seat. Necessarily there was an interruption of the court proceedings. The Boardwalk, built low—a foot or so above the sand, with elevations at the street ends for the convenience of horse-drawn vehicles in passing to and from the beach—was completely destroyed. Before another summer it was rebuilt, wider, higher and stronger than ever, with an unobstructed view on the seaward side. The completion of this, the fourth of Atlantic City's boardwalks, was celebrated with a grand torchlight and fireworks procession of citizens, secret societies, militia and firemen on the night of May 10, 1890. The cost of this im-

proved structure was $54,000. The first boardwalk, built of planks laid on the sand, in 1874, cost $5000.

"Standing on the western edge of the city, at Florida Avenue, and looking across the expanse of meadows, completely covered with water—after viewing the waste and destruction on the beach front—Councilman Edward S. Lee said then and there that the time had come for an elevated Boardwalk, capable of resisting wind or rain, tide or flood. Next day he submitted his ideas to City Engineer Hillman, and exactly eight months thereafter, to the day, Mr. Lee's plans were brought to completion—not, however, to perfection. Subsequent storms destroyed the wooden walk and as a result, the legislature of 1896 passed an act by authority of which an elevated steel structure was erected on the beach front of Atlantic City and dedicated on July 8, 1896. At this dedication there was a grand rally on the park opposite the Hotel Brighton, with speeches by Congressman Gardner and others, followed by a parade of citizens, military companies and firemen on the Boardwalk in the evening, with fireworks galore. Thus was Mr. Lee's plan brought to perfection."

LXXIII.

A JERSEY GENIUS IN ACTION

WE HAD just passed the old home of the late Dr. J. B. Somers, on the Shore Road, corner of Poplar Avenue, Linwood.

"A few miles below," said Grandfather, "is the old Somers homestead, overlooking Great Egg Harbor Bay, at Somers Point. Here was born Richard Somers, 3d, whose exploit before Tripoli should be remembered by every Jerseyman." It should be printed in every school history.

"Of all the old homes in South Jersey," said he, "none is more deserving of preservation than the birthplace of Richard Somers. Abundant in its memories of the young man who met a tragic death, in the early part of September, 1804, it was also the scene of many gaieties in the days preceding and following the Revolution. Here were entertained Colonel Richard Wescoat, ancestor of many people of prominence, including the Endicotts, Penningtons and Scotts; the Wests, of Catawba, below May's Landing—one of them of unpleasant memory—the Leamings, the Spicers, the Fosters, the Hands, the Corsons and the Townsends, of Cape May County, and the Coopers, Kaighns, Biddles and Mickles, of old Gloucester.

"The old homestead is still standing, but the family relics passed into other hands many years ago. The exploit of Commander Richard Somers, in the harbor of Tripoli, demanded equal courage and greater sacrifice than that of Decatur, which Nelson pronounced the 'most daring act of the age.' Between Somers and Decatur there was a singularly loving friendship. The character of Somers was much admired by Washington, and as a special token of his admiration he presented Somers with

a ring, containing a lock of his hair. This ring is now in the possession of the Leaming family, of Cape May, descendants of Constant Somers, brother of the naval hero.

"Soon after entering the naval service, Somers was promoted to a lieutenancy. That was in the spring of 1799. Four years later he was in command of the Nautilus, bound for the Mediterranean. The squadron, commanded by Preble, consisted of the Constitution, the Philadelphia, the Argus, the Vixen, the Enterprise, and the Nautilus. These vessels had been ordered to the Mediterranean to subdue the Tripolitans, who persisted in exacting tribute of the American merchant marine. After settling a similar difficulty with Morocco, without any waste of powder, Commodore Preble declared the blockade of Tripoli, before which he believed the frigates Philadelphia and Vixen were then cruising, though, unknown to him, the former had run upon the rocks and had been captured by the enemy, Commodore Bainbridge and crew being then prisoners of war.

"Preble sent Decatur and Somers, with gunboats, covered with brigs and schooners, into the harbor's mouth, while the ketches bombarded more to leeward. Somers' gunboat was smaller than any one of those of the enemy, but so true was the fire that not one of them succeeded in getting alongside of him to board.

"They were all bearing straight down upon the rocks, and Somers could not spare enough men from the guns to man his sweeps. Preble, on the Constitution, saw his danger and, coming up in time, sent a broadside of grape among the pirates, who got out their sweeps and retreated when one united attack would have made the victory theirs. As they drew off, instead of returning to the Constitution, as Preble wished, Somers pursued them until within less than a cable's length of a twelve-gun battery, which had not fired before for fear of damaging the fleeing Tripolitans. When she opened fire at this close range the destruction of Somers' valiant little

vessel seemed inevitable; but by a lucky chance a bomb exploded in the battery, blew up the platform, and drove the Tripolitans to cover.

"After that exploit Somers finally conceived a plan for destroying the enemy's flotilla as it lay at anchor in the harbor. A ketch that had been captured from the Tripolitans by Decatur was in the squadron, and had been rechristened the Intrepid, for the brilliant occasion on which she had been used, when Decatur recaptured and destroyed the Philadelphia. Somers proposed to fit up the ketch in the dual capacity of fire ship and infernal, take her into the harbor of Tripoli, and there explode her in the midst of the Tripolitan vessels. The panic created by such an assault, in the dead of night, it was hoped, would produce peace and the liberation of Bainbridge and his crew. Somers, after some difficulty, secured the permission of Preble to engage in this hazardous undertaking.

"Preble repeatedly warned the young officer of the desperate character of the work, and told him that on account of the Napoleonic wars the Tripolitans were short of ammunition, and that so much powder must not fall into the hands of the enemy, but Somers needed no warning. On the deck of the ketch, around the mast and over the magazine was piled a quantity of shells of different sizes, and in the hold was placed 1500 pounds of powder. Notwithstanding the desperate character of the service, so great was their devotion to Somers that every man on board of the Nautilus offered to engage in it. This compelled him to make a selection, and after consultation with Preble, he selected four men from the Nautilus and six from the Constitution, which, with Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, of the Constitution, an uncle of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Somers himself, made up the complement of twelve men who were permitted to engage in an undertaking which was likely to cost them their lives. Midshipman Joseph Israel, familiarly known as Pickle Israel, and recently

promoted to a lieutenancy, with the assistance of Quartermaster Daniel Dixon, as he afterwards confessed, eluded the eye of his superior and was found on board one of the lifeboats accompanying the ketch, under a tarpaulin, after Somers had started on his errand of destruction. The ten seamen were: James Sims, Thomas Tompline, James Harris and William Keith, of the Nautilus; William Harrison, Robert Clark, Hugh McCormick, Jacob Williams, Peter Penner and Isaac Downs, of the Constitution. They were all Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians.

"On the afternoon of September 4th Somers was ready to take the ketch into the harbor. He pointed out the desperate character of the service to the men, and said he wished no man to go who would not prefer being blown up to being taken by the enemy; that such was his own determination and he wished all who were with him to be of the same mind. It was said, by those who witnessed the scene, that in reply each man asked the privilege of applying the match to the fuse. Stewart and Decatur visited Somers before he got away.

"At nine o'clock that night all was ready and the Intrepid was started for the harbor in the tow of two lifeboats, manned by ten seamen with muffled oars. Stewart and Decatur, in their vessels, followed the ketch as far in the offing as was prudent. Midshipman Ridgley, on the Nautilus, by the aid of a powerful night-glass aloft, managed to follow her until she got well within the harbor, and then she vanished. * * * The suspense soon became almost unbearable, for not a shot had been fired, and not a sound came from the direction in which she had gone. At half past nine o'clock a half dozen cannon shots could be plainly heard, and even the suspicion that she had been discovered and was being fired on was a relief from the awful silence. About ten o'clock Stewart was standing at the gangway of the Siren with Lieutenant Carroll, when the latter, craning his neck out into the night, suddenly exclaimed: 'Look! See the light!'

"Away up the harbor Stewart saw a speck of light, as if from a lantern, which moved rapidly as though it were being carried by some one running along a deck. Then it paused and disappeared from view. In a second a tremendous flame shot up hundreds of feet into the air, and the glare of it was so intense that it seemed close aboard. The flash and shock were so stupendous that the guardships, though far out to sea, trembled and shivered. The officers and men looked at one another in mute horror. Could anything have lived in the area of that dreadful explosion? The tension upon the men of the little fleet was almost at the breaking point. The vessels beat to and fro between the harbor entrances, firing rockets and guns for the guidance of possible fugitives. All night the fleet kept vigil, but not a shot nor a voice nor even a splash came out from the harbor.

"With the first streaks of dawn the Americans were aloft with their glasses. On the rocks at the northern entrance through which the Intrepid had passed they saw a mast and fragments of vessels. One of the enemy's largest gunboats had disappeared, and two others were so badly shattered that they lay upon the shore.

"The details were never actually known. Somers was a man capable of any sacrifice for the honor and welfare of his country. Thirty years ago his relative, Dr. J. B. Somers, of Linwood, expressed his belief that being discovered and in danger of capture, he ordered the match applied to the magazine, and thus sacrificed his own life and the lives of his men, to keep from the enemy the means of prolonging the war. The whole was over in less than a minute—the flame, the quaking of towers, the reeling of ships and the bursting of shells. No one ever came back from the ill-fated Intrepid to tell the story of the explosion.

"Commodore Preble, in his official report, said the men on the Intrepid were officers of conspicuous bravery, talent and merit. The bashaw offered a dollar for each body, and within two days the entire thirteen were re-

covered. Captain Bainbridge, at that time a prisoner in Tripoli, saw two bodies that had been found in the ketch and four floating in the harbor, and said they were so much disfigured that it was impossible to recognize any human feature, or even distinguish an officer from a seaman. Ten were buried on the beach, outside the town, while three, who, on account of some fragments of dress, were believed to be officers—Somers, Wadsworth and Pickle —were interred in the same grave, about a cable's length to the southward and eastward of the castle. Small stones were placed at the four corners of this last grave to mark its site, but they were shortly afterwards removed by the Tripolitans, who objected to the disfiguring of their land with a Christian monument.

"Congress passed a resolution of condolence and erected a monument at the navy yard in Washington in honor of these heroes. At the burning of that city, in 1814, this monument was very much defaced. Subsequently it was restored and removed to the west front of the capitol, whence it was transferred, in 1860, to the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

* * * *

The Annalist: "I once read in a book: 'It is not well to have too many heroes. An army of all generals would win no battles.' There were thirteen heroes aboard the Nautilus."

Grandfather: "Heroism is genius manifesting itself in action. Somers was the genius—the hero in action. The others were like the obedient cavalry at Balaclava—'their's not to reason why, their's but to do and die.'"

LXXIV.

LITTLE ACORNS AND GREAT OAKS.

NEAR where the trains now cross Broadway, in Civil War days and long afterwards, in Camden, was an old homestead, occupied by a family named De-Haven. Further up Broadway, at the corner of Federal Street, was a big square house, occupied by the Carman family. William Carman married a daughter of Daniel Cooper, one-time owner of the ferry now operated by the railroad company, whose lines converge near Broadway and pass down Bridge Avenue to the main station. In the early days this highway was called the "rail road or bridge avenue," and it is so designated in the Camden Mail of September 23, 1835. In mentioning that date (September 23d), Grandfather said: "Exactly ten years later, to the day, the great national game, base ball, came into existence."

"Yes," said he, "and it is also worth noting that among the great players in the early days was a citizen of Camden, Weston D. Fisler, son of the historian, Dr. Lorenzo D. Fisler. 'Wes' Fisler was the first-baseman of the original Athletics and made a record that found lodgment in the annals of base ball. He died only a few years ago, well up in his seventies."

"Base ball," added Grandfather, growing reminiscent, "was a development of an earlier game known as town ball, which in turn was an evolution of the Colonial pastime, one-old-cat, which passed through the stages of two-old-cat, three-old-cat and four-old-cat, as the number of players increased. In one-old-cat there was a pitcher, catcher and fielder against a batsman, who ran to a base and back, after hitting the ball. He was put out by the 'fielding' of the ball to the home plate. In two-old-cat two basemen faced each other, after the manner of cricket.

The game became too complex in four-old-cat and town ball was the result, from which Abner Doubleday, afterwards a major-general in the United States army, devised the game of base ball. The first game was played in a town founded by a Jerseyman—Cooperstown, N. Y., and most likely among the spectators on that eventful day, September 23, 1845, were members of the Cooper family, whose progenitor left his impress on the history of South Jersey. One of his descendants was Daniel Cooper, father-in-law of William Carman."

These facts were narrated by Grandfather while watching the men at work on an approach to the big bridge across the Delaware, then in course of erection. It is to be formally opened to the public (so the construction head said) on July 4, 1926.

"Speaking of bridges," said he, "Edward Sharp and others projected a bridge across the Delaware, between Camden and Philadelphia, more than one hundred years ago. It was first talked of in 1819. The approach was to begin near the old DeHaven home, with a gradual rise, on the line of the present Bridge Avenue, to a point just below Second Street, where the bridge proper was to begin. Sharp and his friends, however, could not enlist public interest in his project. Either on account of its proximity to his home or on account of his connection with Daniel Cooper, whose ferry business would be affected by the bridge, Carman was strongly opposed to the project.

"Many years afterwards, in the seventies, the project was revived by Thomas H. Speakman, an engineer, but he also failed to enlist enough public interest to make his dream a reality. Roebling's bridge across East River to Brooklyn had been finished and its popularity inspired a few people in Camden to thus link their city with Philadelphia."

Having recalled these bits of history, Grandfather arose from the white marble step on which he had been sitting, facing the bridge approach, and walked around to the far side of Pippin, apparently to make sure of the

tires, as one had gone flat soon after leaving Hancock's Bridge, near Salem, whither we had traveled that morning to see a marker of the massacre in 1778, on the night of March 20th. The enemy on that occasion, Grandfather said, obeyed the order of Major Simcoe: "Spare no one; put all to death; give no quarter." The victims were in bed and asleep, worn out with watching.

Finding the tires all right, the old man turned around and again faced the bridge approach. Then it was that he realized the appearance of Pippin—either that or his own peculiar garb—was distracting the workmen. Not wishing to incur the displeasure of the superintendent, he suggested that we pass around to Cooper Park, where the city now maintains a public library. Thither he steered his waggon, the men watching until we turned the corner.

Diagonally across from Cooper Park stood the old Sharp house, built by Edward Sharp in 1812, seven years before he began the agitation of a bridge and one hundred and fourteen years before its completion. Sharp was also the owner of a house on Federal Street, at the time of the bridge agitation, which he had purchased of Joshua Cooper, a pronounced Federalist in his day—so pronounced, indeed, that he named the street in front of his home Federal Street. In offering this property for sale in 1821 Sharp described it as a "brick house, formerly the residence of Joshua Cooper, on the south side of Federal Street and the same frontage on Bridge Avenue—with a pump at the kitchen door." He thus dignified the site of the bridge approach with a capital B.

Seated on a bench in Cooper Park, with Pippin conveniently hitched at a safe distance from the fire plug, the old man continued his story about bridges.

"I never think of bridges," said he, "without thinking of the great suspension bridge across the Niagara, below the falls. It was one of the world's wonders in the late forties. Many Yankees had heeded Bancroft's dictum about 'westward the star of empire takes its way,' and were migrating thither. They reached the Niagara

frontier, where the great gorge and rushing waters were obstacles to their further progress, without making detours many miles up or down the river. The necessity of a bridge was apparent for other reasons, but how to cross the surging waters with the initial cord was a puzzle until the engineers enlisted the aid of boys. The wise man's advice, 'despise not the day of small things,' may be revised to read, in these days, 'despise not the doings of the small boy.'

"I asked a Buffalo high school girl, visiting in Atlantic City, if she knew that a boy initiated the Niagara bridge. She had never heard of such a thing, and yet all the facts are of record in the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society. When the engineer wished to send the first connecting thread across the surging waters he engaged boys to fly their kites between the cliffs. After fruitless efforts, one boy, Homan Walsh, raised his kite on the New York side and dropped it on the Canadian side. His slender kite string served to draw a heavier line across the gorge, which in turn was followed by ropes and cables.

"On the cable-way thus formed an iron basket, now owned by the historical society, was operated and passengers were carried across at $1.25 each. With the cable-way in position—outgrowth of a kite string—the men built two platforms, one on each side of the cable way, three feet wide, over which people passed at twenty-five cents each. These platforms were used in the building of another bridge, which gave way to the old wooden suspension bridge, completed in 1853. It was over this bridge that the locomotive 'London' crossed the river on March 8, 1855. Ten days later a train of cars crossed on the bridge whose beginning, as I have said, was a kite string. Truly, trifles make the sum of human things."

"As the Scotchman would say, 'many mickles make a muckel,' suggested the Annalist.

"Great oaks from small acorns grow," added Grandfather. "One day not so many years ago, a little girl, Hattie Wyatt, died in Philadelphia. She had fifty-seven

cents in her earthen bank. Before she died she asked Russell H. Conwell to take her trifle and use it to help build a bigger church. In a few years a new church building and a great college were the fruitation of that little girl's fifty-seven cents."

The old man then asked for a leaf of the journal. On this he sketched a pyramid, in neat Gothic letters, thus:

A N
A C O R N
WAS PLANTED;
IT SPROUTED AND
GREW AND BECAME A
YOUNG OAK; THEN THE
YOUNG OAK GREW, TOO; AND IT
KEPT ON A-GROWING, AND IT GREW
AND IT GREW, UNTIL THE YOUNG OAK
WAS A GREAT OAK, AND THEN IT GREW, TOO.

He passed the paper to the Annalist and asked that it be inserted in the journal, adding:

"That drawing describes the development of Temple College, in Philadelphia. It also typifies the inception and completion of the Atlantic City Hospital, whose story is revealed in the minutes of the governing body, of which I have an abstract. The story of the hospital is like that of the acorn and oak. It is a restatement of the wise man's axiom, 'despise not the day of small things;' a repetition of the kite string and the bridge cable; of the little clay bank and the big stone college.

"The hospital sapling grew and became a tree. The tree, in the course of a few years, became a large oak and now that large oak is spreading out and doing a larger and better work for humanity than was dreamed of on the night of Lincoln's Birthday, 1897, when its promoter was fired with determination by the cold blast of public indifference!

"The hospital acorn was planted in the news columns of an Atlantic City newspaper, when a citizen, who shall be nameless, wrote and had published a series of articles—three or four in the course of a year—setting forth the need of a public hospital. At that time (1897) there was a private sanatorium at the corner of Pacific and Mount

Vernon avenues, where hospital cases were treated under a contract with the city. The proprietor had signified his determination not to renew the contract and there was every indication that the city would be deprived of hospital facilities before the close of the summer. These facts were set forth in the newspaper articles and it was hoped that the public would respond to a movement looking to the building of a hospital, the first step being the selection of trustees for a fund which the promoter proposed raising.

"There was no response to the published call—no one present at that first meeting other than the man who issued the call. The rest of the story is told by the minutes"—so saying the old man opened the maw of his capacious wallet and drew out an abstract, saying: "Put this in your journal—in small type, if you will, but put it in."

February 12, 1897: Pursuant to a call, the following persons met at the Sanatorium: J. J. Rochford, proprietor, and Alfred M. Heston. Notwithstanding the small attendance, it was decided to organize the meeting and carry out the purpose of the call. Mr. Heston nominated Mr. Rochford as temporary president and he was unanimously elected. Mr. Rochford nominated Mr. Heston as temporary secretary and he was unanimously elected. Whereupon the following citizens, none of whom were present, were elected members of the board: Franklin P. Stoy, Stewart R. McShea, M. A. Devine, John F. Hall, M. V. B. Scull, Henry S. Scull, J. Leonard Baier, Jr., Lewis Evans and A. M. Heston.

February 24, 1897: A motion to increase the board to fifteen was carried. Additional governors elected were Louis Kuehnle, William G. Hoopes, Charles Evans, H. H. Deakyne, James D. Southwick and Isaac Bacharach.

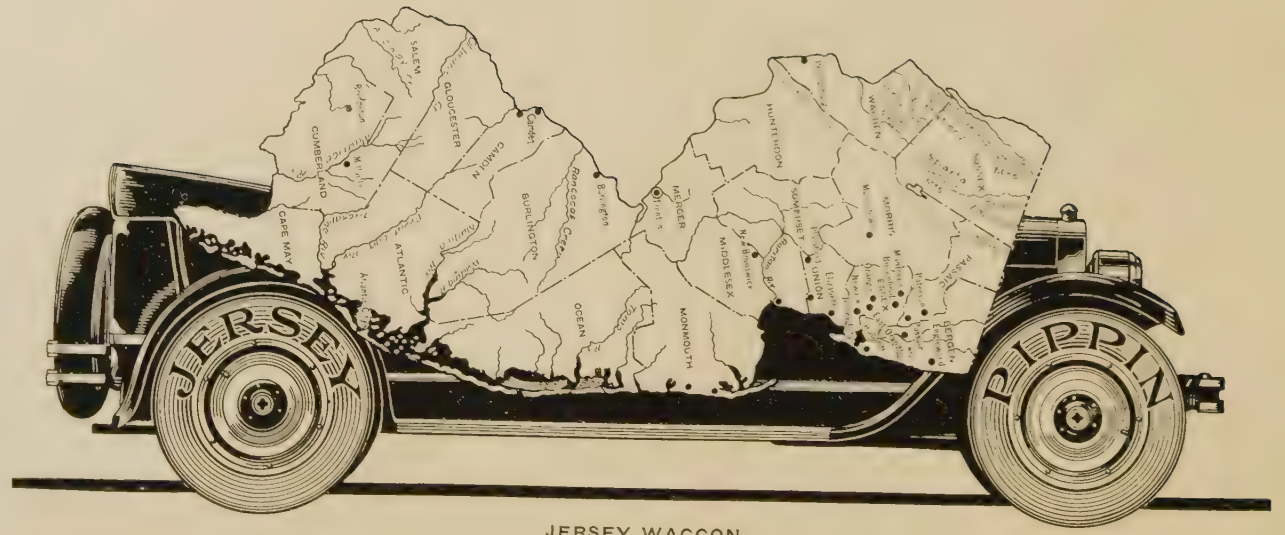
No meetings were held during March. On April 1 President Stoy and Secretary Heston were present and as they were about to "adjourn" the meeting Alderman Southwick and Mr. Deakyne appeared and added two "sparks" to an otherwise chilly meeting. As there seemed to be a lack of interest in the project, the secretary asked authority to send out notices, asking members to attend the next meeting.

Interest in the hospital continued to lag. No meeting was held until the middle of July, when there were

eight absentees. At this meeting of July 13th it was reported that forty-eight citizens had agreed to become members of the corporation and contribute annually. Plans for hospital benefits were also presented. It was agreed to hold a fair during the coming winter, and this matter was placed in the hands of the ladies. At the next meeting a number of names were added to the annual list and four citizens were elected life members. In September a report on two "benefits" was submitted, one at the St. Charles Hotel and one at the Empire Theatre, the hospital's share being $177.88. The prospect of a hospital building seemed more encouraging, and a motion was adopted that the "board erect a hospital in Atlantic City at as early a date as possible." The leaven was beginning to work. Those who had been cold were now warming up to the project. At this meeting announcement was made of a plan to hold a series of progressive euchres at the Morris Guards Armory in aid of the building fund, and the secretary asked authority to buy fifty tables for that purpose. The request was granted. He had previously collected a fund of $495 by the sale of tickets.

A month later further contributions were reported. Indeed, the outlook was now so encouraging that a committee was appointed to "procure a site for the proposed hospital." This committee reported on October 29th, 1897. Six sites were named and a month later four others were added to the list. At this last meeting a "straw" ballot was taken to ascertain the preference as to site. The result was: Island House, 6; Sanatorium, 3; Henry L. Elder lot, on California Avenue, 2. No decision was reached and on November 27th the board considered twenty-three sites, but made no choice. The minutes of this date disclose a significant resolution:

"Resolved, it is the sense of this board that no moneys raised for the building fund of the Atlantic City Hospital shall be expended for the maintenance of patients at the Atlantic City Sanatorium, but shall be kept intact for a building fund."



JERSEY WAGGON

This is the Waggon that Grandfather built,
With lines and seams like a Patchwork Quilt.

This resolution was offered to head off a movement to divert association funds to meet current hospital needs, the City Council having failed to contribute enough money to pay for the public patients at the Sanatorium. Finally, on July 29, 1898, the Henry J. White property on Ohio Avenue (present site of the hospital) was offered at $16,000, but "a protest was read from residents and property owners in the vicinity, and the board, in view of this opposition, deemed it unwise to purchase said property."

The opposition was afterwards removed and on August 11, 1898, eighteen months after the initial meeting, the board agreed unanimously that the time had arrived to build a hospital in Atlantic City. They agreed to purchase the Ohio Avenue site. The vote was eight "for" the purchase and one "against." The absentees were Bacharach, Southwick, Hoopes, M. V. B. Scull, Devine and Kuehnle. The absence of so many governors at this critical time indicated continued coolness toward a subject that had been kept "hot" by publicity in the newspapers.

At the time of this purchase the building fund amounted to about $3000, all of which represented an accumulation of small subscriptions, (mostly $5) entertainments (including the series of euchres and a benefit by the Princeton Glee Club) and membership fees. To this fund Charles Evans, one of the governors, added $1000 on condition that the board purchase the Ohio Avenue property.

A payment of $2000 was made to Mr. White, who agreed to accept the remaining $14,000 in the form of a mortgage at six per cent. The building fund was drawn upon to make the necessary repairs and alterations to the White property, and on November 30, 1898, the old frame hospital was formally opened, with one patient in the public ward.

Considering the disadvantages under which the promoters had labored, the lack of funds and the indiffer-

ence of many good citizens, a wonderful work had been accomplished in a comparatively short time. This was the result of perseverance and newspaper co-operation.

Atlantic City's great need had been met—to some extent. Proof of this was found in the demands made upon those in charge for a public service which it was impossible to render with the facilities at their command. The little frame building was inadequate and the governors were lacking in funds. Complaints were made by those who had no knowledge of the requirements of a hospital and no information regarding the perplexities of the governors. In the midst of these trials, no generous citizen came forward with a substantial contribution. The helping hand was reached out by Absecon. It was the hand of a woman.

In April, 1899, less than six months after the opening, Miss Elizabeth Clement Boice, of Absecon, had become so much interested that she signified her desire to erect a permanent annex of brick or stone, according to plans acceptable to the Board of Governors, as a memorial to her father, the late Henry Boice. The Board was duly grateful to Miss Boice for this offer, and as a token of their appreciation they elected her a life member of the corporation. It was suggested to her that the proposed building be known as the Boice Annex and that it be constructed of brick, with stone trimmings, to which she assented.

Meantime it was learned that the marriage of Miss Boice to Mr. Clarence Doughty Nourse was to take place on June 7th, at the home of a relative in West Philadelphia, and it was deemed appropriate to celebrate this happy occasion by breaking ground for the new building. Accordingly, at the hour of the ceremony in West Philadelphia, the secretary removed the first soil for the foundation of the Boice Annex.

The work on this building progressed satisfactorily, the Board of Governors suggesting some changes during its progress, to which Mrs. Nourse consented. The

building being finally completed, announcement was made of the formal opening on Thanksgiving Day, November 30th, 1899, exactly one year after the opening of what was then known as the "main" building, but which, a few years later, was removed to make room for a new main building more modern in its appointments.

The board made an additional purchase of Mr. White, in May, 1901. For the net sum of $15,500 they secured title to the lot and building thereon, known as 1907 Pacific Avenue, which adjoins the rear of the Ohio Avenue lot, giving the hospital an L-shaped lot, one hundred feet on Ohio Avenue and fifty feet on Pacific. After improvements, this property was opened as a nurses' home, on Thanksgiving Day, 1901, three years from the first opening in 1898. This building was afterwards replaced by a brick building at a cost of $30,000, for which the Women's Auxiliary paid $5000 cash and agreed to pay an additional $20,000 toward cancelling the bonds which the board had issued to cover the cost.

The present main hospital building was erected in 1907 on the site of the old frame building and the Boice Annex, the walls of the latter being retained in part in the construction of the new building. The cost was less than $100,000, including new equipment. To make room for this new building the old frame building was removed to a lot fronting on Michigan Avenue, which the board had previously purchased for $10,000. Subsequently this old building was found to be untenantable and was torn down, the basement only being retained as a laboratory. In 1922 the board made a further purchase of one hundred feet on Michigan Avenue, adjoining the other lot, on which was a large frame building used as a boarding house. This was improved at a considerable expense and opened as a nurses' home, the brick building on Pacific Avenue being thereafter used for private patients.

Other improvements have been made in recent years, including a solarium for convalescents, a new dispensary

and another operating room. The capacity of the hospital, although double that of 1907, when the main building was finished, is inadequate to the growing needs of Atlantic City. Plans are now being perfected for a further addition, the cost of which will exceed $300,000. It is hoped to have this Michigan Avenue extension finished in 1926.

* * * *

The Annalist: "It has been said that mistakes have been made by those who run the hospital; that public patients do not get equal attention with those who pay and that the institution sometimes asks patients to pay when they ought to be listed as free."

Grandfather: "Those stories originated among people who know little or nothing of the hospital and give little or nothing towards its maintenance. It is easy to condemn others and say what you would do, if given the opportunity. Josh Billings once said: 'I have noticed that the man who is always telling what he would have done if he had only been there, somehow never manages to be there.' The archives of the hospital, previous to 1921, contain many letters from patients and their friends, praising the management in the highest terms for care and treatment by doctors, nurses and superintendent. To those who are so ready to condemn, and who prate of their own superiority, I offer this advice: In speaking of another's faults, pray don't forget your own; remember those with homes of glass should seldom throw a stone. Although I sometimes hope to be no worse than some I know, my own shortcomings bid me let the faults of others go."

LXXV.

MORAVIANISM IN GLOUCESTER COUNTY

FEW Jerseymen of the present day know that the Moravians once had places of worship in New Jersey. Usually, those devout people are associated with the early history of Pennsylvania, particularly the Lehigh Valley, but time was when there were Moravian churches in New Jersey. One of these was in Woolwich Township, in the lower part of Gloucester County.

This old church was in danger of destruction by time and the elements, after its abandonment by the Moravians many years ago, and its preservation is due chiefly to the Gloucester County Historical Society, in conjunction with Rev. Edgar Campbell, rector of the old Trinity Episcopal Church at Swedesboro. The restoration of the old church in Woolwich was celebrated on November 8, 1919, by members of the historical society, Bishop Paul Matthews, of the New Jersey Diocese, and others, including Dr. J. E. Halsey and Miss Frances Locke, a descendant of Rev. Laurence Locke, the first clergyman sent out by the Swedes in 1642. Rev. Edgar Campbell, rector of the more historic Trinity Church, accepted the rectorship of the Woolwich church as a mission of the church at Swedesboro. No services had been held in the Woolwich church for fifteen years.

Members of the historical society, on the day of the celebration, went by train from Woodbury to Harrisonville and thence by automobiles to the old church at a place now known as Porch's Mills, but in former years widely known as Oliphant's Mills, about a mile from Harrisonville, at the southern edge of Gloucester County. Besides the address of Bishop Matthews, on the day of the reopening, the early history of the church was recounted in a paper read by George B. Macaltioner, of Woodstown.

Referring to this celebration, Grandfather said: "The first Moravian church was established by Rev. Gabriel Naesman, a Swede, who came over about 1740 to minister to the Swedish settlements along the Delaware. Following a dispute with some of his countrymen, he organized a congregation and proceeded to hold services according to the Moravian form, in opposition to the Lutheran church at Swedesboro.

"In 1743 a church was built on the upper side of Oldman's Creek and the congregation flourished for half a century. Then the church at Swedesboro built a substantial brick building. The Moravians, not to be outdone by the Lutherans, erected a new house of worship in 1789. The two churches continued to hold services, each in its own way and with more or less jealousy, until the old families and supporters of the Moravian church began to die or move away. The congregation dwindled to the proverbial handful.

"The congregation of the Swedish Lutheran mission at Swedesboro also began to dwindle and the church was finally closed in 1831, following the death of the last of the missionaries, Nicholas Collin, D. D. About that time or soon afterwards the old Swedish church passed under the control of the Diocese of New Jersey and since then it has been known as Trinity Church. The church property was regularly transferred to the Diocese in 1836. For a time the rector of Trinity held monthly services in the Moravian church building in Woolwich, and Henry Shiebler conducted a Sunday-school there for several years. Finally, early in the present century, lack of interest and attendance caused the abandonment of all services and it was not until the rehabilitation and reopening in November, 1919, that the people in that neighborhood had the gospel preached unto them within the walls of that old church. Previously, the Gloucester County Historical Society had placed a tablet on the building."

LXXVI.

"WHAT ABOUT WATTS?"

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?"

GRANDFATHER hummed those familiar lines as we passed through the borough of Caldwell in a round-a-bout way from the Washington Headquarters at Morristown to "Liberty Hall," home of Governor William Livingston, on the outskirts of Elizabeth. It is now owned by the Kean family and is known as "Ursino."

"Jimmie Caldwell was a dear old acquaintance," said Grandfather. "I cannot forget him. I often bring to mind, too, my old friend, Will Livingston."

"As Governor," said he, "Livingston led as lively a life as ever man could desire. He was particularly hated by the Tories in New York, who considered him a traitor to his aristocratic clan on the Hudson. You know, of course, that he was born in Albany and belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of the Colonial era—owners of Livingston Manor. Jim Rivington published a Tory paper, the Gazette, in New York. He called Livingston Don Quixote of the Jerseys, Knight of the Most Honorable Order of Starvation, and Despot-in-Chief of the Rising State of New Jersey. Governor Livingston said to me one day: 'If Jim Rivington is taken I must have one of his ears. Governor Clinton is entitled to the other. Washington can have his head.' "

Passing through Caldwell and humming Burns' lines, the old man said:

"This town got its name from Jimmie Caldwell, our fighting preacher, but Caldwell's home was at Connecticut Farms. Grover Cleveland was born in Caldwell."

The Annalist had discovered, in previous conversations, that Grandfather liked to refer to his favorite sons in a familiar way. Thus he would say: Dick Somers, Joe Bloomfield, Frank Davenport, Dick Howell, Will Livingston, Dick Wescoat, Will Paterson, Fred Frelinghuysen, Ike Williamson, Dick Cooper, Pete Vroom, Charlie Stratton, Dory Randolph, Sam Southard, Dick Stockton, Jonty Elmer, Abe Browning, Gus Hobart, Sam Grey, Dave Watkins, Sink Chew, Ned Stokes, Tom Whitney, Johnnie Gardner and so on. On more than one occasion he referred to his friend Diedrich Knickerbocker as Knick. The Annalist suspected that he used the word in derision of the man who had robbed him of so much land, whereof some account is given on another page of this journal. "It was devilish," said Grandfather, and of course anything devilish suggests Old Nick. "Knick justified the theft," said he, "on the plea that might makes right, and added: 'We paid the commissioners well—got your land with generous bribes.' That was the truth. Money talks."

"What about Caldwell?" asked the Annalist.

"Jimmie was a fine man," said he, "and as much of a patriot as Muhlenberg, which is saying a good deal for Caldwell. Garbed in the uniform of a Revolutionary soldier, Peter Muhlenberg appeared before his Lutheran congregation in Virginia one Sunday morning, in 1776, and exclaimed: 'There's a time to preach and a time to fight; the time has come for me to fight!' and thereafter the good man fought valiantly for his country, rising to the rank of a general.

"Standing before his Presbyterian congregation at Connecticut Farms, Essex County, one Sunday morning in 1776, Jimmie Caldwell—I should say Rev. James Caldwell—said: 'The text of to-day's sermon is found in the first letter of Paul to Timothy, sixth chapter and twelfth verse, but altered to suit the exigency of these times. My text is: 'I will fight the good fight of faith and lay hold upon the tyrant'—and to this he added an

amplification—'If I can't lay hold upon the tyrant himself, George III, I'll do all in my power to defeat and destroy his minions, who are killing our friends and destroying our freedom.' Thereafter he was known as a trusted friend of Washington and won the thanks of the commander-in-chief for his services in preventing revolt among the troops in the winter of 1779-80.

"No story of Jimmie Caldwell is complete, however, without reference to an incident at the beginning of his pastorate in 1763.

"Caldwell's predecessors had served the drinks on bar days with their own hands and without any compunctions of conscience. At a trustee meeting, which he attended, soon after his settlement at Connecticut Farms, he said: 'There is too much drinking among prominent members of the congregation.' He was then looking straight at the chairman of the board, Mr. Hoyt. 'There will be no bar days while I am your pastor.'

"Mr. Hoyt flushed, but did not deny the truth of the minister's statement. He left the room to get some wood to put on the fire—it was a winter night—and was gone a few minutes. After attending to the fire he turned and faced the parson and the full board of trustees. 'Mr. Caldwell is right,' said he; 'we should find some other way of raising money for the minister's salary.' The result was that the church raised more money that year and there was less drinking in the village of Connecticut Farms.

"On one occasion the church members were planning to meet at the Meeker Inn on the following day, when the bar receipts were to go to pay the preacher's salary. Bar day had always been a gala time in the village. Former ministers were in the habit of serving the drinks with their own hands, and the most devout parishioners often drank deepest, lest they might be thought niggardly in giving to the Lord's work. Caldwell refused point-blank to tend bar. He maintained that it was a disgrace

for church members to boast of the number of barrels of Jamaica Rum they had in their cellars.

"Another time he said: 'You all know that in times past I have preached against war, but it's not required of a man of peace to submit to a tyrant like George III. He is exploiting the colonies that his corrupt court may continue its debauchery. Hereafter I am a man of war.'

"Washington accepted his services and in the early part of 1780 appointed him a commissioner, with Fred Frelinghuysen, to adjust the claims of such soldiers as considered themselves entitled to a discharge on account of the expiration of their enlistments. Settlement was made on the basis of seventy-five paper dollars for one of specie.

"During all that winter, while the men were at Morristown, Caldwell was more than chaplain. He worked with the men and pointed out the high purpose for which they were fighting.

"In the spring of 1780 Jimmie Caldwell made frequent trips on horseback between Morristown and Connecticut Farms and preached regularly to his congregation on Sundays. He encouraged the young men to perfect their military organizations, which they felicitously called the Jersey Blues—the first of that name in the State.

"Early in June the Americans learned of the advance of the British into Essex County. Caldwell rode from Morristown, at night, to make sure of being on hand when the enemy reached Connecticut Farms. The British, under Knyphausen, attacked the village on June 6th, but were repulsed by the militia and regular troops, with the loss of between forty and fifty, including a son of Count Donop. They burned the church and fourteen dwellings. Leaving his wife and children in the manse, and supposing that politeness and humanity would spare them, Caldwell fought with the troops and did not learn of the brutality of the enemy until after the repulse. A Hessian soldier approached the manse

cautiously, placed his gun at the window and fired at Mrs. Caldwell, who was sitting with her children and an infant in arms. The mother fell dead with a bullet in her lungs. Shortly afterwards the body was dragged out and buried. The building was then burned.

"There are conflicting accounts of this murder. All agree that a Hessian soldier, standing outside a window, saw Mrs. Caldwell nursing her sick child and deliberately aimed his musket at the woman. The frightened but brave woman said to the soldier: 'You cannot frighten me.' The reply was the report of a gun. The stories vary as to the motive. One is that the murder was the act of a drunken soldier. Another is that Jimmie Caldwell was so badly hated by the British that failing to capture him they took the life of his wife in a spirit of retaliation. Neither story offers the real cause of the murder.

"Caldwell was not called the fighting parson until after his wife's death. He won that sobriquet in the second battle of Springfield, a week or more after the first. During the second battle, when wadding for the muskets gave out, he brought hymn books from the church and shouted to the men: 'Give them Watts, boys.'

"An explanation of the murder is revealed in what happened in the British camp at Elizabethport the night before June 7, date of the battle of Connecticut Farms and first battle of Springfield. The Coldstream Guards, made up of sons of the English aristocracy, were pampered and petted by the Tory families of Staten Island and the adjacent parts of New Jersey. A quarrel arose between a young lieutenant of the Guards and two Hessians. The lieutenant was the aggressor and when the Hessians resisted he drew his sword. The Hessians would no doubt have made short shift of the insulting aristocrat had they dared, but they did not wish to be put in irons, especially as they hoped to share in the promised loot of battle the next day. All three offenders were taken before General Stirling. He needed the good will of the Hessian troops,

to insure a victory, and to take sides with the lieutenant would alienate every Hessian in his camp.

"His course was clear. He placed the blame on the Coldstream lieutenant, where it rightfully belonged, but paroled him when he promised to keep the peace. At the same time, he commended the Hessians for their self-control and called them brave and practical soldiers. To get them in good humor, he poured out three glasses of wine and raising his own glass, said: 'Comrades in arms, here's to King George the Third.'

"Next day, as Stirling led the march in the direction of Springfield, he was mortally wounded, at the Old Point Road, by a number of Continentals in ambush. Then and there the two Hessians, remembering the kindness of Stirling the day before, swore to avenge his death. They learned that one of those who ambushed their general was an ensign named Moses Ogden, only eighteen years old, whom his comrades in arms heralded as a hero. He it was who had fired the fatal shot at Stirling.

"Ogden's own daring, early in the day of battle, proved his undoing. He ventured too far from his comrades. Suddenly, from ambush, there came the flash of a Hessian musket and young Ogden was dead. After the manner of their kind, the mercenaries searched the body of the brave lad. Little of value was disclosed—only a letter written in a lady's hand, which they deciphered with some difficulty.

"It was from the parsonage at Connecticut Farms and was signed by Hannah Ogden Caldwell. Mrs. Caldwell's maiden name was Ogden, and Moses was the young woman's favorite cousin. In her letter she told how one of her babies was ill, and that her husband was with Washington at Morristown. She had heard that the British were at Elizabethport, and were planning to engage Washington's army. She urged Moses to be brave. She always loved and thought of him as her brother, rather than cousin. The letter proved that a strong bond of

friendship existed between Moses Ogden and the more matured but beloved Mrs. Caldwell.

"When the British began their retreat, after the first Springfield battle, the two Hessians were in a vengeful mood. They still had the letter and wished that Moses Ogden were alive that they might take vengeance upon him again.

"Finally one Hessian, more resourceful in brutality than the other, suggested that it would be an agreeable task for him to find the young matron who wrote the letter to Moses Ogden, encouraging him to ambush their General. They located the manse at Connecticut Farms and opening the shutters, saw Mrs. Caldwell in the room, nursing her child. To their barbarian minds the thought of killing her took form and they carried out their crime without hesitation. Reaching Elizabethport they told their comrades what they had done, and the facts were later on brought to Connecticut Farms. No brutality of the British so incensed the country as the assassination of Jimmie Caldwell's wife. It became a rallying cry of the army. Moses Ogden and Hannah Ogden Caldwell were revered as martyrs to the cause of liberty.

"It was not on account of the fighting parson, however, that his wife was murdered. At the time of her death his patriotism was unquestioned, but he was no better known and no more hated than some others by the British. Livingston and his daring daughters were much better known and more cordially hated by the Tories and English than Jimmie Caldwell, yet neither their house nor any member of the family was harmed.

"After the murder of his wife Caldwell was even more zealous as a fighter. His zeal and influence angered General Knyphausen, the Hessian commander in New York. 'This fighting parson,' said he, 'with his tongue of fire, can do more harm to England's cause than a dozen regiments. He is teaching the Continentals that George III is a tyrant and that to hate him is good religion. He must be silenced.' The British called him the Rebel High Priest.

"About eighteen months after the death of Mrs. Caldwell, on November 24, 1781, Jimmie Caldwell himself was shot and killed by an American sentinel at Elizabethport. He had gone to the wharf to welcome friends who had come by boat and was ambushed by a man whom he had reprimanded for misconduct. The murderer was delivered to the authorities, duly convicted and executed. The children of Mr. Caldwell, sons and daughters, became useful and honorable citizens of New Jersey. One of the sons, James G. Caldwell, settled in Woodbury and became a leading citizen of Gloucester County. He was one of the trustees of Woodbury Academy, of which Franklin Davenport was president."

* * * *

The Annalist: "What about Watts?"

Grandfather: "When you say Watts you mean Caldwell, and mention of Caldwell brings up recollections of the hymn books so worthily used as wadding, when the ordinary paper wadding was exhausted. Think of Caldwell rushing into the church and bringing out an armful of hymn books, throwing them at the feet of the soldiers, and saying, 'Give them Watts, boys!' Perhaps he recalled the words of Watts himself: 'Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, while others fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas? Sure, I must fight if I would win; increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the cross, endure the pain, supported by thy word.' Think of that, and then think of the soldiers ramming their guns with Watts as they raised their voices to heaven, shouting: 'When that illustrious day shall rise and all our armies shine in robes of victory through the skies, the glory shall be thine!' Something like that happened after the second advance of the British toward Springfield, led by Clinton, on June 23, 1780. That's what I have to say about Watts."

LXXVII.

"HITCHED HIS HORSE TO A GRASSHOPPER"

REACHING Perth Amboy, we traveled speedily, over a good road, to Keyport—home of Rev. Frank T. B. Reynolds, secretary of the Monmouth County Historical Association—and thence eastward toward the Navesink. Our route included Gravelly Point, whence the British Army crossed to Sandy Hook, after their retreat, following the battle of Monmouth. Half a mile or so from Gravelly Point is Parkertown, whose inhabitants know more about clams than an expert accountant knows about figures. Figures sometimes lie, but clams never—excepting on the sandy bottom, awaiting the rake of the clammer. After that they are shipped to New York and sold as Little Necks, which is stretching the truth. The clammers call it doing wrong that good may follow. They aver, truthfully, that the "Little Necks have the name, but Parkertowns the flavor."

Our destination was the site or ruins of "Lust in Rust," a mansion of Colonial times, where our Jersey-born novelist, Cooper, laid the scene of incidents in his famous "Water Witch." Nearby is the Water Witch Club House, where the Monmouth County Historical Society occasionally holds a meeting.

As we approached what aforetime was called the Hill Side Farm, on an elevation overlooking Sandy Hook Bay, Grandfather drew up near a tree and shut off the gas.

"We'll hitch Pippin to a grasshopper," said he, "and look around."

"Hitch him to a grasshopper," repeated the Annalist.

"Yes; that's a happy blending of fact with fancy," said he. "We are now at the scene of one of Cooper's novels. As you know, his works were the most widely read of American publications in his day. There were

many European translations, including, of course, some in French. In one of the books the translator came across the words: 'The stranger hitched his horse to a locust in front of the house,' meaning of course a locust tree. This stumped the Frenchman. He looked up the word locust and found that the French word, sauterelle, is the equivalent of grasshopper. He knew that America is a country of wonderful things; but could scarcely ask his readers to believe that the traveler had hitched his horse to a grasshopper, without an explanation. So to show how accurate and painstaking he could be, he translated the passage literally making it read: 'The stranger hitched his horse to a grasshopper in front of the house.' Then to make this seem reasonable he placed this remarkable note at the foot of the page: 'In some portions of America grasshoppers attain a remarkable size. The inhabitants sometimes kill them and put them to use by stuffing and placing them in front of their houses to use as hitching posts.'

"Now you understand why I say I'll hitch Pippin to a grasshopper. Here we have the locust tree and while Pippin is cooling off we'll look around and see what's left of Lust-in-Rust."

We did not find much. Nothing now remains of the mansion of Alderman Van Beverant, the dignified burgher of New Amsterdam, and of Lady Barbarie, his lovely ward, excepting the cellar, which is filled with the debris of fallen walls and overgrown with weeds in summertime. It was constructed to stand for years, but Time, that ruthless destroyer, has effaced its walls.

Returning to the waggon, Grandfather brought out a copy of "Water Witch," from which he read this description of the old mansion, doubtless as Cooper saw it at the time he wrote his story:

"Alderman Van Beverant erected his villa near the base of a high acclivity. Agreeable to a usage of Holland, he called it Lust in Rust. The villa was a low, irregular brick edifice, whitewashed to the color of the driven snow, and in a taste that was altogether Dutch. There were many gables and weather-cocks, a dozen small

and twisted chimneys, with numberless facilities that were intended for the nests of storks. These airy sites, however, were untenanted, to the great disappointment of the honest architect, who, like many others who bring into this hemisphere habits and opinions that are better suited to the other, never ceased expressing his surprise on the subject, although all the negroes of the neighborhood united in affirming there was no such bird in America. In front of the house was a narrow but exceedingly neat lawn, encircled by shrubbery, while two old elms, that seemed coeval with the mountains, grew in the rich soil of which the base of the latter was composed. Nor was there a want of shade on any part of the natural terrace occupied by the buildings. It was thickly sprinkled with fruit trees, and here and there was a pine or an oak of native growth. A declivity, rather rapid, fell away in front to the level of the mouth of the river. In short, it was an ample, though unpretending country house, in which no domestic convenience had been forgotten, yet it had little to boast of in the way of architecture, except in rustic eaves and twisted chimneys. A few out-houses, for the accommodation of the negroes, were nearer the river; there were barns and stables of dimensions greater than the condition of the small farm would seem to render necessary. At the northern extremity of the villa, fronting the river and sea, there stood a little wing, even more deeply embowered in shrubbery and low trees than the other parts of the edifice, and which was constructed in a different style. This was a pavilion erected for the particular accommodation and at the cost of la belle Barbarie."

"Yonder," said Grandfather," is the cove in which the Skimmer of the Sea anchored his boat and there," he continued, pointing eastward, "is the path by which he clambered to the eyrie of his beloved Barbarie."

Closing the book and tossing it into the tonneau, the old man took his seat at the wheel. We drove around the highlands and up a winding road to "Redemont," former home of a most affable and intelligent lady, the late Mrs. Caroline Gallup Reed, long the president of the Monmouth County Historical Association, whose daughter is the wife of the younger Millet, the great French painter. Madame Millet herself is an artist of distinction in Paris, and of the mother, Mrs. Reed, we know that before retiring to her estate on the Atlantic Highlands, in connection with her husband, Rev. Sylvanus Reed, a Presbyterian clergyman, she conducted a finishing school for young ladies on Fifth Avenue, New York. The post office, near Redemont, is called Locust. Hence, Grandfather's foresight, in steering toward Locust, that he might hitch Pippin to a grasshopper!

LXXVIII.

WHEN GRAFTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER.

"THERE were grafters in those days," said Grandfather—"some with a long reach and a broad palm."

He was seated on a bench under a tree back of the "Old Stone Church," Fairfield. Of this church there are delightful memories of Rev. Ethan Osborn, who died at the age of one hundred, after ministering to the Presbyterians of Cumberland County from 1789 to 1858, a period of sixty-nine years.

The old man's voice was rather doleful, due, perhaps, to the fact that he faced innumerable tombstones. Though seemingly in the company of saints and the elect, he was thinking of the graves of oblivion into which men had cast themselves, after worshipping at the shrine of the Almighty Dollar. Still facing the tombstones and turning the pages of a manuscript, entitled, "Twenty-Five Years' Review of Public Affairs in New Jersey"—a loose-leaf volume of about three hundred pages—he recalled the bi-centennial of the church, in September, 1880, at which celebration the venerable Judge L. Q. C. Elmer, of Bridgeton, narrated personal recollections of "Father Osborn," the name by which he was commonly known.*

"The people of this region were pious Presbyterians and Baptists, in the early days," said Grandfather. "Some of the Presbyterians were of Scotch extraction and one of them was an elder in the church. It was before ear trumpets had come into use, at least in the

* An interesting account of this celebration is preserved in a pamphlet of 135 pages, of which only two hundred copies were printed. It is rarely found in public libraries. The Atlantic City Public Library and the Atlantic County Historical Society each have a copy, presented by the Annalist.

country districts. On one occasion a man who was deaf entered the old First Church in Bridgeton and took a seat of his own selection. He was one of the New Lights of Cedarville and claimed connection with the New School Presbyterian Church of that village. Some one had said he was 'erratic' in his views. He placed the trumpet on his knee. The Old School elder had never seen an ear trumpet and he watched the intruder intently, fearing mischief. When the minister entered the pulpit, the man lifted his trumpet, but before he could adjust it to his ear, he felt a tap on the shoulder. The elder whispered: 'One toot and out you go!' As a follower of John Knox, he was opposed to any kind of a tooter in church. Knox once described the church organ as 'a kist full of whistles.'

"The old-timers of Cumberland were opposed to dancing, too," said Grandfather. "Concerning the polka, a well-to-do and pious resident of Bridgeton, after a week at Saratoga Springs, wrote: 'I must say that the indecency of the polka, as danced at Saratoga, is worse than anything I have ever seen among the refined and cultured people of Philadelphia. I have not been in London, but from what I have been told I would say that the polka is worse than exhibitions seen in the lowest haunts of that city."

Quoting those words, the old man added: "I wonder what that dignified guardian of public morals would say now, if she could witness the young men and maidens treading the measures of present-day jazz in Atlantic City!"

Reverting to the manuscript, he said: "The author signs himself 'One Who Saw' and he seems to have seen a good deal. Evidently, he is a close observer of men and things and believes in telling the truth. According to this manuscript, men who have posed as good citizens are not so good, after all; certainly no better than the politicians whose acts they condemn. If the truth were known, some reputations might be undone. That's what

Charlie Thompson, secretary of the Continental Congress, said when he planned to write a history of the Revolution. He destroyed his manuscript, rather than destroy reputations. Somewhere in New Jersey, men of supposed probity, not so long ago, with their own hands under cover, were closing their eyes to the extended palms of others. While condemning the looters, they were themselves guilty of crooked conniving as offensive to public order and decency as the things against which they inveighed. The author of this manuscript says it will not be published. That is well. Nevertheless, a few selections are suited to the needs of your journal of travel into dark places. Of course, the conditions described in this manuscript do not prevail now, but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that a decade or two ago public business in New Jersey, in some places, was conducted with an eye single to the main chance. Conditions are not so bad now, but as the doctors say, there is always the danger of a relapse."

Removing some of the leaves, the old man reflected.

"One of the worst grafters in England, when knights were bold and barons held their sway, was King John, of Magna Charta fame. In his day there was a man named Richard de la Felda, a descendant of Huburtus de la Feld, who crossed into England with William the Conqueror in 1066, exactly eight hundred years before his descendant, Cyrus W. Field, connected America and England with the submarine cable. Other descendants of de la Felda include the Clements, of New Jersey, and a branch of the Leeds family, in Atlantic City. Sarah Field, of Long Island, married James Clement, whose sons settled in old Gloucester County.

"Sarah Field's ancestor, Richard de la Felda, contemporary of King John, wished to marry the beautiful daughter of Hugh de Stuckton, and the girl herself was willing, but she could not marry Richard because her lover refused to submit to the terms of the old grafter, King John. Somewhere in my wallet is a copy of the

Rotuli de Oblatis, in which there is a curious record of the manner in which high born ladies were disposed of for money.

"In the year 1201 King John addressed a letter to the Duke of York, his go-between in matters of matrimony. In that letter he said: 'Know ye that Hugh de Stuckton (to whom at first we wrote for his daughter for Richard de la Felda and afterwards for Robert Cardnel) has offered us one hundred marks of silver that his daughter may marry freely whom she pleases, and also offers to give us more if we are not contented with this; therefore, we command you if the same Robert would give us only so much as we can have from others, we will that he may have the marriage, and that you cause him to have the aforesaid daughter of the same Hugh without delay.' Felda, the girl's first choice, would not be blackmailed, not even by a king, and as the latter insisted on his silver marks,* the marriage of a Field and Stockton (modern way of spelling two good Jersey names) did not take place.

"Of course, there were grafters in Colonial days and forestallers during the Revolution. Charlie Thompson had the forestallers in mind when he talked about undoing reputations. There was much graft during the Civil War and during the Boer War, too. The Prince Imperial, of France, fighting on the side of England, in South Africa, was speared to death by the enemy when his stirrup straps broke and threw him from his horse during the pursuit. The straps were made of fibre palmed off as leather, by an English grafter.

"The worst grafters of the present age were the profiteers during the World War. The most contemptible

*In England the mark was never a coin, but a money of account. It came into use in the tenth century, through the Danes. At first one mark was the equivalent of one hundred pennies, but after the Norman conquest the value was placed at about two-thirds of a pound sterling. Thus, one hundred marks, at the ordinary rate of exchange, represented approximately $325. That was King John's price for permitting a young lady to marry the young man of her choice—but always more, if he could get it.

grafters are those who rob under the guise of reform or religion. Talleyrand was a prince of grafters. Beside him present-day exploiters are as the pollywog is to the bull-frog; the poodle dog to the Great Dane. He was the greatest grafter of modern times. It would be well for political grafters of to-day to get out their French histories and study the life of that prince—that is, if they wish to learn how to get easy money. With him might made right. This is a virtuous age and ours the perfect day beside that period of plunder in France.

"Graft is not necessarily an illegal expenditure of public money. It is too often a spirit of indifference to waste in the construction of public works or the purchase of public property. Men who countenance graft, by permitting these things, are no better than those who share in the rake-off. In fact, if there is any difference, the man of supposed respectability is more guilty than he of whom society expects less.

"Men of professed probity who seek to debauch or bribe a man who is striving to perform a public duty are grafters. An instance of that kind happened in Atlantic City. The dictionary says: 'Graft is not necessarily dishonest gain; it is promising to use one's personal influence or power to assist or protect a wrong; to favor one man, if he will do something in violation of the law, in the accomplishment of which the other has a personal interest. The men who engage in these things are grafters.'

"The Supreme Court of New York, in reviewing a suit involving the purchase of lands for water conservation, said: 'It is greatly to be regretted that no public enterprise can be consummated without that appalling thing called graft. At least forty per cent. of all money appropriated for public use is lost in graft—frightful leaks in roads, canals, acqueducts, bridges, libraries, asylums and hospitals.'

"New Jersey recently witnessed similar corruption, particularly in Essex County, whose officials were sharply

rebuked by Chief Justice Gummere, while the State at large, a year or so ago, was so outraged by a Highway Commission that Governor Silzer felt called upon to depose them from office, in the interest of the people whose money they were squandering. William Travers Jerome, of New York, said a few years ago: 'Everybody who has studied public life is appalled at its corruption. There is grafting everywhere.' "

Having thus delivered himself—freed his mind, as it were—the old man handed the Annalist certain excerpts from the manuscript volume. "There are more," said he, "but a few will suffice. Put them in your journal. I have substituted fictitious names for the real names of the offenders."

April 28—Alpha asked Omega if it was a fact that he had refused to pay the $2300 bill of Buster & Brown for work on the crematory extension, after the committee had certified it as correct. Omega said "yes." Alpha asked "why?" Omega said it was because the work had not been done according to contract. The foundation was defective. Alpha was indignant. Omega said that some time back he (Alpha) and others had approved bills of the assessors which Omega had refused to pay, and that when they were finally paid the net saving to the city was $4000, or ten per cent. of the total disbursement for salaries that year. The assessors, in billing the city for work, had charged five cents for ditto marks. They had divided unimproved land into innumerable lots, with a ditto mark for each lot, at five cents per ditto! The law allowed five cents per name, but nowhere was there any warrant for inserting dittos and making a charge of five cents for every stroke of the pen. Alpha, who was so anxious to pay a defaulting contractor $2300, had approved of the action of the assessors in running in page after page of dittos, thereby mulcting the taxpayers out of $4000. In reminding him of his remissness, Omega said it wasn't mulct; it was graft.

August 13—Big row at City Council meeting. Some wanted a board of fire commissioners whom they could control. Barker opposed and said no man would accept the office if Council could hold a club over him. Rebus agreed with Barker and said he favored one commissioner, who would be independent of Council and who would perform his duties without fear or favor. He was strongly in favor of a rule that would require all officials or heads of departments to perform the duties of their offices and be subject to nobody's dictation. He said every official should comply with the laws and ordinances and fear no man. "We want men who will see that the city gets dollar for dollar," said he. At this meeting, Seller, who professes to be deeply interested in municipal finances, after speaking in favor of a commission subject to the domination of Council, suddenly realized that the city was nearing the end of the appropriation year. He asked Omega if he couldn't dispose of bills contracted in excess

of appropriations by carrying them into the next year and calling them current bills. Omega said "no," and explained that the bills were unlawful and ought not to be paid at all. Seller was displeased and said the city should close the year with no excess bills—"law or no law!" Not long thereafter Puzzle, who had professed friendship for Omega, (striving to give the public dollar for dollar,) joined with others in a scheme to handicap and punish the man whose convictions were not agreeable to Puzzle in a matter wherein his interests were at stake. Later on, Puzzle tried to put through a measure that meant wasting $11,353 of taxpayers' money. He proposed paying Fisher $13,500 for a right of way, although the commissioners had awarded only $2147.

May 9—Veritas reported a conversation he had overheard on Monday. Smith, a former member of Council, told a friend that "they" had to promise $50,000 to five members of Council to get their assurance of favorable action on the Y. P. proposition. The measure would go through, he said, if "they" could get four more votes, as they have one now, but hope to get the other four for less than $10,000 each.

September 17—Blow Hard, the boss plumber, called at City Hall and said Itching Palm, the chairman, said he (Omega) needed more radiators in his office and Blow Hard wanted to measure the cubic feet of each room. Omega said he had enough heat; didn't need any more radiators; sometimes had too much hot air for comfort, especially when Tom, Dick or Harry failed to get the expected rake-off.

October 1—Hot time to-day in Tweedledee's office. Plug Ugly, the carpenter, demanded payment of his bill of $593, from which the unfeeling official had deducted $119 overcharge. He swore in the presence of the ladies and said, as he grabbed the warrant, minus the $119: "Don't make yourself so damn'd important."

August 8—Jones inadvertently admitted to-day that the actual cost of certain lands to be acquired by the city for park purposes was $200,000—in round figures. (Dodger had previously said $210,000.) Later in the day Blackstone told Tweedledum the lands would cost the city $242,000—an increase of $42,000 in five hours. Tweedledum said: "Instead of saying that money is for 'park purposes,' they should say it is for 'dark purposes.'" Blackstone was displeased. Never before, in the history of New Jersey, has land risen so rapidly. Values now climb higher and faster than any other place in the universe. Our fair city may be a little bit of heaven, but it would make the angels weep if they knew the base use to which that $42,000 will be put—if the grafters can get their hands on it!

August 24—Brown and Rebus discussed the new appropriation ordinance with Omega. Said the only item that could be cut was with reference to interest on the $242,000 of park bonds. They thought that could be reduced. Omega said it would have to be done; otherwise, he would expose the whole thing.

August 31—Goodfellow discussed the amount of public park bonds with Omega. Told him he could figure on $200,000, instead of $242,000. Said those interested in the larger amount had decided not to put it across. An hour later the Mayor called and discussed the new ordinance reducing the salary of the Comptroller, following action in the park matter. He said he had told the councilmen it

was a contemptible thing for them to do. "I told them that to their teeth," said the mayor; "and if they wanted to reduce, why didn't they make the Treasurer's and Comptroller's salaries alike, instead of reducing the Comptroller three hundred and increasing the Treasurer three hundred; taking it off of one and putting it on the other. I asked them why it was done. Of course, you and I know. They said bluntly that they couldn't get anything on the Comptroller, so would get him by reducing his salary. I told them I did not believe in reducing salaries, as the officials earned all they got—some more than others. I also told them that the term of the Comptroller should be for an indefinite time—so long as he does his work, which he is certainly doing now. They told me I might as well approve the ordinance, as they would pass it over my veto, anyway."

September 1—Diogenes called the attention of Council to a large deficit in receipts from reclining chairs on the beach, during the summer then ending. They had anticipated $10,000 and had received only $107. Said he knew the exact number of chairs, having counted them himself. There were 667 in use and they should net the city $6670, instead of $107. Some of the members grinned. Common Rumor, which is not always a common liar, says most of the difference of $6563 went into the pockets of two men.

September 5—Wiggle presented his bill again for carpenter work. Watcher noticed that it was $10.50, instead of $10, the amount named when the bill was returned to Wiggle to be o. k'd by the party ordering the work done. Pressed for an explanation regarding the additional fifty cents, he wiggled around and finally admitted that it had been done by direction of his boss, who thought he should have something for his trouble. "All I get," said Wiggle, "is ten dollars." "It's all any one will get," said Watcher. "Your boss is Small Potatoes. He won't get his fifty cents, but here's your ten dollars."

October 15—Edley explained why Kingbee is opposed to Wouldbe. It is on account of Wouldbe's action in the Beatty matter—not on account of his general conduct of the office, which is satisfactory. Edley said Kingbee was displeased because Beatty butted-in on matters affecting him and he (Edley) suggested that if Wouldbe would make a change he would find things more agreeable. Wouldbe said he wouldn't. Under no circumstances would be recede from his position with respect to Beatty. Edley said: "Think it over. Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Edley's advice was well-intended. He has his faults, like the rest of us, but as a friend he rings true every time. He condemns ingratitude, disloyalty and duplicity. Beside the double-crossers, he is a paragon of virtue. He is warm in his praise of Kingbee.

March 31—Coke discussed the troubles in the political organization and criticisms brought against the party leaders on account of P. D. Q. He volunteered the information that there will be a break soon and they would get rid of the man who was getting them in bad with the public. He was a grafter and the people were "onto" him. Said he hypnotized every one with whom he had dealings. "Not every one," said Tweedledee. "He didn't hypnotize me—not even with his proffer of $3000 worth of stock in his P. D. Q. Co."

October 23—A. B. C. had long talk with X. Y. Z. regarding re-election of latter, who said he did not wish to antagonize any one, but would not sacrifice a principle for the sake of re-election; would

not compromise Right with Wrong. He added that Cutter had called a few days ago and said: "No doubt there are crooks in and out of office. They should be punished, but honest men should be retained. Cutter intimated that P. D. Q. was a crook and a slick one at that, but his days were numbered. X. Y. Z. said: "I am placing duty to the public above anything else and if I go down, it will not be because I have not done my duty." Cutter approved of this stand and expressed the hope that Kingbee would withdraw his opposition. Not long thereafter I. X. L. told of a conversation he had overheard on a trolley car. A contractor and electrician were seated in front of him. The contractor was evidently much interested in getting some kind of a bill paid by the city. He said to the electrician: "It would be all right, if it wasn't for that damned Comptroller. He higgles over a hundred dollar bill against the city as if he was paying out a thousand dollars of his own money." Said I. X. L.: "Now you know what people are saying on the street." Said X. Y. Z.: "Yes, and on the street cars, too, but I dare say that so long as there are crooks and shysters and grafters, one cannot be every man's friend without condoning wrong, and if he will not condone wrong he makes enemies. It is dishonorable for a public official not to have enemies. Some one has written a book, entitled, 'When Knighthood was in Flower.' If any one should write a book with scenes laid aforetime in New Jersey, a good title would be 'When Grafthood was in Flower.'"

* * * *

Placing the excerpts in his wallet, for safe-keeping, the old man brought out an editorial, pencilled "Daily Press, July 31, 1924," from which he read:

"Moral conditions in Atlantic City show a vast improvement over certain periods of the past. Gambling at the dog track is much less reprehensible than the freedom and methods of the bootlegging fraternity, whereby fortunes are amassed over night. If some part of the law-enforcing machinery has not been debauched, certainly there has been indifference wholly suspicious and discreditable. Mocking of the law in one direction leads to disrespect for law in other directions. Gambling, smuggling and graft are bound to exist anywhere, the same as murder and robbery; but surely the vast majority of people who make their livelihood by legitimate means must be wholly in favor of a strict enforcement of the laws against those who strive for easy money by unlawful means."

Still holding the clipping in his hand, arm akimbo, the old man said, seriously: "Why will men be dishonest when it is so easy to be honest? An honest man, we are told, is the noblest work of God, yet Hamlet, in his day, said, falsely and irreverently: 'To be honest is to be one man picked out of a thousand.' Nevertheless, there are many honest men in office. Public business in Atlantic City, for instance, is more orderly now and the city rulers

more conscientious and faithful than some of their predecessors. They are certainly honest."

* * * *

The Annalist: "What is required of a man to be honest? It is good policy, they say, but what is meant by policy; what do you mean by honesty?"

Grandfather: "The man who acts on the principle of being honest because it is the best policy is not an honest man. Honesty means more than refusal of another man's purse or unwillingness to steal his good name. A man's thoughts must be honest with regard to his job—the obligations it imposes and its demands for his best endeavor. A man is dishonest when he gives less than his best, whether it be in the public service or in any private employment. He is, of course, dishonest if he cheats by short-changing. He is dishonest if he robs, cheats or defrauds his neighbor in any way, or permits another to do so, when in his power to prevent. He is dishonest if he shirks responsibility, even to the extent of personal sacrifice, in upholding a public servant in the conscientious discharge of official duties. In that case he is a shirker, and a shirker is a thief."

LXXIX.

HARD HITTERS AND SOFT QUITTERS

STANDING in front of the Fenimore Cooper house, purchased by the Burlington County Historical Society and dedicated as a public shrine on September 15, 1923*—standing in front of Cooper's birthplace (or perhaps it was the adjoining building, birthplace of James Lawrence, naval hero), Grandfather recalled the familiar lines printed in the Canterbury Examiner in 1829:

> "Where is the man who has the power and skill
> To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
> For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
> And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't."

"Evidently the man who wrote those lines had not been in Burlington," said Grandfather. "Had he been here about 1790 he would have met a man who actually stemmed the torrent of a woman's will. His name was William Cooper. Yes, Bill Cooper, as we called him, was a man of determination and if he hadn't stemmed the torrent of his wife's will, New Jersey would have remained the home State as well as the birthplace of America's greatest novelist. Bill Cooper had gone to Western New York and started a town in 1788—the year before Fenimore's birth. After the birth of the baby he prepared to take his family to the settlement on Otsego Lake, to which he had given the name of Cooperstown. That was in 1790, when Fenimore was about a year old. Mrs. Cooper objected. She did not want to leave her Burlington home and the more Bill insisted the more Betsy resisted. She

* Memorial exercises were held on November 23d, when addresses were made by William Lloyd Phelps and Hon. Harold B. Wells. The exercises were conducted by Miss Alice C. D'Olier, sister of Colonel Franklin D'Olier, first National Commander of the American Legion. Colonel D'Olier, a native of Burlington, also delivered a brief address. The Cooper house stands at 457 High Street, adjoining the birthplace of another famous American, Captain James Lawrence.

was Elizabeth Fenimore before her marriage to Cooper. The Fenimores were among the early settlers of Burlington County and were full of pep. Naturally, Betsy had some of it.

"Having made up her mind to stay in Burlington, she did not like the idea of surrendering to the will of her husband. Intellectually, she was above the average woman of her day and she willed to say, 'I won't go to Otsego Lake.' Her husband said, 'You will go to Otsego Lake.' He was the owner of a large tract of land in the neighborhood and subsequently built the finest home in the lake region. Betsy was not a soft quitter; on the other hand, Bill was a hard hitter. Finally came the day for departure and Bill was ready to start. The household goods were safely aboard the Conestoga waggon—all except one winsor chair—and Bill told his wife to get aboard. Betsy was sitting in the chair, with the infant on her lap. She wouldn't move; no amount of coaxing would induce her to quit that Burlington home. Finally Bill grabbed chair, woman and baby in his arms, carried them to the waggon, placed them inside, said 'get up' to his team of horses and was off in a jiffy. On the way to Otsego Lake and always thereafter, you may depend on it, the torrent of Betsy's will was stemmed by the hard-hitting Bill Cooper.

"Young Fenimore imbibed or inherited his mother's perverseness—maybe I should say will-power—her pep. Anyway, all through life, and especially in his later years, Fenimore Cooper was self-confident and self assertive. This helped him in writing his books, but it brought him in conflict with his publishers and others, so that his closing years were embittered by opposition, law suits and misfortune. Walt Whitman, the 'good gray poet,' used to tell of the day he spent in court, while living in New York, listening to Cooper testify in his own behalf in one of his numerous lawsuits."

Grandfather paused long enough for the Annalist to say: "Still, is it not true, generally speaking, that when a woman wills to do a thing, she generally does it?"

"As a rule, yes. Sometimes they falter, but afterwards they take on new courage and things come out right in the end. Something like that happened in Atlantic City about twenty-five years ago."

Saying nothing more and leaving Pippin hitched to the curbstone, in front of the Cooper house, he passed around toward the library building, stopping a moment in front of a commodious house on one of the principal streets of Burlington—home of the Grant family at the time the great general was winning battles for the Federal army during the Civil War—winning battles and saying to General John C. Pemberton (descendant of the founder of Pemberton, Burlington County) in reply to his request for terms of surrender—saying to Pemberton, laconically: "Unconditional surrender!"

* * * *

The old man was again reminiscent.

"Since the Pyne Poynt library was closed and made a part of the Camden library," said he, "the Burlington library has ranked as the oldest in the State. Through the efforts of Samuel Smith, the historian, his brother John, and Governor Jonathan Belcher, the Burlington library was chartered in 1757. The library of Bridge Town, now known as Mount Holly, was chartered eight years later—in 1765. The Quaker libraries of West Jersey were started long before any others in the State. Woodstown, Woodbury and Salem came in rapid succession, after Burlington and Mount Holly. The present Woodbury library was opened in 1894, but there was an earlier one called the Union Library, with a room in the Court House, back in the seventeen hundreds. Franklin Davenport was one of the trustees. Miss Sarah N. Askew, of the State Library Commission, says of the Woodbury library: 'It was the first library not only in New Jersey, but in this part of the country. It was much older than the oldest in Pennsylvania. The present Woodbury library has all of the old books, but

they are kept under lock and key. The old Union Library was merged into the Deptford Institute.' Miss Askew ought to know. She has the library business at her finger ends."

Something suggested a reference to an old buttonwood on the river bank, in front of the Governor Franklin house, to which vessels were moored in the early days. The old man said time was when that big tree was supposed to be the haunt of witches.

"Some of those old-timers," said he, "got it into their heads that witches danced around that buttonwood like the witches of the Hartz mountains in Germany. True, the German witches did not flog and persecute the women, like the crackpots in Massachusetts. In my opinion those witch-baiters were rattle-brained. In abusing the women they dishonored themselves. The persecution was all the more deplorable because the women were innocent. Why, my Son, woman is the best and purest of God's creatures.* It was all right for Pope to say an honest man is the noblest work of God; but remember this: purity is paramount to nobility. Hamilton and Franklin, with others I might name, were noble patriots, but they could not lay claim to purity."

By this time we were standing in front of the library and the old man recalled that a native of Burlington, Mary Rogers, deeply interested in history and literature,

* The highest compliment ever paid woman—particularly American women—was that of Prince Antoine Bibesco, Rumanian Minister to the United States, recuperating in Atlantic City in July, 1925. The trial of John T. Scopes was then in progress at Dayton, Tennessee, for teaching evolution to high school children, in violation of a State law. The evolutionists who were defending Scopes were represented as asserting that man is descended from the monkey. The Atlantic City Press, interviewing Minister Bibesco, asked whether he believed in the evolution of man. He replied, naively: "I am awaiting the outcome of the Scopes' trial to decide. When I have read the full arguments pro and con, I will be able to arrive at an opinion. However, whatever man may have evolved from—from monkey or the dust of the earth—I maintain my belief that woman must have come from heaven." The Press added: "Prince Bibesco says: 'Some countries have beautiful women and some have brilliant women, but it has been left to America to produce women both beautiful and brilliant.'"

had lived in Atlantic City for many years after her marriage to John G. Shreve. She was one of the organizers of the Women's Research Club of that city.

He was silent for some moments. Presently he quoted the lines of Abraham Coles, a native of Scotch Plains:

> "Woman and man all social needs include;
> Earth filled with men were still a solitude:
> In vain the stars would shine, 'twere dark the while
> Without the light of her superior smile."

"Woman's mind," said he, "more pure than man's, her will more resolute and her heart more constant, sways the mind and moulds the heart of man. For one woman who has offended many thousands have made amends by heavenly pity, sweet sympathy, patient kindness and enduring truth. Such a woman was Mary Rogers Shreve, long-time friend of this old library and the newer one in Atlantic City. Her husband, too, John G. Shreve, was one of Atlantic City's best citizens.

"The sympathy of woman is immeasurely potent for good. If the illustrious Widow Judith, the most beautiful woman of Bethulia, never lived, as some have said, we still have a place for her story, because of its effect upon real history. The reading of that story inspired Charlotte Corday, a beautiful young French woman, to hasten to Paris and slay the monster Marat, who was wrecking his vengeance upon the world by sending noble men and pure women to slaughter under the guillotine.

"Whatever may be our opinion of Madam Roland, we honor her indictment of the Revolutionists, uttered while standing on the platform in Paris, waiting for the fall of the knife: 'O, Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!' The stories of Pocahontas, Mollie Pitcher and Lydia Darragh are instances of womanly devotion, familiar to students of American history.

"Atlantic City is known as a city of hotels, but before its birth, when the island was a waste of sand dunes and scrub cedars, when it was the resort of a few Philadel-

SOMERS HOUSE, SOMERS POINT

SOMERS MILL, BARGAINTOWN

phians, fond of roughing it, a woman known as Aunt Millie Leeds kept the only boarding house on the island. In those days when men went fishing in the morning they rolled their trousers up to their knees. Returning at night, to dress for dinner, they rolled them down again.*

"Woman, as I have said, has ever swayed the mind and moulded the heart of man. It was woman, resolute woman, also, that moulded opinion in favor of a public library in Atlantic City—one that is now far in the lead of the much older libraries in Woodbury and Burlington—thanks to an efficient librarian, Miss Jessie French Adams. The first public library in Atlantic City was organized by the Women's Research Club in 1899 and the first installment of books was the result of a book reception held at one of the principal hotels—kept by a woman. Mary Rogers Shreve was largely responsible for that modest beginning. The results were more than gratifying.

"During the winter and spring of 1900, in snow and sleet, in rain and cold, women kept the room in order and the library open two days each week. Afterwards, with the proceeds of an entertainment and liberal donations of money, a regular librarian was employed and the library was kept open three days each week during the summer season. Shortly afterwards interest waned and some of the women decided that the club, whose object was chiefly literary research, could no longer carry on the work of a public library. This attitude of the majority caused a

* An old-timer, Henry Steelman Scull, who died in February, 1925, being told of this primitive custom, said: "Grandfather is right. Once upon a time, in my boyhood days, I left my home offshore and hired out to Penn Cottage, making myself useful at four dollars a week and 'found.' [Penn Cottage was on Atlantic Avenue, two blocks above the old United States Hotel, below which was the Mansion House, and diagonally across from the Mansion was the Ashland House.] One of my duties was to wheel the bathing suits to the beach in the morning and back again wet toward noon. That was in 1862. My dress was black pants rolled to the knee and barefeet. Then I dressed for dinner by rolling down my pants and putting on a red flannel shirt trimmed with pearl buttons, heart-shaped. In this costume I waited on the table. In the afternoon I removed my good clothes to clean fish and open oysters for supper."

reawakening of interest on the part of a few. That was in the fall of 1900.

"About January, 1901, or it might have been the preceding December, two ladies, Mrs. L. D. Balliett and Mrs. W. I. Finch, called at the office of a citizen, interested in books, to discuss a proposition, then before the club, to abandon the library, for lack of financial support. They could not pay for the services of a librarian. Mrs. Balliett and Mrs. Finch were non-quitters. They belonged to the 'I Won'ts' and were opposed by the 'I Wills'—the quitters. They stated the facts to the citizen, and said another member of their committee regarded the question of abandonment as settled affirmatively. They asked if it was possible to interest city officials and the public in a proposition to adopt the public library act, and thus place the burden of library support on the taxpayers.

"The citizen, whom you shall know as X, went over the matter with the ladies and the upshot was that a day or two afterwards he saw the city solicitor, Carlton Godfrey, regarding the drawing of a proper resolution, to be adopted by City Council, ordering an election. Mr. Godfrey said to X: 'You have the matter so well in hand; why don't you draw the resolution?' He did so and it was adopted by Council on February 11, 1901. Meantime, the ladies had been getting signatures to a petition, asking Council to order the election. A number of them visited Council Chamber, then in Odd Fellows Hall, on the night the resolution was to come up, but it was adopted before they arrived. When the spokesman stated their business, the late Edward S. Lee said: 'We have already adopted a resolution ordering the election.'

"Then came the question of getting the act before the people for adoption. The ladies were afraid of an agitation against it, on account of extra cost to the taxpayers. Mr. X went over that matter with the Solicitor and suggested a form of ballot which the Solicitor approved, making it difficult for the pull-backs to defeat the measure. Instead of placing on the ballot the words 'for' and

'against' the adoption of the public library act—one or the other to be erased—X suggested a ballot on which would be printed one proposition, namely: '. . . . . for the adoption of the public library act,' making it necessary for those opposed to write the word 'not' in the blank space."

"Pardon me, Grandfather; but wasn't that an evasion of the law?"

"Yes. The election could have been contested, but there are tricks in all trades—even the law. My old friend, Charles Macklin—dead before you were born—said the law is a sort of hocus pocus science, that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket. Friends of the library simply smiled in the face of the people and then—all was well. Let me say, however, that to forestall any effort to have the election set aside, on account of irregularity in the form of the ballot, the wary X put out thousands of stickers, on which was the line 'against the adoption of the public library act.' In every booth he placed a placard, high up—so that a man would not see it without taking off his hat—telling the voters that if they wished to vote against the act to use a sticker or write the word 'not' in the blank space on the ballot. It was a trick.

"The act was adopted by a vote of 6062 'for' to 30 'against' on November 5, 1901. Men who might have voted no did not see the sign above their heads. They forgot to take off their hats! Cornelius Fort, the city marshal, filed with X an affidavit that he had placed a placard in every booth—but he was careful to place it high up! Then came the matter of putting the act into effect. That duty devolved upon Mayor Stoy and he went about it in his usual quiet way. The newspapers announced that a number of ladies were being 'considered' as trustees. The papers also named one probable trustee. Mayor Stoy said he was being 'pestered' by people in the interest of certain ladies who would make acceptable trustees. The only thing that bothered him, he said, was to satisfy the

ladies, as so many of them wished to be trustees. He proposed naming one woman—one who would be 'diplomatic' and 'acceptable to everybody.' He finally decided on Mrs. Allen B. Endicott, wife of the Circuit Court Judge. Her associates were Thomas J. Dickerson, Rev. J. H. Townsend, Dr. J. B. Thompson and Alfred M. Heston, with Dr. William M. Pollard, business manager of the public schools, and Mayor Stoy as ex-officio trustees. Stoy was elected president and Heston secretary. Rev. Mr. Townsend was appointed for the one-year term, at the expiration of which he declined reappointment. The Mayor then conferred with X regarding Mr. Townsend's successor. Then he appointed Dr. William E. Darnall, recommended by X, and he is still on the board.

"Without funds, without books and without a building, yet with a board of trustees duly appointed, the work of organizing a free public library under the act was postponed until such time as the City Council could legally make an appropriation. Meantime, the Women's Research Club very generously donated nearly one thousand books to the trustees and volunteered to pay for the services of a librarian three days in each week, if the trustees would provide a room or rooms in which the books could be kept. This offer was accepted and a few days later the books were removed to a room on the third floor of the City Hall. This room was opened to the public on April 30, 1902.

"A few months later the trustees, with the consent of City Council, purchased a permanent library site at the corner of Pacific and Illinois Avenues, at a cost of $33,500. Library bonds to that amount, maturing in thirty-five years, were issued to cover the cost of the site. Two frame buildings covered the site and the work of fitting one of these as a temporary home for the library was begun immediately. On January 1, 1903, the rooms were formally opened to the public. Besides the one thousand old books, the trustees had provided one thousand new volumes.

"Following the opening of the library, the secretary wrote to Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire, asking him to erect in Atlantic City a suitable building for a public library and a week later he received Mr. Carnegie's offer of $70,000. The matter was brought to the attention of the trustees the following week and they promptly accepted the offer, which was accompanied by Mr. Carnegie's usual condition of ten per cent. of his contribution to be raised annually for library maintenance.

"The trustees thereupon took the necessary steps to secure plans for a suitable building, the corner stone of which was laid on January 1, 1904. The building was finished and dedicated to public use on Monday, January 2, 1905. That, briefly, is the story of how a few earnest women were encouraged to continue their project for a public library in Atlantic City."

* * * *

The Annalist: "Supposing the elder Cooper had submitted to the whim of his wife and stayed in Burlington; supposing he had been a quitter, instead of a hitter; supposing those Atlantic City women had all been quitters—what then?"

Grandfather: "Supposing Cooper hadn't become the owner of a tract of land on Otsego Lake; supposing he hadn't been a far-seeing man; supposing his wife had been a quitter like those who opposed the library project. Suppose a lot of things—suppose the poet hadn't said:

"It is easy to quit and easy to say
The hill is too high or it's too far away;
It doesn't take brains, when you start cutting loose
From a difficult task, to find an excuse.

Don't be a quitter, when your task's hard to do;
Don't stop in the middle, but see the thing through.
A fool can give up, and he will, when hard pressed,
But it calls for a man to go through with the test."

LXXX.

FRAGMENTS FROM A WORN-OUT WALLET

CROSSING from Somers Point to Longport, on the Roosevelt Boulevard, we passed up Ventnor Avenue, through Margate, where aforetime the big wooden elephant was a veritable white elephant to the promoters of South Atlantic City in 1881; thence to Ventnor, promoted successfully a generation ago by Alfred C. McClellan, S. Bartram Richards, Henry S. Scull and others; then to Chelsea, largely the result of the foresight of a woman, keen-witted and good-hearted, Mrs. Mary A. Riddle—passing these places, we came to the intersection of Ventnor Avenue and the Harding Boulevard, adjacent to which is the new high school building, finished in the summer of 1923, at a cost of nearly two million dollars. It has a pipe organ said to be unsurpassed by any other in the country.

The names Roosevelt and Harding, applied to the lower and middle boulevards, are conceptions of Grandfather, the same as Lincoln, by which name he insists on calling the upper boulevard. Said he: "All roads lead to Atlantic City and it is eminently proper that the great national road, Lincoln Highway, should have an Eastern terminus on Absecon Beach."

Stopping in front of the high school, Grandfather remained at the wheel, while the Annalist seated himself on the running board, note book in hand. The water in Pippin's boiler was near the boiling point, for, if the truth must be told, Grandfather had been speeding again —traveling at a lively clip all the way from Somers Point to Albany Avenue bridge. This bridge, he said, was first opened to the public in September, 1905. Including two smaller bridges, known as second and third, the cost was $25,674. The boulevard proper, said he, from

Pleasantville to the city limits, four and a half miles, cost $152,861.91, with a gravel roadbed. Since then it has been concreted. The Lincoln Boulevard, finished August 15, 1925, cost $710,281.88. He added, with a wink of the eye: "Now they want to replace that $25,000 bridge with one costing a million dollars."

Speaking of schools, the old man observed that in 1887, when a two-story building on Pennsylvania Avenue served as the high school, there were only two graduates, while last year, in the new building, more than two hundred received their graduating diplomas.

* * * *

Referring to graded schools, he said: "Local history should be inculcated into the minds of children, and to that end school buildings should be named in honor of those who have had much to do with the making of local history."

As names for existing buildings, Grandfather suggested:

Thomas Budd	Samuel Richards
Jonathan Pitney	Thomas K. Reed
Silas R. Morse	Franklin P. Stoy
John J. Gardner	Lewis T. Bryant
Sarah W. Leeds	Frederick Hemsley
Allen H. Brown	Allen B. Endicott

"Thomas Budd," said he, "original owner of the greater portion of the land wherein Atlantic City is now built, projected the free school system of New Jersey. He was the first man in America to suggest manual training schools for boys and girls. Naturally his name heads the list. One of the others is still living. Usually, it is unwise to name an institution or society after one still in the flesh. Time was when a lodge of Odd Fellows in Gloucester County was named after a man who misbehaved and was prosecuted in the courts. The result was that the name of the lodge was changed. Nevertheless, Atlantic City could make no mistake in honoring

Silas R. Morse during his lifetime. He has contributed a great deal to the history of Atlantic City and the cause of education throughout the State. As to Mrs. Leeds, lately deceased, she was sometimes referred to as a dear old lady, but one may be ripe in years and yet not old, except as age signifies perfection. Her great work, especially among the fallen tares of humanity, places her name above all others on the scroll of public benefactors."

* * * *

This tribute to a worthy woman suggested a list of citizens of Atlantic City, whose names are linked with beneficent works. "Let it be an alternate list of men and women," said Grandfather, "regardless of religion, social connection or period of activity—excluding, of course, those already named, who, on account of higher and nobler activities, are in a class by themselves." Accordingly he dictated while the Annalist wrote down this roll of

ATLANTIC CITY'S FAITHFUL

Mrs. Daniel S. White
Mrs. Allen B. Endicott, Sr.*
Mrs. John Glover Shreve*
Mrs. John F. Hall*
Mrs. Joseph H. Borton*
Mrs. Mary Wootton
Mrs. Stewart R. McShea
Mrs. Annie M. Cuskaden*
Mrs. Eunice Littlepage*
Miss Lulu H. Marvel*
Mrs. Walter Reynolds
Mrs. Stewart H. Shinn
Mrs. Lucy J. Retter*
Mrs. E. G. Shreve
Miss Mary Gummey
Mrs. Alice Needles Lippincott
Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Risley
Mrs. John L. Kelly
Mrs. Edward L. Bader
Mrs. Georgia Barstow Wright
Mrs. Grace North Hammell
Mrs. Isora Blackman Somers
Mrs. Hiram Mathis
Mrs. Helen Smith Ulmer
Miss Ella J. Hamilton
Miss Alberta M. Johnson
Miss Ethel M. Davie
Miss Jessie French Adams

David Fitzsimons*
Stewart R. McShea*
Charles Evans*
Lewis T. Bryant*
Clarence L. Cole
Dr. B. C. Pennington*
Dr. George W. Crosby*
Rev. W. W. Blatchford
John G. Shreve*
Rev. J. H. Townsend*
Daniel S. White
Walter J. Buzby
Rev. Dr. William Aikman*
John E. Mehrer*
Charles B. Boyer
Dr. Frederick Frisch
Franklin P. Cook*
Rev. J. J. Fedigan*
Dr. James North
Philip G. Hannum
Ezra C. Bell
Dr. Edward R. Doughty
Clifford B. Deacon
Alexander H. Nelson
Dr. Theodore Senseman
H. Walter Gill
Dr. E. C. Chew
Brinckle Gummey

*Deceased.

ATLANTIC CITY'S FAITHFUL—*Continued*

Mrs. William A. Faunce	John J. White
Mrs. James K. Carmack	Aaron Hirsch
Mrs. Jesse W. Starr, 3d	Edward L. Bader
Mrs. Carl Voelker, Sr.	Rev. Henry M. Fisher
Miss Harriet Frambes	Joseph Marvel
Mrs. Joseph A. McNamee	Dr. I. E. Leonard
Mrs. Josiah White*	Henry W. Leeds
Mrs. Samuel P. Leeds	Rev. Thomas J. Cross
Mrs. Alfred C. McClellan	Lewis P. Scott*
Mrs. Jean Endicott Read	William A. Bell*
Mrs. Mary A. Riddle*	Henry S. Scull*
Mrs. Mary Bruner Scull*	Dr. William J. Carrington
Mrs. Benjamin Bacharach*	Frank M. Ruffu
Mrs. Emma G. Thomson	Joseph Fralinger
Mrs. E. J. Petroff	Henry H. Deakyne
Mrs. James D. Southwick*	Rev. Jeremiah S. Gregory*
Miss Ella Hood	Dr. M. S. Lyon
Mrs. C. H. Shivers	Charles C. Babcock
Mrs. Katherine Kite	Rev. Robert A. Elwood
Mrs. Lewis P. Scott	Edward S. Lee*

*Deceased.

"Other names may be added," said Grandfather, "but they should be men and women who have exemplified the teaching of Stephen Grellet: 'I shall pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, let me do it now; let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.' Grellet has a few humble followers in Atlantic City; also some in the districts off shore and a considerable number in the other counties of South Jersey."

Asked if it was true, as had been publicly stated, that land in the vicinity of the new high school, sand lots now abloom with flowers and topped with houses, were once washed by the tides, the old man said:

"The newspapers have reported a movement to upset titles in Atlantic City. Some one has said, too, that land in this immediate vicinity was once tide land, to which the State only had a valid title; others are setting up a claim to valuable properties on account of irregularities in the early transfers by John Budd, after the death of his father, Thomas Budd, first owner of this 'commonidge for cattle,' as he called it. The filling of marsh lands by pumping sand from the thoroughfare or ocean does

not affect the title, assuming that the owners have procured a riparian deed from the State, if they wish to fill as far as the riparian line. Otherwise, many acres of filled land between Ventnor Avenue and the Thoroughfare, could not have passed by deed from Alfred C. McClellan and others. They did the filling less than three decades ago. The whole of Winchester Avenue—named in honor of the wife of McClellan's friend, William A. McKinley, of Philadelphia, who was a Winchester before marriage—and adjacent lands is made-land, to which the present owners have a title as valid as that of the owners of more valuable lands on the beach front—accretions following a recession of the sea—to which Justice Depue gave them a perfect title in a Supreme Court decision in 1883. Some of that beach land was once tide land and back of the tide land was the commonidge for cattle, all of which is now covered by palatial hotels like the Breakers, Seaside, Haddon Hall, Chalfonte, Traymore, Brighton, Marlborough-Blenheim, Dennis, Shelburne, Ritz-Carlton, Ambassador, Chelsea and the projected President, at Albany Avenue.

"Land that Budd sold at about four cents an acre, mostly sand dunes and salt marsh, is now selling at a rate equivalent to ten cents for a few grains of sand that one may easily cover with the butt end of a lead pencil. Jonathan Adams and others claimed title to the pasture lands from about 1726 to near the close of the eighteenth century, when the various titles were taken over by Jeremiah Leeds, from whose heirs many titles in Atlantic City descend. In 1922 a number of persons, descendants of Adams, declared that the transfers to Leeds were not valid, because not made with the assent of all the heirs living at that time. The present-day descendants of Adams have formed an association to test the validity of many titles, but there seems little likelihood of the case ever reaching the courts. Fifty years ago, Judge Clement, the Haddonfield historian and surveyor, said there was

some kind of a flaw in the Budd conveyances, but he did not regard it as seriously affecting titles to land in old Egg Harbor. The truth is, titles in Atlantic City, or more correctly, most of the titles rest on the action of the New Jersey courts in the partition of Jeremiah Leeds estate, about seventy-five years ago. According to law, twenty years of undisputed possession establishes title, and the Leeds legatees and assigns have been in undisputed possession for a full three-quarters of a century."

* * * *

The old man was disinclined to engage in any further discussion of land titles. Reaching back into the tonneau of the waggon, he grabbed his well-worn wallet and from its depths brought out a package of papers, neatly tied with red tape, such as the lawyers used before the introduction of rubber bands in the seventies. We were still at ease in front of the high school. Clipping the tape with his old Barlow knife, he passed the papers to the Annalist, saying: "Remember the words of Shakespeare: 'Time hath a wallet at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion. The scraps are soon forgot.' I wonder whether any of these will be forgotten."

* * * *

Grandfather's wallet is of the kind commonly carried by literary and professional men in the time of Shakespeare. Indeed, the wallet was not unknown in the days of Chaucer. It was usually suspended behind the left shoulder and was about a foot in width or length, and divided into two compartments, each capable of holding many small articles. The green baize bag carried by lawyers, until a recent period—before the introduction of leather brief cases—was a later form of wallet. This had a slit in the middle, with a space for books and papers at each end.

No wallet in our day like Grandfather's; nothing placed therein for oblivion; no scraps forgotten! From

its depths there came, the day he left Atlantic City, no end of scraps—writings, clippings, notations—which, when collated by the Annalist, constituted this chapter of "fragments." The wallet itself, a curiosity in these days, although well worn from long usage, is retained by the Annalist as a memento of the Jersey Waggon Jaunts. Doubtless, in years to come, it will find lodgment in the home of the Atlantic County Historical Society.

* * * *

WHENCE CAME THE SOMERS FAMILY?

John Somers, founder of Somers Point, was one of the first settlers of Eyren Haven, now Atlantic County. He was born in Worcester, England, about the year 1640. Worcester was also the home of the celebrated Lord Chancellor John Somers, with whom the emigrant John Somers was contemporary, and to whom, also, he was distantly related. Another member of this family, but of an earlier generation, was Sir George Somers, of the English navy, who, in 1609, was tempest-tossed and shipwrecked and cast ashore with his crew on the Somers Islands, now known as the Bermudas. His ship, the Sea Vulture, was broken to pieces on the rocks and the rigging was utilized in the construction of a small craft, in which the unfortunate mariners set sail for Virginia. Later on they returned to the Somers Islands where the gallant Admiral Somers was taken sick and died. His heart was removed and buried beneath a cross on one of the islands, but the body was embalmed and taken to England in a little bark commanded by Captain Matthew Somers, nephew of the Admiral.

An account of the discovery of the Somers Islands is given by Washington Irving in his Miscellanies, and Shakespeare's play The Tempest, written about 1612, is believed to have been founded on incidents connected with the wreck of the Sea Vulture and the still vexed Bermoothes.

The Somers family were the owners of a dissolved nunnery called the White Ladies, situated a short distance beyond the walls of Worcester. After the expulsion of the nuns the dormitory and refectory were fitted up as a mansion. This property was granted to the family at the time of the Reformation, and here they received Queen Elizabeth in 1585; the bed in which she slept and the cup from which she drank being preserved by them as precious relics, even after they had joined the Whig party.

Religious sentiments divided the Somers family. In England, John Somers, the emigrant, became a Quaker and cast his lot among the first settlers of Pennsylvania. He had been previously married, and his wife died during the passage across the Atlantic. The wife and her infant child were buried in mid-ocean. He subsequently married Hannah Hodgkins, also a native of Worcester, and these two were the ancestors of the numerous Somers family of Atlantic County.

At what period John Somers located at Somers Point is not definitely known, the earliest record being that at the first court held at Portsmouth, Cape May County, John Somers was appointed supervisor of the roads for Great Egg Harbour. He had previously moved from Dublin, Pa., and remained a member of Dublin Meeting after his settlement of Somers Point. He purchased 3000 acres of land along the Great Egg Harbor of Thomas Budd in 1695. He has numerous descendants in South Jersey, including Mrs. Florence Somers Scull, of Somers Point, president of the Atlantic County Historical Society.

The historic Somers home still stands on the Shore Road, on a section of the land purchased of Budd. The original deed is now owned by Mrs. Scull, who says the house might have been built by John Somers with moneys he inherited from his mother. She adds that there is no certainty as to the date of erection, but family tradition seems to favor John's son Richard as the builder. He married Judith Letart. The bricks were certainly brought

from England. The owners of the property have been, successively: John, Richard, John, Jesse and Richard L. Somers, the last named the grandfather of Mrs. Florence Somers Scull.

Another old Somers house stood for many years in another part of Somers Point. It was built by James Somers, whose daughter, Hannah Somers Davis, lived to the ripe old age of 104. To distinguish it from the original Somers homestead, this house was sometimes called the Spain House. A daughter of James Somers married a man named Spain. It was the home of the Spains for a number of years. Afterwards it was purchased by A. F. Capella, whose wife, Anna Somers Capella, was a sister of the late Dr. J. B. Somers, of Linwood, aunt of Mrs. Scull. The Spain House was destroyed by fire in 1901. The land whereon it stood is now owned by the Ocean City Golf Club, whose links are in Somers Point.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

The little red school house, the bespectacled schoolma'am receiving her tribute of rosy-cheeked apples and early violets, the children plodding through snow and wind and rain, the wood-chopping and blackboard washing—all these old-time elements of the country school have been subjected to the stern discipline of the twentieth century. In most of the schools, nowadays, it is not customary to "spell down." Time was when it was one of the most educational and entertaining of school exercises. Nor is mental arithmetic longer used as a stimulus. Etymology used to be an important study and I cannot understand why it has been discarded by the teachers. It not only helped in spelling, but in the understanding of words. The grown-ups are not as good spellers now as a generation or more ago. Children have so many items on the curriculum that they can not give sufficient attention to any of them, so that their minds have too

much miscellaneous information and not enough definite idea of anything. I am of the opinion that the passing of the old-fashioned school readers, the spelling bee and the Barlow knife were calamities for which thus far there has been no compensation. As a result of fads in the public schools, there is likely to be a dearth of future Jerseymen like Frelinghuysen, Bloomfield, Southard, Dayton, Paterson, Livingston, Stockton, Ten Eyck, Hornblower, Bradley, Elmer, Nixon, Field and Gardner.

Think of the new way of going to school in comparison with the old way. Motor vehicles now carry three hundred thousand boys and girls to school in New Jersey—children whose parents or grandparents walked or waded through snow drifts. Houses in which farmers formerly lived have become stopping places for families whose members, including the children, go automobiling. One result of this is apparent. The practice of city folk, spinning through the country and stopping at farm houses to buy refreshments and farm products from the children, has been helpful, since the profits arising from sales may go, and sometimes do go, toward paying for a college education. Another result of automobiling, not so pleasant, is the shortening of the lives of cats and chickens. For many years the cat has been credited with having nine lives, but in these days, in front of a speeding auto-waggon, a cat only has one life. The same thing is true of dogs and chickens. Sudden and violent contact with the waggon bursts the gall of a chicken, so that it is not even fit for stewing or roasting. It is a "dead" loss to the farmer.

HUMANITY OF A JERSEYMAN

While engaged in diplomatic pursuits at Montefontaine, his estate near Paris, Joseph Bonaparte suggested concerted action by four nations, France, England, Spain and Holland, for the suppression of a system of rapine and piracy wherein the vessels of Europeans were an-

noyed by the corsairs of Barbary. In a desperate effort to punish these pirates a favorite son of Atlantic County, Richard Somers, afterwards lost his life. Joseph Bonaparte's project was communicated to Napoleon, then first consul, and by him approved, though with slight hope of its adoption by England. The dey of Algeria had previously declared war against France, and had ordered all French in the city of Algiers, fifty-six in number—men, women and children, including the consul—to be put in irons and held for ransom at one thousand dollars each. Captain William Bainbridge, of the American Navy, a native of New Jersey (born at Princeton), resolved to use his influence with the dey in behalf of the unhappy French, although it was not then known that peace had been restored between the United States and France. Bainbridge persuaded the ferocious dey to release the prisoners and allow them forty-eight hours to leave the country. The French were filled with gratitude to Bainbridge, but knew not how to escape, as there was no available vessel in port. As the only hope, the consul begged Bainbridge to take them on board his frigate, the "George Washington," to which he assented. The ship was hastily prepared for the voyage and placed under way with scarcely an hour to spare. The French were landed at Alicante, Spain, whence they found their way home. For this service Bainbrdige received the thanks of Napoleon. It was on account of these oppressions and the depredations upon the commerce of France that Joseph Bonaparte endeavored to bring about the concert of nations to suppress the pirates of the Mediterranean.

MEMORABLE SHIPWRECKS

On St. Patrick's Day, 1853, at Sand Hill Beach, now Margate, a Swedish vessel, the schooner Edgar, came ashore. The captain and crew of ten sailors, cabin boy, interpreter and super-cargo were landed by the life savers

under command of Captain John Bryant. She was loaded with hides, wine and shovels, came from France and was bound for New York. She was at the mercy of the breakers for some hours. Captain Bryant had to send to the mainland for a crew to rescue them.

The next year, 1854, the packet ship Powhatan, from Havre, France, came ashore abreast of Atlantic City. It was on April 14th, and the storm was one of the fiercest ever known on the coast. What may have been the experience of those on board the Powhatan during that storm will never be known, as no one lived to tell the tale. Many of the bodies were washed ashore on the Atlantic City beach and others on Brigantine. Fifty-four of the bodies were buried in the cemetery at Smithville. For weeks after the wreck bodies were found floating around the inlets, bays and thoroughfares in such decomposed condition that it became necessary to bury them almost on the spot where they were found. When the storm set in on the 14th the captain of the Powhatan tried to sail before the wind, but the vessel became ungovernable. Her sails were then removed and for hours she struggled amid the furious waves with bare poles. Finally, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th she was driven with great force on the shoals. The passengers were seen clinging to the leeward bulwark, with the sea constantly washing over them. "Assistance was impossible," said Captain Awasa Bowen, of the life saving station, grandfather of Mrs. Samuel Barbash, of Atlantic City, "as any boat sent to their rescue would have been swamped, while the cries of the sufferers were heart-rending." This was long before the present life saving service was introduced. "Tossing on the surf, the vessel lay throughout Saturday night and all day Sunday. On Sunday afternoon she broke in two, the masts fell and at five o'clock a huge wave covered the entire wreck. Wrecking Master Jennings had received a message through the trumpet from Captain Meyers, asking him to save those washed ashore.

On Tuesday forty bodies came ashore on the Atlantic City and Brigantine beaches, and on Wednesday the bodies of twenty-eight more of the unfortunates were found. About forty-five bodies came ashore near the foot of Pennsylvania Avenue, Atlantic City, whence they were transported by boat to Absecon for burial. Among the bodies was that of a man to whose neck a child was clinging, and around the neck of a young woman, about thirty years of age, was fastened a linen bag, containing a message to 'carry her safe to heaven.' On the same Sunday evening the schooner Manhattan, of Bangor, Maine, was wrecked just below the wreck of the Powhatan, and the entire crew, excepting one man—George Griffiths—was lost.

WHALES AND THE WHALERS

Jeremiah Leeds, first permanent resident on Absecon Beach, now Atlantic City, made his first actual purchase of land on January 7, 1804. He had been a "squatter" previous to that date. He made his second purchase on March 6th and his third on July 5, of that year. At a much earlier date (January 6, 1714) John Scott located three hundred acres by survey. Jeremiah Leeds leased a portion of his lands to John Bryant on April 1, 1816, "with the privilege of erecting a dwelling house and salt works, and for pasturing two cows and a team for the salt works." At a much earlier period (December 24, 1692) Jeremiah Basse, agent of the proprietors, was notified by the latter, from England, not to sell any of the land on the seacoast of New Jersey. They wrote: "Sell none of ye land that lies convenient for Whale fishing till ye heare further from us, for that wee will not sell."

Whales were quite numerous along the coast in the early days and the business of the whalemen was very profitable. De Fries, in his journal of March, 1633, speaks of having speared seventeen whales, but he captured only seven on account of his poor harpoons. The houses of the early whalemen were on the beaches, where they had their apparatus for securing the oil and places for storing the bone. The journals of the old navigators and the files of old newspapers refer to great numbers of whales found along the entire Jersey coast.

In 1803 an immense whale stranded on Absecon bar and was towed into the inlet. While the men were congratulating themselves on their lucky find, a man by the name of Inman came from Great Swamp and demanded half of the oil and bone. He alleged that he and his brother had killed the whale, and proved his assertion by identifying a piece of the harpoon that had broken off in the whale. The men refused to divide, and Inman appealed to the courts and won his suit. The supposed windfall proved a loss of four or

five thousand dollars. In 1844 a whale came ashore on "Point of Beach," at Absecon Inlet, and portions of the skeleton were washed out by a storm tide in 1868.

Whales were frequently captured on the New Jersey coast in those days. Whales have also been driven ashore at various times in recent years. On February 2, 1887, a grampus whale was captured at the lower end of Atlantic City. It was a female, 12 feet long and weighed 1200 pounds. The grampus is a species of whale rarely found on this side of the Atlantic, being peculiar to the Mediterranean and adjacent seas. It was purchased by Joseph Fralinger.

This whale was exhibited in Philadelphia, and was pronounced a rare curiosity by leading naturalists of New York, Philadelphia and Washington. It was subsequently preserved by a taxidermist, and sold to a museum in Kansas City, Mo., a model, however, being secured by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. On May 4, 1900, another whale was washed upon the beach near the Brigantine Life Saving Station. It measured thirty feet.

Thirteen years later, on March 19, 1913, a whale came ashore at Ocean City—the second in two years. In reporting this incident, the Atlantic City Review said, felicitously: "Hotel men turned envious eyes toward quiet, unassuming Ocean City, where another whale was discovered wildly thrashing about on the beach at sunrise, providing another sensation that brought visitors pouring into the resort in hundreds. It is true that this mammal is but seventeen feet in length, whereas the monster cast upon the beach two years ago measured more than forty feet, but despite its meagre dimensions it is a whale, and Ocean City is making the most of it. It was swimming over the bar at high tide and was unable to return out to sea. Soon after its discovery two members of the Ocean City Life Saving Crew waded waist deep into the breakers, intending to force the prize farther ashore, but a flip of the little giant's tail sent them spinning a distance of fifteen feet and thereafter the whale was left severely to his own devices. With a vivid recollection of the difficulty experienced in getting rid of the monster thrown up on the beach two years ago, after they had haughtily declined an offer of $200 for the carcass from a Philadelphia concern, the resort's officials were engaged during the day in making plans for the whale's removal."

CHURCH AND SCHOOL LOTTERIES

Until the time of the Revolution, churches and schools were fostered by lotteries in New Jersey. On April 23, 1750, there was a lottery drawing for the benefit of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University. Prizes to the amount of $45,000 were awarded. The projectors of this lottery advertised that they "hoped those who wish well to the education of the rising generation will encourage the design, which is to furnish the

youth with all useful learning, and at the same time to instill into their minds the principles of morality and piety." On May 5, 1755, there was a lottery on Biles Island, near Bordentown, to aid in the erection of "a house for the public worship of God in Bordentown, and the promotion of religion and virtue." On August 12, 1758, the Legislature passed an act authorizing three lotteries to pay the expense of purchasing lands south of the Raritan River, where the Indians might settle, and thereby "have a lasting monument of the justice and tenderness of the colony towards them." On August 2, 1748, there was a lottery drawing at Elizabethtown to raise money for building a church parsonage. On July 2, 1753, there was a drawing on Fish Island, in the Delaware, opposite Trenton, to establish a free school in Trenton. This school building was subsequently erected and was used continuously until 1804 or 1805, when it was removed to make way for the present First Presbyterian Church, on State Street, Trenton. On September 2, 1754, there was a lottery drawing for the benefit of the College of New Jersey at Stamford, Conn., the same being encouraged by those who would promote "the liberal arts and the propagation of Christianity." The original building of the First Presbyterian Church, Bridgeton, was erected in 1795 at a cost of $2000—the proceeds of a lottery authorized by an act of the Legislature passed in 1793. The present brick building on Laurel Street was dedicated March 31, 1836. The old church edifice is still standing on Broad Street.

OPPOSITION TO ELECTRIC CARS

When Atlantic City proposed introducing electric cars on Atlantic Avenue there was strong opposition on the part of merchants and citizens. One of the arguments was that the wheels would shoot out sparks and scare the horses! For taking a decided stand in favor of the new cars the editor of a local paper was accused of being in

the pay of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A well known citizen (now deceased) met the editor (still living) in front of the Mansion House, (now the site of the Atlantic City National Bank and an apartment house) and after stating his opposition to the electric cars, repeated the charge that those who favored the change were in the pay of the railroad company. "It's a lie!" said the editor, and for this he got a biff in the face. In spite of fisticuffs and bitter opposition by the pull-backs, the progressive citizens kept things moving and the first electric car was run on April 24, 1889. No horses were frightened by electric sparks, though a few shied at the horseless cars until they became used to the innovation. The editor who got the punch in the face afterwards contributed to the Atlantic City Public Library a scrap book history of those stirring days of '89. The road was electrified to Longport in 1892.

JERSEY DAY AND THE GARDEN STATE

When the Centennial buildings were sold at auction, in 1877, Barclay Lippincott purchased the Michigan Building, took it apart, and re-erected it on States Avenue, Atlantic City, on land that stood between the old United States Hotel and the beach, which had been placed on the market in 1872. Mr. Lippincott made the Michigan Building one of the most attractive homes in Atlantic City at that time. He enlarged it in 1894 and some years later, after it had passed into other hands, it was again enlarged and improved, so that to-day it is known as States Villa. No one would recognize it as the old Michigan Building of Centennial days.

The original narrow gauge railroad station, at Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues, was erected in 1877 with lumber brought from one of the Centennial buildings, and parts of the present Reading Station include sections of the original Centennial narrow-gauge structure.

Many people still living can recall the red-tile roof and tower of the New Jersey building and wonder why the people of Haddonfield permitted its destruction after its removal from Philadelphia in 1877. During the exhibition it was the center of attraction. It was the scene of the reception on "Jersey Day," August 24, 1876, and later on was one of the places of interest on the Main street of Haddonfield.

The principal speaker on "Jersey Day" was Hon. Abraham Browning, of Camden. A leading member of the New Jersey Centennial Commission was Hon. Thomas H. Whitney, of Glassboro. In his address Mr. Browning compared New Jersey to an immense barrel, filled with good things to eat and open at both ends, with Pennsylvanians grabbing from one end and New Yorkers from the other. He called New Jersey the Garden State, and the name has clung to it ever since.

RELICS OF A PRE-LENAPE RACE

Chestnut Neck, near the mouth of the Mullica, was once a flourishing forest. Proof of this was revealed in 1920 by the company then operating the wireless plant at New Gretna. In sinking huge telegraph poles on the meadows they discovered cedar and oak trees and masses of charcoal, all in a perfect state of preservation, at a depth of thirty-odd feet. Undoubtedly, centuries ago the Mullica was in another location. A convulsion of nature placed the river in its present course and covered the up-land with mud and water. Road and bridge builders, for many years, have reported the Chestnut Neck meadows as practically bottomless. The wireless poles, erected for a high tension system, established the bottom at thirty-six feet.

Five years before this discovery at Chestnut Neck—in October, 1915—relics from an ancient Indian race were uncovered near Moorestown. This discovery was made in a mound on the bank of a tributary of the Ran-

cocas. The find indicated an Indian race far ante-dating the Lenapes. The relics included stone hammers, such as were used by the Lenapes, near the surface. Two or three feet further down the expedition came across blades and arrowheads of traprock, roughly hewn, and other specimens of finer workmanship, different from those found near the surface. Four feet further down were remains of a new culture. A large fireplace was uncovered and near it were many blades, hammers, arrowheads and various stone utensils, quite unlike any previously found in New Jersey. It was probably a ceremonial meeting place of a race of Indians ante-dating the Lenapes. These relics were deposited with the University of Pennsylvania, whose scientists said it was a remarkable fact that in the Rancocas deposit there were no pipes and no trace of pottery, although pottery was in use by the Indians in the time of the Lenapes.

AN UNHONORED HEROINE

Mrs. Augusta Willets Edwards, wife of Dr. Charles E. Edwards and daughter of Dr. Reuben Willets, wrote Charles Tomlin, of Cape May, in 1913: "John Willets, my great great grandfather, came from Wales and settled at Willets Point, Cape May County. His son, James, my great grandfather, lived at Beesley's Point and had five sons who took an active part in the Revolution, excepting Nicholas, my grandfather, who was too young. James Willits, my great grandfather, married Rebecca Stillwell, daughter of Nicholas Stillwell. She was a great Whig during the Revolution and there is a bit of history that represents her as a heroine."

Mrs. Edwards' record being true a memorial of some kind should perpetuate the name of this Jersey heroine. She adds:

"When left one day, and on the lookout (as was the custom), she discovered, with her spyglass, an armed

barge in the bay, filled with red coats. Soon they were seen rowing straight for her house. The cannon, already loaded, stood on the river's bank. On came the British, and when they were within one half mile of the Beesley's Point Hotel (bought of Mr. Golding by Nicholas Stillwell in 1750) she ran up the Stars and Strips. She then hastened for and returned with a fire brand. With this she fired off the cannon. The grape shot was seen to fall thickly around the boat. The men fell flat. Soon the boat turned and put to sea. How many were killed or wounded or what became of the boat was never known. Their property and perhaps her life was saved by her daring act. She lies buried in the Stillwell burying ground at Beesley's Point. My mother used to tell about the British stopping at great grandmother Elfreth's, near Haddonfield, and stealing money; also silver spoons hidden in an old clock."

ELIZABETH HADDON'S BIBLE

The Elizabeth Haddon Bible, now owned by the Redman family of Philadelphia, was printed in 1566, being one of the first of the Bibles printed in English from movable types. The cover and edges of the leaves show the stains and wear of more than 350 years. The texture of the paper and the integrity of the black ink stand forth a monument to the early printing and bookmaking crafts. This Bible is sixteen years older than the Rheims Testament, sometimes spoken of as 'the oldest Bible.' The Haddon Bible is an authentic Treacle Bible. That is, Coverdale, the translator, in rendering the 'Prophecye of Jeremye,' has the prophet say, at the close of the eighth chapter: 'I am hevy and abafhed; is there no Triacle at Gylard?' In the King James version it reads 'balm in Gilead..'

This Haddon Bible weighs eighteen pounds. It is four and three-quarters inches thick, ten and three-quar-

ters inches wide, and sixteen and one-half inches long. English Protestants, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, suffered martydom on account of this Bible. Copies were destroyed wherever found. Elizabeth Haddon's copy still survives, a testimonial to that sublime faith which not even the terrors of the Inquisition and death could daunt.

The rugged old English type is easy to read. Those who have unsuccessfully wrestled with Chaucer will have no difficulty in reading the scriptural story from this old Bible. This is chiefly due to the fact that it is written in the purest, simplest English, a marvel of lucidity and simplicity, which no changes of spelling can obscure. The old rendering is not at all difficult for any one who can read modern English. It can only be called quaint. The word 'triacle,' of course, could never be guessed as having been later translated 'balm.' That is a freak of translation; but the old spelling, 'triacle,' is at once recognized as our 'treacle.'

In the familiar twenty-third Psalm the modern version of 'He leadeth me beside still waters' is rendered 'beside waters of comforte,' a peculiarly satisfying expression; and the passage about setting a table 'before me in the presence of mine enemies' appears 'table before me against them that trouble me.'

One of the beauties of the Haddon Bible is that each chapter opening is illuminated by a hand-made woodcut of artistic design, and close search fails to discover any two of these difficult initials alike. The volume is in an excellent state of preservation. It is bound substantially in wooden boards, covered with skin. Its contents include 'The Feasts,' 'Morning Prayers,' 'Litanie' and 'Collect.' Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, and she is pictured on the title page, with Moses and Christ, the purpose of the engraver or printer being to show the law and the prophets, the church and the state, all in harmony under the direction of the word of God.

CONCLUSION

Leaving the high school, we crossed the bridge at Albany Avenue and proceeded to Pleasantville over the Harding Boulevard, thence down the Shore Road to Somers Point, across the bridge to Ocean City, and over an improved highway to Petersburg, Tuckahoe and Port Elizabeth. The last named place was laid out by Mrs. Elizabeth Clark in 1785, and named in her honor. Glass works flourished there for a number of years. Turning southward, we crossed Maurice River, two miles below Port Elizabeth to Haleyville, thence to Dividing Creek, Newport, Cedarville and Fairton. Grandfather had chosen this roundabout way for no good purpose, except to show off Pippin.

We stopped at Fairton and parked Pippin directly in front of the Old Stone Church. Grandfather hoped to reach Salem before nightfall. The route, as laid out, was by way of Shiloh, over an improved highway; thence to Quinton Bridge, "where the patriots effected an ambuscade against the enemy on March 18, 1778."

"On the same day," he added, "but a year sooner, the New Jersey Council of Safety was organized at Haddonfield, and ninety years later, in 1868—same month and day—there was so great a fall of snow in New Jersey that the roads were blocked with drifts, ten and fifteen feet high, and travel was suspended in the country for many days. The cold weather continued and a week later, on March 25th, Captain Jehu Price, relative of the late Captain John Price, of Leedsville, now Linwood (father of Miss Lizzie J. Price, efficient curator of the Atlantic County Historical Society), was frozen to death on the meadows of Patcong Creek, west of Atlantic City."

From Quinton Grandfather planned to turn southward, over a dirt road—a good four miles—to Hancock's Bridge, where, as he said, "we have a patriotic duty to perform." It developed afterwards that this

duty had to do with the flags he had purchased of local storekeepers in Cedarville. These he had tossed into the tonneau, along with other flags bought at Tuckahoe and Port Elizabeth.

At Cedarville he fell in with a real old-timer; said he was ninety-three years old and had known Father Osborn in his younger days. Grandfather listened to his story with a great deal of interest and then asked about events of recent occurrence in Cumberland County.

"I just can't 'member about them things," said he. "They don't come to me like the old time things, since I got my politician memory."

"Politician? What kind of a memory is that?" asked Grandfather.

"Never heered of it, eh? That's funny, too. A politician's tricky—most of 'em is, anyway—and when you git old your memory's tricky, too. Goes back on you when you try to think of what happened last year or the year before. Same way with the politicians; can't 'member what they promised before election. Yep; I've got it all right; so has the politicians."

"You mean some—not all," suggested Grandfather, apologetically.

"Most of 'em is tricky some of the time and some of 'em is tricky all the time. Leastways, that's how it is down this way. Mebbe it's different up your way," said he, eyeing the Annalist.

"In them days," he continued—"I mean when Joe and Ben Jaggers was a-teachin' 'em how to sing—there weren't no better place to live than right here in Fairfield. Turned out some big men that made their mark on the page of history in New Jersey and Pennsylvany—and some in New York and out West, too. Talk about your singin'! Why, I never heered the like of it in all my born days, and I'm nigh onto ninety-four. Nothin' better in Philadelphy or anywhere else in this country—'specially their church singin'. Father Osborn—he died in '58—would give out the hymn from the

pulpit, then Joe Jaggers, the leader, would give 'em the pitch with his tunin' fork; then they'd all start to sing at once—and sich singin'! The congregation would join in after the first line. You ought to've been here to hear them young people lead off with the singin' and keep it up till the very last line of the very last verse. There was Martha Bateman, Alvira Githens—she was a sister to Will Githens, who turned 'Piscopalian preacher. He preached in Californy and Joseph Garrison in Camden.* Then there was Ruhama Seeley— you've heered of Governor Elias Seeley—Jane Clark, Mary Westcott, Theodocia Smith, Joseph Campbell, Benjamin Jaggers, Isaac Sheppard and Joseph Jaggers. I reckon they're all dead now. They were grown-ups when I was in my teens. When Martha Bateman reached her high notes you'd think one of the angels had come down from heaven to sing in the Old Stone Church. Theodocia taught in the Sunday School, too. So did Joe and Ben Jaggers. They war both trustees in the church. Ben was barrel-

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*Rev. Dr. Joseph Fithian Garrison, long-time rector of St. Paul's P. E. Church, Camden, was born in Swedesboro, but his father and grandfather were natives of Fairfield. His mother was a Fithian before marriage, a daughter of Amos Fithian, of Cedarville. Dr. Garrison married a daughter of Rev. John L. Grant, well-known Presbyterian minister, of Philadelphia. Among Dr. Grant's parishioners was the Diver family, one of whom, Rev. Charles F. Diver, became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Cedarville, an off-shoot of the Old Stone Church in the time of Father Osborn. A printed memorial of Mr. Diver is part of a special collection of books in the New Jersey department of the Atlantic City public library. One of Mr. Diver's daughters, Euphemia Grant Diver, living in Philadelphia, is a namesake of Dr. Grant's wife. A brother, Walter L. Diver, born in Cedarville, originally a member of the firm of Osborn & Diver, is now engaged in business at Sixteenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Dr. Garrison was the father of the late Justice Charles Grant Garrison, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, and of Lindley M. Garrison, a member of President Wilson's cabinet. Rev. William L. Githens, mentioned by the old-timer, was a cousin of Rev. Nathaniel Clark Burt, who married Rebecca A. Belden. Their mothers were sisters—Sarah and Ruth Clark. The Beldens were prominent citizens of Salem. Rebecca Belden Burt's brother, John C. Belden, was State Senator three years, 1870-71-72. It is recorded of Mr. Burt that he "made free and excellent use of his pen, as well as of his speech." His health failing, he went to Europe and died there in 1874. He is buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

tone—so they said—but it must o' been a barrel without any head in it. No soft pedal in his voice; no frog in the throat, either. It was just high-toned, clar-cut singin'. Joe afterwards moved to Philadelphy and Ben to Camden, where he taught 'em how to sing in the First Presbyterian Church when Villeroy Reed was their preacher. They didn't know what good singin' was in Camden till Ben showed 'em. He had a daughter named Addie, a fine girl, who married a man named Carlton Williams. He made lifts and elevators to make it easy for lazy people to go up and down stairs. I disremember who's doin' the singin' here now. My politician mem'ry's got me on the run again, same as Bill Kemble got them Pennsylvany Dimocrats on the run. Bill, you know, was an old Woodbury boy, who moved to Pennsylvany and got deep into politics, same as Hampton Moore, another Woodbury boy, got in big and strong in Philadelphy. Bill once wired Matt Quay: 'We've got 'em on the run,' meanin' the Dimocrats. Matt wired back: 'Rip 'em up the back.' As I said afore, my mem'ry's tricky now. All I know is that nary one of them nowaday singers in Cedarville, or Bridgeton or Camden or anywhere else can sing like them old timers in Joe Jaggers' singin' school, when I used to git back of the choir on Sundays, while Father Osborn was preachin', and kill the wasps that nested in the eaves."

Referring to the flags, Grandfather said he wished to place them on all identified graves of Revolutionary soldiers, especially in the neighborhood of Hancock's Bridge, where, said he, "so many of our people were cruelly murdered on the night of March 20, 1778, two days after the repulse at Quinton."

* * * *

As already stated, Pippin was parked in front of the Old Stone Church. Pointing westward, Grandfather said: "Less than a mile from here is another old graveyard, on the south bank of the Cohansey. It is where

the original church was built in 1696-7. The place was then known as New England Cross Roads. The first minister was Rev. Thomas Bridge, born in Hackney, England, in 1657, and graduated from Harvard College, Cambridge. In consideration of his settling in Fairfield he obtained a deed from the West New Jersey Society for one thousand acres of land. A few years ago, in 1908, a movement was started, looking to the erection of a monument in the old graveyard, commemorating the founding of the church. It was unveiled June 15, 1909, and stands on the exact site of the first and second meeting houses, predecessors of the Old Stone Church. Engraved on the monument are the names of the minister and twenty-six others, including such names as Sayre, Seeley, Bateman, Westcott and Ogden, all of whom are represented by present-day descendants in Cumberland County and other parts of South Jersey."

Grandfather added, on the authority of Charles E. Sheppard, historian, of Bridgeton, that the names of two men, parties to the agreement made April 16, 1696, to support a minister if he would settle among them, are missing on the monument—John Fairchild and Zachariah Ferris—and he regretted that the West Jersey Presbytery, under whose auspices the monument was unveiled, had not seen that these two names were included among the faithful. He said the historical address, at the time of the unveiling, was made by Rev. John E. Peters, one-time pastor of the Presbyterian Church at May's Landing. It was replete with historical information.

Something impelled the old man to tarry among the gravestones back of the old church. Facing innumerable markers—"gravestones gleaming white through the dusk of impending night"—he said:

"Lewis Youngs, Cumberland County's Old Mortality, long since deceased, used to say that every time he visited this graveyard or the old Broad Street Cemetery in Bridgeton, he meditated on the mystery of creation and

the destiny of man. He wondered how many of those whose tombstones he deciphered were in paradise and how many in the other place. In his day there was much discussion and speculation as to whither man goeth, after death, but now the speculation is mostly in the opposite direction. Man is too much concerned about his origin. The Fundamentalists stick to the Adamic creation and the Modernists are wise in their own conceit, forgetful of what Solomon says about the sluggard and the fool. Some of the Modernists even say there was no Adam and Eve and that man is the development of a protoplasm or the perfection of an ape. Even before some of them were born Walt Whitman, at his home in Camden, was epitomizing the cosmic process in one of his poems. In the opening stanza he says:

'I am an acme of things accomplished and I am enclosed in things to be.
My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs—
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps;
All below duly traveled, and still I mount and mount.'

In his closing lines he says:

'All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me,
And now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.'

"Whether God created man according to the scriptures, my Son, or whether he is a development of the ages, matters not. Who of us can say when God, having created man, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, after which he became a living soul, as we read in the scriptures? No matter how man may question the biblical record, no matter what theories may be brought forward to prove this thing or that, the great fact remains that man was created; and no matter how man may theorize, I cannot conceive of his not needing God in his theory. Science cannot be at variance with God and the creation. Evolution, properly understood, is in no way inconsistent with the teachings of the Bible.

"Instead of being so much interested in how or whence we came, what you and I and every man and woman should desire, most of all, is the development of characters like that of John Woolman and Jonathan Edwards, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, Lydia Darragh and Harriet Beecher Stow, Elizabeth Estaugh and Mary Ewing, Clara Barton and Sarah W. Leeds, Lewis C. Baker, Princeton divine, and his particular friend, George S. Woodhull, of Camden.

"In no way can this be more effectually done than by keeping before our young people the infinite goodness of God and the glorious things he has done through the instrumentality of the really great men and women of the world—heroes, statesmen, theologians, authors and actors. I include actors, because the true actor is the one whose portrayal of life on the stage helps men and women to live better lives; 'to abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good,' as Paul puts it. Not the least of the evils to be overcome is the abuse of strong drink. When the prophet Isaiah inveighed against those who were swallowed up by wine and strong drink, he said they erred in vision and stumbled in judgment, and he warned them against an overwhelming scourge, by which they would be trodden down to destruction."

* * * *

Formed by nature "happily to steer from grave to gay, from lively to serene," Grandfather was not grave, even in the presence of gravestones. He called to mind the words of Solomon: "There is a time for everything —a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance." Then, suddenly: "This, my Boy, is the time to laugh and dance;" whereupon he began laughing and dancing and singing an old English ditty—one that was scraped vigorously by fiddlers aforetime at all country dances in New Jersey:

"All around the cobbler's bench
The monkey chased the weasel;
The monkey thought 'twas all in fun—
Pop! goes the weasel."

Then recalling the draft riots in July, 1863, and the Fenian raids in June, 1866, he repeated an interpolation by the festive and patriotic young Americans of that period, incident to the riots and the raids:

"In and out the chimney place
The monkey chased the weasel;
Up goes the American flag—
Pop! goes the weasel."

* * * *

There stood Grandfather, atop a soldier's grave, waving the Star Spangled Banner!

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

"ALL'S WELL that ends well," said Grandfather, cock sure of his skill as a shofer. Had he been less confident he would have manipulated the running gears of his waggon, in slowing down near the court house, so as to stop within the parking space. It happened that he got beyond the line. Then he gave Pippin a sudden back—so sudden, indeed, that he spilled some of the luggage from the rear seat, including the all-important journal. If, perchance, any leaves or pages of that script so rare (!) had taken flight, there's no telling whether, when or where this record would have seen the light!

Irritated by the spill, the Annalist said, impulsively: "Too cock sure; that's all—pardon the slang."

"Cock sure isn't slang," said he; "it's a classic. Even the good Bishop Latimer, burned at the stake in 1555, in his sermon on the plough, sanctioned it when he said: 'The devil was disappointed of his purpose, for he thought all to be his own; and when he had once brought Christ to the cross, he was all cock sure.' "

* * * *

Presently, a sealed envelope was handed Grandfather. It was a letter from his friend Henry. "Posted in Ocean City," said he, "but written elsewhere." The letter was dated June 30, 1925—last day of our travels. Leaving Atlantic City four hours after sun-up, we had stopped at Pleasantville, Absecon, Egg Harbor City, Hammonton, Long-a-Coming (Berlin) and Haddon Heights, reaching Woodbury at 3.30. The jaunts were over—finished in the same town in which they were begun.

Pippin was duly hitched in sight of the corner-stone of the old court house, built in 1787, one year after the burning of the primitive county building at Gloucester.

Mr. Stewart, president of the historical society, volunteered the information that the first Woodbury court house, with its corner-stone still intact, was thirty-five by forty feet, and, according to the record, the jail was "the same size as the jail at Salem." The corner-stone of the new court house, he added, was laid in 1885.

* * * *

Having read the Henry letter, Grandfather said: "It has a bad smell—I mean his graft story. He is putting something over on somebody in Ocean City or whatever town he means. He doesn't say where. Perhaps he thinks I cannot match it. If it's a challenge I'll give him tit for tat. I'll prove that Graft was spelled with a capital G in the early days of New Jersey."

Passing the letter to the Annalist, the old man continued: "Print it; it will do for a conclusion to your journal, but don't forget my answer—my tit for his tat."

After penciling other names in place of those in the manuscript, to make the letter impersonal, the old man advised its publication in this wise:

"Some months ago they appropriated $20,000 to buy certain lands for a public highway. One official (Barkis) was willing to pay more. In fact, he tried to shake down the owner (Nixie) for $5000. Nixie would not pay, so Barkis and Cheatem concocted a scheme to get that rake-off. They had the land conveyed to Cheatem's wife, and then reconveyed it to the municipality for $23,400. Of course, that exceeded the appropriation, but such a trifle did not bother Lunky and Ketchem, who had to raise the money somehow and make payment, knowing all the time that $20,000 was the limit. How did Lunky and Ketchem get the money? Where did it go? You think I am mistaken. No; I'm not talking through my hat, Grandfather. You may think so, but I'm not, for I followed the thing to the finish. Nixie, the owner, who wouldn't submit to the rake-off, tipped me off and I got to the County Clerk's office before the deeds were placed on record. That deal was too raw for Tootsy and Wootsy—they both said so—and if you knew them as I do, you'd say it must have been pretty raw."

* * * *

"Now for my story," said Grandfather. "It concerns something that happened in Cape May County and tops Friend Henry's story. If Jake Spicer could engage in sharp practice in selling land—and he was a big man in

his day—why not two men in your day, whose names will soon be forgotten? Spicer's name is familiar in the annals of New Jersey, and his book on the early concessions is found on the shelves of attorneys as well as in public libraries throughout the State. In 1752 a number of people formed an association to bring about the sale of lands in Cape May County, still owned by the West New Jersey Society, of which Lewis Johnson was general manager. He lived in Perth Amboy and was a man of more than ordinary ability. The movements of the Cape May association were so tardy that Jacob Spicer, one of the members, proceeded secretly to secure the estate for himself. In August, 1756, he went to Perth Amboy and secured an interview with Johnson. In the course of the conversation Spicer discovered that Johnson was given to conviviality, and he proceeded to profit thereby. While the agent was deep in his cups Spicer induced him to sign a deed, conveying the lands in Cape May County to himself for three hundred pounds. It was a rediculously low price. Spicer then returned to Cape May, seemingly well satisfied with his bargain. Subsequently, his neighbors called it sharp practice. Johnson himself was so ashamed of his conduct that, conscience smitten, he tried to make amends in his will by bequeathing one thousand pounds to the West New Jersey Society as part payment of the money out of which the society had been wronged. When Spicer's conduct had been revealed there was ill feeling toward him in Cape May County. He was slighted and even abused by his neighbors, including his former associate, Aaron Leaming. The controversy was long and bitter and culminated in a public meeting in the Presbyterian church on March 26, 1761, at which time Aaron Leaming, on behalf of the people, submitted certain questions to Spicer. These he did not answer satisfactorily and suit in chancery was threatened. Nevertheless, Spicer continued to hold the estate until his death, when it passed by will to his son Jacob, who afterwards conveyed his rights to an association. Subsequently, the legislature

passed acts of incorporation, strengthening the association's title and enlarging its powers. Jacob Spicer, senior, never recovered the confidence and respect of the people of Cape May County and his old friend and associate in law refused to recognize him thereafter."

* * * *

The Annalist: "You say Johnson suffered compunctions of conscience and bequeathed one thousand pounds, to make amends. At the recent rate of exchange that would have been three thousand four hundred dollars of American money. He made amends. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the two men who got that rake-off will also make amends by bequeathing three thousand four hundred dollars to the municipality? Conscience, you know, is more than a monitor. It is an exacting, unrelenting, pursuing monster."

Grandfather: "Hamlet says: 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all,' but that was before the discovery of the beneficient effects of ozone, of which there is a superabundance at the seashore. Where there's much ozone there's great strength, and where there's great strength of character there's no room for cowardice. Before strong men the weaklings flee away, and of those who flee the devil gets the hindmost. Unfortunately, there are moral weaklings in New Jersey—people who will not stand squarely for the right, fearing injury to their business. It is well—"

At that moment the old man looked at his time piece.

"Four o'clock," said he, "and all is well, as they say at sea. It is so with us. Our jaunts are over—without puncture or mishap, excepting a flat tire at Cross Keys and a bump on the fender near Wickatunk. All's well that ends well."

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